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THE JEW OF CHAMANT

A ROMANCE OF CRIME

F. TENNYSON NEELY, PUBLISHER, NEW YORK & LONDON

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Goldman—Levy

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LEFEVRE.

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THE JEW OF CHAMANT

A ROMANCE OF CRIME

"Wander forth! God's earth is rich and spacious."
—THE KORAN.

"I choose that a story should be founded on probability, and not always resemble a dream. I desire to find in it nothing trivial or extravagant; and I desire above all, that under the appearance of fable, there may appear some latent truth, obvious to the discerning eye, though it escape the observation of the vulgar."—*Voltaire.*

BY

IVAN TREPOFF

F. TENNYSON NEELY
PUBLISHER
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PREFACE

In the Rogues' Gallery of France there is no more conspicuous figure than the Jew of Chamant. Dickens and Harrison Ainsworth have well portrayed the Jew in all his revolting hideousness. The Jew *Fagin,* in "Oliver Twist," who kept a thieves' school and instigated to robbery and murder as a system, and the Jew of Ainsworth, who aided *Jonathan Wild*—the thief catcher—to rob and murder *Sir Roland Trenchard,* were both most excellent Jews from the Hebrew point of view, and patterns well worthy of imitation and admiration, according to the prescriptions of the sacred *Talmud*—the Jewish Bible. But, unfortunately for them, they were poor Jews and consequently amenable to the law.

In England, the openly declared anti-semitism of the late Mr. Gladstone; in Germany, that of Dr. Stocker, who has declared the Jew to be the *böser feind,* or scourge of God; in Austria, that of Dr. Lueger, burgomaster of Vienna; in Hungary, that of the popular deputy, Istoczy; in France, the recent anti-Jewish agitation in the Dreyfus case; in Turkey, the exclusion of the Jews from Palestine, without mentioning their relentless persecution in Russia —all point to the same conclusion—the unfitness of the Jew to occupy his present social status in European countries.

My object in the present work is to paint the rich Jew in his true colors, as the enemy of society; to show that the Jew who steals millions, can, in Europe, at any rate, defy the laws with impunity, and that he almost invariably escapes punishment owing to improper occult influences, and the mighty power of Israelitish gold.

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It was no idle boast of the Parisian Rothschild when he wittily said: "They call me the King of the Jews; but I am also the Jew of the Kings;" for the Jews enjoy the intimate friendship of sovereigns and princes, control the money markets of the world, and overrule and set at defiance the decrees of the Law Courts and the decisions of judges. Even in the United States, the Jews exercise great influence. In his well known work, "Equality," Edward Bellamy says: "The American press is under capitalistic influence," and he also comments on the immunity from punishment of vested interests.

Futile and unnecessary indeed is the attempt of the novelist to depict life's realities; for truth is ever stranger than fiction, and the aphorism will be found to be fully justified in the present work. The most ingenious fictions pale in comparison with actualities. In the marvelous yarns spun by *Sinbad,* the sailor, to the all puissant *Haroun-al-Raschid,* and *Giaffir,* his Vizier, there is little more of the incredible than in the history of the Jew of Chamant, and of some of the extraordinary personages with whom he was more or less intimately connected in the course of his truly wonderful career; amongst these the late Señor Gutierrez, the disgraced Honduras Minister in London, and several others. Most fiction has been declared to be merely the "Art of Lying;" but many of the personages who figure in the present work, like the characters of Dickens, have been sketched from life. In its compilation, however, I have had another object in view besides bringing to the knowledge of my readers and the public the unspeakable misery and mischief caused by the financial rogueries of the Jews, and their strange immunity from punishment, owing to the mighty power wielded by the "Israelitish Alliance" all over the world—a power greater even than that of the Jesuits.

That other object has been to show Thackeray, Zola, Olive Schreiner and Percy White to be four of the comparatively few modern novelists, who have ventured to

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paint society in its true colors, and expose its utter rottenness to the very core; to show how vice, with foul and painted face, is ever triumphant over virtue and innocence; to prove that private depravity and political debasement go hand in hand with so-called modern civilization, just as they did at the end of the 15th and the beginning of the 16th centuries; that the theories of Machiavelli and also of Rousseau, in his "Contrat Social," are still true and strikingly illustrated; in a word that brutality, vice, force, ruse and fraud, still at the end of the 19th century, keep up in society their successful resistance to the control of justice and conscience, humanity and right. It is only on the stage and in novels that truth, innocence and virtue prevail over falsehood, crime and cunning. Other authors of fiction, (take Hall Caine, for instance, in his novel, "A Son of Hagar"), almost invariably write on the same well known, stereotyped lines. Their plots nearly always have the same hackneyed, well worn "Vicar of Wakefield" conclusion—the ultimate triumph of right, virtue and innocence, and the downfall and ruin of villainy and vice. In a word, unlike the four authors above named, but in order to pander to modern conventionalities, hypocrisy and morbid prudery, they describe a social condition that does not exist, and has no *raison d'être* except in their own fertile imagination and the ready credulity of their readers. They paint society under false and deceptive colors.

My aim, on the contrary, is to disregard the proverb, *"La vérité tue celui qui l'annonce,"* and to paint society in its true colors—to show the triumph of vice and iniquity and the downfall of honor, probity, integrity and virtue, ruthlessly and brutally crushed and trampled under foot by our so-called civilization (?) of the nineteenth century; and also to inferentially deduce that the socialism, anarchy and atheism of the present day now rampant in Europe are to a great extent merely the logical and inevitable sequence of the constant immunity from punishment of wealthy criminals and scoundrels, who deride and defy

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the laws, and fatten on the corruption of the age and the credulity and ignorance of the people. Although this attempt will be deemed Quixotic by some, if my object be only very partially attained, I shall feel amply rewarded. It will, at any rate, show the pictures of English society, painted by Percy White, in "Mr. Bailey Martin," and by Thackeray in "Vanity Fair," to be in no way overdrawn or exaggerated, and may, at the same time, in view of the probable construction at no very distant date of the proposed Inter-oceanic Nicaraguan Canal, serve also to demonstrate the impracticability or uselessness of the projected Honduras Inter-oceanic Railroad.

IVAN TREPOFF.

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THE JEW OF CHAMANT

CHAPTER I.

"Anda, Anda! hasta la consumacion de los siglos!"
(Wander forever until the end of time!)—*Spanish Legend.*

On a bright December morning in the year 1856, in sunny Montevideo, that curious city of banks and bankers, gay, social life and beautiful gardens, which rival those of Australia, or the East and the land of the sun,

"Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine,
Where the light wings of zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of *Gul* in her bloom,"—

a tall, heavily built foreigner was walking slowly, as if absorbed in thought, down the *Calle del Rincon.* After taking *déjeûner,* or morning lunch, at the *Café de la Alcanze* in French fashion (for Parisian customs then, as now, prevailed at Montevideo), and smoking a cigar over his tiny cup of black coffee, he directed his steps leisurely towards a splendid mansion situated near what is now the *Paso Molino,* or fashionable suburb of Montevideo, within easy access of that charming city.

Montevideo, at that time, though a pleasant and attractive city, could not boast of the numbers of beautiful *quintas,* or suburban villas built in the old Italian style, with all the luxury of modern civilization, in gardens with innumerable flowers of perennial bloom, amid the ever ver-

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dant foliage of cedars, eucalypti, cypresses and palm trees, that remind the traveler of the Roman villas pictured by Horace in his odes, as it has been so well described by Elroy Curtis; or of the palatial mansions on the shores of Sydney harbor, which it now possesses. But it had even then a few of these mansions of the blest; and the palatial residence, which our foreigner was now approaching, was one of them. Forty years ago the population of Montevideo was smaller; its commercial importance far less than it is at present and steam communication with Europe was almost in its infancy.

But Montevideo was then, as now, one of the most desirable harbors of refuge—a veritable *buen retiro*—for European criminals of the Jabez Balfour type, alike on account of its remoteness, the non-existence of any extradition treaty with France and England, and its fine, salubrious climate—so superior to that of Brazil, chronically afflicted by the dreaded *vomito negro* or yellow fever, the effects of which, even if they are lucky enough to recover from it, are usually felt by Europeans for the rest of their lives.

It was easy to see from his air, general appearance and mode of expression that the stranger was a Frenchman. He spoke Spanish imperfectly and with a strongly pronounced Gallic accent; not a remarkable circumstance by any means, as far as the sons of Gaul are concerned, inasmuch as they are, as a general rule, about the worst linguists in the world.

In order that our readers may understand the presence of the hero of our story in the distant capital of Uruguay, a brief digression is necessary to explain the distressing but cogent reasons—what the French euphemistically call *"des raisons de force majeure"*—that occasioned his absence from France for that noble country's undoubted good. He unhappily resembled that distinguished member of the firm of *Fagin & Co.*—the *Artful Dodger*—in the sense that he had for years been in constant trouble

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LEFEVRE.

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with the argus-eyed French police; and at length, after a condemnation for petty swindling at Chalons, his criminal exploits reached a climax, and were summarily terminated in France, at any rate, for ten years, when he was sentenced by default at Paris by the Correctional Tribunal of the Seine, on the 22nd May, 1856, to two years' imprisonment for breach of trust, or *abus de confiance*—in other words forgery and embezzlement.

According to what is called the *"prescription"* in French law, any person, condemned to imprisonment by default, is prohibited from returning to France, or setting foot on French soil, under pain of immediate arrest and imprisonment, for ten years, at the expiration of which period, however, he is permitted to return to the country without risk of molestation; ten years' banishment from his native land being, in the eye of the French law, an equivalent punishment to that of ten years' imprisonment for any true Frenchman. And so it really is for the average native of *la belle France!* For the Frenchman is much more afflicted with home sickness, or the *mal du pays,* than the Briton, Teuton, Italian, Muscovite or the man of any other nationality—a fact that accounts for the comparatively small number of Frenchmen to be found living out of their own country. In virtue of this Draconian law, Charles Joachim Lefevre, as he now called himself, or simple Joachim Lefevre, as he is styled in the *rapports* and on the records of the French police, and in the dismal columns of *La Gazette des Tribunaux* (for he was a man of many different *aliases,* which served to conceal his villainous identity and shield him from the clutches of the law and its ubiquitous myrmidons), was obliged to absent himself from his native country for his country's good, but not, it may be parenthetically observed, for the good of other countries, from May, 1856, the date of his aforesaid condemnation, to May, 1866; and he did not. in fact, as will be seen in the course of our story, return to France until

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the autumn of the last named year. A Jew, however, has no country and no patriotic ties or sentiments. For if Isis no longer wandering weeps along the banks of the sacred Nile, searching for the lost Osiris, the Jew still ever wanders under the everlasting curse, and will continue to wander until the consummation of ages—until the

> *"Dies iræ, Dies illa*
> *Solvit saeclum in favillâ";*

although he is merely the descendant of a vagabond tribe of Arabs, whose ears and noses were cut off by one of the Ptolemies to punish them for their depredations. His enforced expatriation therefore by no means affected Lefevre as much as it would have troubled a real, *bonâ fide* Frenchman inspired with that sacred love of country—the *"amour sacré de la patrie"*—immortalized by Roger de Lisle, at the house of the Mayor of Strasburgh, in the glorious, soul-stirring *Marseillaise,* which Victor Hugo calls, "the soul of the world." In order, therefore, to avoid this unpleasantly long incarceration of two years and the concomitant annoyances of durance vile in a French prison, he had fled to South America, where we now find him.

Lefevre was a tall, heavily built Frenchman, about 5 feet, 10½ inches in height, still well preserved and in the prime of life at 39 years of age; what French people would call *un bel homme,* with a short, fair beard and moustache, and close cropped, fair hair like that of a convict (as he really was), as yet untinged with gray, which he kept cut short to retard as long as possible the threatening approach of baldness, which always drives Cupid away. Only a very close observer, or a student of Lavater or Desbarolles, would have detected the Jew; for he had by no means strongly marked semitic features—neither the hooked nose of the Hebrew, nor the peculiarly shaped, coarse, heavy, sensual underlip, that above all infallibly indicates Jewish extraction. His nose, though long, was

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well shaped; and but for the cold, sinister, wolfish expression of his keen, restless, gray eyes, he might have passed muster with most people except the physiognomists aforesaid as a well-to-do Parisian or Frenchman from the north, accustomed to move in fairly good Parisian society; at any rate, in what was then considered such under the Second Empire, with its crowd of parvenus, and its spawn of Jews and decorated rascals, impudently wearing on their breasts the insignia of the national order of the Legion of Honor. No one, however, knowing anything of French society or of Paris, would have suspected him of having ever mixed in the exclusive circles of the haughty old French *noblesse* of the Faubourg St. Germain, from which Jews are still as rigorously excluded as in the glorious days of the *grand monarque;* for the Jew can never be the gentleman. His neck was short and thick, surmounted by a big, bullet shaped and pumpkin like head; but his height and portly appearance tended to inspire confidence in his financial stability, although he had no available assets whatever beyond the proceeds of his embezzlements; for unhappily the world is ever deceived by appearances and outward show. Taken altogether, or on the whole—*tout ensemble,* as the French say, Lefevre was a rather fine looking man of the physical type so much admired by *Ouida,* although there was certainly nothing heroic in his composition; for truth compels us to state that he was a rank coward, with an exceptional solicitude for the safety of his own vile carcase.

Such was the Jew of Chamant physically! From a psychical point of view, he would assuredly have offered an interesting study to the thought reader or the psychologist. Utterly devoid of moral sense, his was the most sordid, contemptible nature conceivable—the lowest type of Judaism in its most repulsive aspect; the common, low minded, knavish Jew, without culture, refinement or artistic tastes. Unscrupulous, selfish, vicious, mean, avaricious and depraved, with only one aim or object in life,

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i. e., the acquisition of wealth, no matter by what means, whether petty or colossal swindling, he had all the base instincts of a *Fagin* under the veneer of Parisian politeness and a modicum of education. He was a past master of fraud and finance; both being synonymous from his point of view, as in fact from that of all Israelites, a brute in human form, the very incarnation of greed, lust and rascality. And yet in a few short years he became one of the Kings of the Jews of the nineteenth century.

Don Antonio Perez was a wealthy, retired banker of Montevideo, formerly senior partner in the firm of Perez, Guzman & Oviedo. An elderly citizen, enjoying universal esteem and respect, his family consisted of his wife, a son named Manuel—a young man of 28—and three younger daughters, Juana, Isabella and Dolores—a trio of Montevidean *belles* possessing varied, though equal charms, resembling those of the three German sister princesses, to whom Voltaire dedicated his famous madrigal, so enthusiastically praised by Carlyle. It would have been difficult to award the palm of beauty to one without being unjust to the other two. All three were *brunes*, whose flashing dark eyes and transient coquettish glances from behind their fans, possessed all the witchery of those of the daughters of sunny Spain, and inspired many a flame.

Lefevre had been for about eight months in Montevideo, where he had landed with the proceeds of his embezzlements in France, and had plenty of money to all outward appearances. He was also provided with letters of introduction to several honorable persons: these he had obtained by some means or other, before he left Paris—by fair means or foul—through the *Alliance Israélite* or "Jewish Alliance," which has its ramifications all over the world; for he always flew at high game, and rigidly followed Rothschild's golden rule—"never to have anything to do with poor people." Had he been known to be a Jew, he could not have obtained the *entrée* to the exclusive circles of the city; for the Spanish prejudice against Jews,

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handed down to their posterity by the hidalgos of the Inquisition, still lingers in the hearts of the people of the Hispano—American Republics of South America, and though, perhaps, somewhat less severe in the gay, *insouciant* capital of Uruguay, where priestly domination has long been overthrown by Santos, the prejudice still existed.

As has been already explained, his features were by no means of a strongly marked Hebrew type; and as he was of fair complexion, with fair hair, moustache and beard and grey eyes (the worst type of Jew of all, be it said), and carefully avoided the usual, vulgar, semitic display of rings on his thick, coarse fingers, or jewelry of any kind beyond a watch and chain of Aryan dimensions; was tolerably well educated and could even make an *à propos* classical quotation *à la Jean Jacques Rousseau* at times, he succeeded in palming himself off on Montevidean society as a Parisian of good family; several little shortcomings or vulgarities, that would have been only too perceptible to a Frenchman, being naturally overlooked and undetected by Spanish-Americans.

Besides, although a Jew, he was a French Jew, and coupled all the cunning and astuteness of his race with the adaptability of the Frenchman of the lower or lower middle class, or *bourgeoisie,* to which he belonged, to the superior society in which he now found himself literally pitchforked, so to speak. These qualifications served him in good stead. He possessed, too, in a marked degree that peculiar simian adaptability of the Frenchman, which the Englishman or the German of all classes, and especially of the lower orders totally and conspicuously lack, partly on account of the latent spirit of feudalism, which still survives in England and Germany, and so well exemplifies "the more titles the less liberty in a country" of Voltaire, and also partly due to the superior racial vivacity, or *coup d'oeil* or quickness of perception—call it what you will—of the supple Gaul, with his exaggerated notions of lib-

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erty and equality, to the comparative slowness of comprehension, or dullness of perception, and servility of the stolid, beer drinking Briton or Teuton, who still, at the end of the 19th century, entertains the most profound and stupid respect for the aristocracy or "quality"—his so-called superiors or "betters"—a respect which neither centuries of oppression, nor the stern lessons of history, nor the advances of science have been able even yet to eradicate. The English or German common soldier resembles the Russian moujik. He never hopes to become a superior officer, or to mix in the society of the officers who command him; for he can never ape or imitate their manners.

Not so the Frenchman, who rises from the ranks to the grade of *Chef d'Escadron* in the cavalry, or *Capitaine* in the infantry, sometimes even to that of General and formerly to the highest rank of all—now abolished—that of Marshal, thus justifying the saying "that every French soldier carried his *bâton de Maréchal* or marshal's *bâton* in his knapsack;" and, strange to say, soon adapts himself to the new situation, and passes muster in a Parisian *salon* nearly as well as on parade. And Lefevre could do the same and he did it *à merveille*. The whole philosophy of the thing may be resumed in six words: "He, who drinks beer, thinks beer," and Lefevre never drank any.

His conversation with the Perez family was carried on somewhat under difficulties—mostly in English, which he spoke fairly well; for Jews are usually tolerably good linguists, though they can seldom conceal in any language their semitic accent, which Lefevre, however, contrived somehow or other to do. The banker and Señora Perez and two of their daughters had acquired English, albeit imperfectly, from a previous long residence in Chili, which is, to all intents and purposes, a British colony, where British coinage and British sympathies prevail. His knowledge of English therefore was a great point in Lefevre's favor, as tending to confirm in some measure his

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tall talk about the many distinguished personages with whom he was acquainted in England, as well as in France, and whose intimate friendship he enjoyed.

This is part of the stock in trade of every impostor or *chevalier d'industrie* in France, or *Industrie Ritter* in Germany, or sharper or confidence man in England, or Bunco-steerer or Green Goods man in America. For human nature is everywhere the same, gullible beyond belief and impostors and rascals are believed and welcomed, whilst men of honor or talent, if poor, are shunned and avoided like the pest. But then Schiller says: "Against stupidity the gods even fight in vain," and Voltaire, in his "Philosophical Dictionary," with equal truth, observes "that there are no limits to human folly." And as Lefevre was endowed with an unlimited stock of impudence of the brazen faced order, was well dressed and also seemingly well endowed with this world's goods; had some good letters of recommendation, and talked *ad nauseam* about his grand railroad and mining projects in South America, his chimerical schemes were credited as *bonâ fide* ventures, and he was welcomed in several honorable Montevidean families as a witty, pleasant and entertaining Parisian. In fact, in some respects he resembled *Mr. Jingle*, whilst Don Antonio Perez might be not inaptly compared to a Spanish-American *Nupkins;* but Señorita Dolores Perez, on whom Lefevre had fixed his aspirations, was indeed a very different type of lady either to *Miss Rachel Wardle,* or *Miss Nupkins* of Pickwickian fame.

Graceful beyond compare as are most young ladies of Spanish blood and *hidalgo* descent, Lefevre's unparalleled audacity had led him to aspire to her hand. Though only nineteen, he knew she would inherit a considerable portion of her father's wealth at his decease, and Don Antonio was now an old man; but what was of greater immediate importance to him in his present position was his knowledge that she would have a large dower on her marriage; and that, if he could only succeed in marrying her, this

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money would extricate him for once and forever from his threatening pecuniary embarrassments, at any rate. As to the rest, *vogue la galère!* True, he was approaching the respectable age of forty; but then he was remarkably well preserved, and carried his years so well that he looked nearly a decade younger than he really was, and might have easily passed muster as a man of two or three and thirty. He was still in his prime, and with his robust health and energy, it seemed to him that the prospect of his marrying the dark-eyed Señorita was by no means hopeless.

Her grace, beauty and accomplishments, of course, did not attract him so much as her money—the one thing needful, without which no salvation; not that he was altogether indifferent to her personal attractions, but her dowry would enable him to try fortune again, and escape from his actual untenable position.

With her alone of the family, he had been able occasionally to converse slowly in French, in which language she was fairly proficient, having had lessons from a French teacher; and when she failed to understand his meaning, he explained it as well as he could in his broken Spanish, which often brought an ingenuous smile of raillery to her lips. This served to establish a mutual bond of sympathy between them; and as he invariably treated her with the most respectful deference and politeness, according to the rigid rules of Montevidean etiquette, which, in a theatre, places the ladies apart by themselves like Australian ladies in the Ladies' Pavilion at a Sydney cricket match, no exception was taken to his visits, which were encouraged rather than otherwise. This introduction gave him a certain status in the society of Montevideo; and as he knew how to make himself agreeable and amusing when needful, he had little by little succeeded in making himself a *persona grata,* and in gaining the confidence of the Perez family and the affectionate regard, if not the love of Señorita Dolores.

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Things went on thus for a considerable time.

At length, acting on the motto of the South American *gaucho:*

> "De mis lazas escapáras;
> Pero de mis bolas quando?"

he determined to sound Don Antonio on the subject of a proposal of marriage to his daughter; so one evening, when he found himself alone with the old banker and safe from interruption, he ventured to broach the matter.

They were smoking together on a terrace overlooking the lovely gardens of the *quinta*, talking about Lefevre's various grand schemes, in which he had endeavored to interest his host, and other social matters or trivialities, when Lefevre suddenly changed the subject.

"Señor," said he, "you have known me now for a considerable time. I am, as you are aware, possessed of an ample fortune; my acquaintances and references in this city are a sufficient guarantee, I trust, of my honorability; and I beg you to believe me to be actuated by the most honorable intentions in venturing now to speak to you of a matter that most deeply concerns my future happiness and welfare. I have long admired and loved your daughter, Dolores, who, I believe, in her heart, returns my affection. Will you do me the honor to consent to my offering her my hand?"

Don Antonio, although not entirely unprepared for this announcement, as for some time past Lefevre had made no secret of his admiration for Dolores in the family circle, had still not expected it quite so soon.

Throwing away his half finished cigar, he remained silent for a few moments as if to reflect upon his answer: then, with true Castilian dignity, replied:

"Señor, you take me somewhat by surprise. Although I have full confidence in you and believe you to be animated by honorable intentions, I must have time for reflection and consultation with Señora Perez. My daughter, Dolores, is only just nineteen; and, as you know, you

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are considerably her senior; but this disparity of age. would not weigh with me, provided you are certain of having gained her affections. Her happiness is the first consideration, and, for me, at any rate, is far above all pecuniary or worldly considerations. I will speak to her to-morrow and sound her on the matter."

"Oh Señor," replied Lefevre, "do not suppose for a moment that I would have ventured to make this proposal, had I not felt certain of having won your daughter's heart. For my part, I loved her the first time we met, and believe me, with an unalterable, undying love. I feel deeply grateful to you for your answer, which gives me hope that my suit will not be rejected. I beg of you to rely on the sincerity of my affection for your beautiful daughter; and also above all to understand clearly that I am actuated by no mercenary motives in making this offer, inasmuch as my own private fortune is happily sufficient for me to support her suitably, and provide her with all those luxuries and comforts to which she has been accustomed all her life in your luxurious home, even had she no expectations. I know that you are rich, and that she will inherit an ample fortune from you; but it is herself alone—not her money—that I seek. Were it otherwise I should be actuated by the basest of motives. I feel too agitated by hope and joy to discuss matters further at present; but I await your decision with confidence. I felt I could endure the torture of suspense no longer and that I must broach the matter to you to-night when we found ourselves alone, come what may. It is getting late, and I will not intrude on you further this evening."

With these words Lefevre rose to leave; his agitation, at any rate, being really unassumed; for he dreaded above all compromising himself in some way or other, or being detected in some unforeseen manner after this effusion; so deemed it best to leave well alone and terminate the trying interview as soon as possible.

Frenchmen are actors born, and Lefevre was a good

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comedian. He had carefully rehearsed the above declaration, as an actor rehearses his *rôle* in comedy or melodrama, and counted on its producing a favorable effect on Don Antonio, relying on the dictum attributed to that cunning old fox, Talleyrand, "that language is given us to disguise our thoughts," and the good old English parallel adage, "only fools and children speak the truth." For Lefevre, like a Russian, only spoke the truth by accident, or when it suited his purpose to be truthful once in a way, now and again, which very rarely happened. After listening to some further assurances of his devotion to Dolores and his disinterestedness, Don Antonio, said: "I will think well over the matter to-morrow and see you again soon. We have plenty of time yet. I feel fatigued," he added, "for you know I am somewhat of an invalid. *Adios Senor! Buenas noches! A manana!*"

With these words and a dignified wave of his hand, the banker re-entered the house, and left Lefevre to study his further plans *à tête reposée* at his hotel. And so ended the first scene of a Montevidean comedy destined to have a tragic ending!

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CHAPTER II.

"Nox erat et cælo fulgebat luna sereno."
—Virgil.

It was a glorious Southern night, as Lefevre slowly wended his way back to his hotel from Don Antonio's house. Myriad bright stars, invisible in the cold north, were shining in the heavens with a lustre and effulgence unknown to the denizens of pale, northern climes, reminding one of Dante's lines:

"O! Setentrional vedovo sito
*Poiche privato s'ei di mirar quelle!"**

Only those who have lived under the southern cross and felt the delightful indescribable *énivrement,* or bewitching intoxication, of the southern night, can understand or appreciate it. Under the starry canopy above, the balmy breeze from the ocean wafted on the air like incense the delicious fragrance of innumerable flowers. Zephyr touched lightly the cheek with a gentle caress like a lover's kiss, and all nature and all the surroundings seemed to breathe of poetry and of love.

But Lefevre was insensible to the enchantment of this lovely scene. As there are souls without culture, who remain unmoved before the angelic face of a Rafael's *Madonna,* and can see no beauty in it; whilst others see in that face the highest and most sublime expression of the ideal; so there are souls that are insensible to the charms of nature in her most charming moods—mere brutes in

*"O! poor widow of the north
Deprived of seeing these splendours!"

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human form, who crawl upon the earth and wallow in the mire; sordid, bestial, evil natures.

And Lefevre was one of these. Selfish and depraved, wealth, luxury and sensuality were the idols he had worshipped all his life; and he was now prepared to sacrifice the honor and happiness of his intended and all other considerations on the altar of the golden calf. Absorbed in his scheme—his one fixed idea—of obtaining control of the fortune of Dolores, whose possession would enable him to put into execution some of his numerous speculative projects in South America, by which he fondly hoped to make a fortune, he walked on blindly like a sonnambulist on the brink of a precipice, indifferent to the danger before him.

He knew only too well that the sum he had embezzled in France, though large, was diminishing week by week with alarming rapidity; and the only sure way he could see of replenishing his purse and ameliorating his position, was by marrying Dolores. He had tried gambling to some extent in one of the best clubs of the city, but with indifferent success; and all his efforts to obtain any mining concessions for his Jewish friends in Europe had hitherto proved fruitless. He decided, therefore, on braving all obstacles; and having sounded Don Antonio, and luckily found him to be not unfavorable to his suit, he determined to strike the iron while it was hot, and press it with all the dispatch compatible with propriety; for once married to Dolores and in possession of her ample dowry, he could not only speculate in South America, but also return to Europe *au besoin,* and even abandon his young wife as a useless incumbrance, if circumstances should render it advisable to do so. For Lefevre was one of those men who are not burdened with a conscience, and for whom the end always justifies the means, provided they can attain the accomplishment of their objects and the gratification of their selfish and sensual desires. He threw all considerations of honor, justice, propriety or decency to the winds.

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But the Jew has no moral sense, and can no more change his horrid nature than the Ethiopian his skin or the leopard his spots. Centuries of oppression have made him what he is, like unto the Tasmanian convict, who exclaimed that his persecution and ill treatment had changed him from a man to a beast and given him the heart of a beast. And the Jew, by creed and by instinct, looks upon all Christians as brute beasts and treats them as such, having himself the heart of a beast.

Such were Lefevre's reflections on retiring to rest! He passed a restless night; his sleep was disturbed by harrassing dreams, and at times he would awake suddenly in terror, imagining himself arrested and in a gloomy dungeon, in consequence of the discovery of his perfidy and his crimes, and in the morning he felt despondent and depressed by inexplicable, gloomy presentiments. Like a wild boar in his lair, with the hounds on his track, he scented danger in the air; and, as will be seen, his dismal forebodings were fully justified.

He sat down to write a letter to Don Antonio, and another to Dolores, to whom he had secretly avowed his love. He had lavished endearments on her; had called her *"Luz de mis ojos"* and *"Querida mia,"* when the rare opportunities at his disposal had permitted. But his pen was rebel, and he could not compose his thoughts.

He tore up letter after letter and flung the tattered fragments on the floor before he could indite one to his satisfaction. Like most of his race, he was impatient, and he was a bad writer of a love letter, because everything he wrote was hollow and insincere; so when he had at last succeeded in inditing an epistle to his satisfaction, he hurriedly dispatched it by a messenger to the object of his pseudo affections. Such a man could not love! He could only like, in the worst Gallic style, as *on aime son chien et on aime sa femme.*

Our story must now again retrograde a few pages to inform the reader of certain facts necessary to his compre-

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hension of the sequel of this narrative, and of the events that occurred in the bosom of the Perez family after Lefevre's previously narrated conversation under the veranda with Don Antonio.

The banker had not failed to communicate to his better half Lefevre's formal offer of marriage to Dolores made on the evening of the day preceding the occurrences now related, and the "pros" and "cons" of the match were discussed between them with true Spanish volubility. Don Antonio personally was by no means averse to it on account of Lefevre's supposed wealth and good social position; and, in view of this deceptive mirage, he warmly advocated the match; for Lefevre had succeeded in completely gulling the easy going, somnolent, elderly banker. Like most other fathers, he favored the marriage of his daughter with a man of large means—in itself alone an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace —whom he naively supposed to be the possessor of a solid, substantial fortune in *la belle France,* and especially with a financier, like himself. Moreover, Lefevre had promised to make a very handsome settlement on Dolores, as soon as he received a large expected remittance from Europe.

But Lefevre had by no means produced such a favorable impression on Doña Perez, as on her easy going and less perspicacious husband.

Señora Inez, Jacinta Perez was a matronly personage, who resembled most elderly Spanish-American ladies in being very stout; this excessive *embonpoint* being induced in a great measure by want of exercise and luxurious living in a sultry climate, and the natural obesity consequent thereon. She was Don Antonio's "better half" in more senses than one, being physically his antithesis; for he was remarkably thin, in accordance with the theory that extremes meet and the greater body attracts the lesser. With a mother's instinct or second sight, superadded to a woman's intuitive feminine perspicacity, that often detects

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at a glance what is unrevealed to the duller masculine perception, even of the student of Lavater, she had conceived an indefinable, inexplicable mistrust of Lefevre.

"*No se porque, pero no me gusta enteraménte este estranjéro—este Frances!*" ("I don't know why; but this foreigner—this Frenchman—does not altogether please me"), she petulantly exclaimed, as she momentarily ceased the use of her fan, after listening impatiently to a long, prosy recitation of Lefevre's merits, possessions and resources by her worthy spouse, debited in his usual dignified but slow, verbose style in sonorous, stately Castilian. "Nor can I comprehend how he has ensorcelized Dolores: he seems to have bewitched her. It is strange! Consider the difference in their ages! He is quite old enough to be her father. He must be a sorcerer! Do you feel quite satisfied as to his position and his veracity?" she anxiously queried.

"*Ah querida mia!*" replied Don Antonio, somewhat staggered by this sudden outburst of suspicion, "how can I doubt of it, with his letters of credit and excellent introductions? Besides he lives in first rate style, and has spent a great deal of money since he has been in Montevideo. You seem strangely mistrustful. He is a man of good address, and besides this I have often conversed with him and taken the opportunity of sounding him and questioning him on financial subjects. There is no detail of finance—whether *arbitrages,* conversions, exchange, railroad concessions, sinking funds or banking, with which he is not thoroughly well acquainted. Professionally speaking, I have formed a high estimate of his ability, which confirms my belief in his statements as to his position and fortune in France. He has all the makings of a great financier. Besides, he contemplates remaining in Uruguay and investing large sums in mining and other enterprises here or in Brazil. Enough of these idle misgivings! I have questioned Dolores, who seems willing

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to have him. What possible objections can you urge to the match?"

But if it be difficult to convince a man against his will, it is even more difficult to convince a woman, especially when that woman is a mother; and as it is just as useless to argue with a woman, whose mind is once made up, as with an obstinate Scotchman, Doña Perez remained unconvinced still; and all the eloquent pleadings of her spouse on behalf of Lefevre had no more effect on her obduracy than the proverbial water on a duck's back.

"You are all infatuated with him, because he is French," she replied, "and because it is fashionable to admire everything French—French fashions, actors and actresses; French theatres, French everything. For my part, I dislike the French. As some English poet truly says of them:

> 'A fickle nation, debauched with ease,
> No king could govern, no God could please.'

There is something so hollow and vain about them—so artificial and insincere. I hope Dolores will change her mind, and not encourage his attentions further," replied Doña Perez.

"Oh, mamma!" interpleaded Señorita Juana, her eldest daughter, "surely you are rather prejudiced against the French generally and Señor Lefevre in particular. He is not bad looking, and then he is so witty and amusing sometimes. And besides he is so rich and has promised to invite Isabella and myself to Paris. And you know, mamma, how fond you are of French cookery!"

This last argument was a home thrust at which Doña Perez winced; for she had a weakness for the pleasures of the table, which was partly responsible for her *embonpoint.*

It is here necessary to explain how Dolores, although just nineteen, was still to all intents and purposes a child in her ideas and ways of thinking. She knew nothing of

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the world, yet shared the deeply rooted admiration for France and the French of her sisters and countrywomen generally. Her day dream was to see Paris, the acknowledged capital of the fine arts and the civilized world. Lefevre was a Frenchman, and had captivated her maiden fancy by his overdrawn pictures of the glories, amusements and delights of the gay French capital, and his seductive promises of taking her after their marriage to Paris to move in the *élite* of Parisian society. He had artfully, turn by turn, amused her by his pleasantries, dazzled her with the deceptive mirage of wealth, luxury and position in *la belle France*, flattered her vanity, and finally deluded her into fancying that she loved him.

She was the light of his soul—*la luz de su alma*—he had told her: he had lavished on her, parrotlike, all the pet phrases of Spanish endearment, and to her unsophisticated ear this hollow flattery had seemed genuine.

More than one solemn family council was held to deliberate on this momentous question. Ultimately the firm will and tenacity of Don Antonio, coupled with the support of several influential friends of the old banker whose good offices Lefevre had cunningly contrived to secure, and the acquiescence of Dolores prevailed; and Doña Perez was finally persuaded to give her reluctant consent to the match.

Things went merry as a marriage bell for a short time, and it was soon known in the leading circles of Montevidean society that the wealthy French capitalist, Señor Lefevre, was the accepted suitor of Señorita Dolores Perez, and that her marriage would take place in a few weeks. How this well arranged match fell through, and how all Lefevre's well laid plans and deep combinations on the social chess board fell suddenly to pieces like a house of cards, owing to the unlooked for appearance on the scene in the very nick of time of one of Lefevre's dupes in *la belle France,* will be fully explained in the next chapter.

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CHAPTER III.

"The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft a glee."—*Burns.*

FORTUNE now seemed to smile on Lefevre; but the fickle goddess is never to be trusted. The day of the wedding had been fixed in six weeks; this delay being necessitated on account of the wish of Don Antonio that his son Manuel, who was still in Paraguay, and several other absent relatives and friends should be present at the marriage of Dolores; and Lefevre now felt certain of soon obtaining possession of a portion of her handsome fortune. All obstacles had been apparently overcome, and in a few short weeks he would be the envied husband of the beautiful daughter of the wealthy banker. There was not a cloud visible on the horizon, and his acquaintances and friends in Montevideo had already offered him their hearty congratulations on his approaching nuptials.

But avenging Nemesis was on his track to spare the Perez family the disgrace of such a *mésalliance,* and Dolorès the eternal shame and misery of becoming the bride of an ex-convict, alien Jew. It so happened one morning that as Lefevre, according to his daily custom, was hurriedly scanning the contents of a newspaper over his matutinal cup of *café au lait,* he suddenly came upon an announcement that filled him with horror and dismay, and at the same time rudely dashed the anticipated cup of happiness from his lips forever.

The paper in question, under its society heading or items of fashionable intelligence, announced the arrival in Rio Janeiro, by the last mail steamer from Europe, of a certain French nobleman, the *Comte de Tuejuif,* who had

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come on a South American tour that was expected to be of long duration; and, as if this was not enough to complete Lefevre's discomfiture, it was further added that the Count, after two or three weeks' stay in Rio, intended visiting Montevideo.

Now as Lefevre's bad luck would have it, it so happened that this nobleman had been one of Lefevre's numerous victims in France, having been swindled by Lefevre out of a considerable sum of money prior to his sentence by default to two years' imprisonment at Paris in the spring of the year previous to the occurrences now described. Lefevre was so horrified that he nearly fainted: he turned pale and hurriedly ordered of the waiter a small glass of cognac, which he gulped down at one draught to steady his nerves. He took in the altered situation at a glance. He knew that the Count would have the *entrée* into the *élite* of Montevidean society; that he was of a vindictive disposition, and that, in addition to his own personal grievance against him, he would be sure to know of his subsequent condemnation for embezzlement in Paris, reported in the French newspapers. He knew also that the aggrieved nobleman would hear of his approaching marriage, and would at once denounce him to the society of Montevideo and the Perez family as a swindler and a convicted thief. Then farewell to all his matrimonial dream! He could not precipitate his marriage, which had been formally arranged to take place in six weeks; for any attempt to do so, would, under the circumstances, only arouse the suspicions of the family as well as the misgivings of Dolores herself. An elopement was utterly out of the question. And to think that this infernal Count would arrive in Montevideo three or four weeks before his marriage could take place, during which time he would visit the clubs and the leading families of the city, where the approaching marriage of Don Antonio Perez's youngest daughter was one of the main topics of conversation

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and a subject of common gossip. It was maddening—it turned his brain.

Suddenly seizing his hat and cane, he rushed out of the hotel as one demented, and walked rapidly towards the *Prado* to endeavor to quietly commune with himself, and meditate over his future course of action in this terrible dilemma. Of one thing he felt certain: he must at all hazards leave Montevideo before the arrival of the Count; and there was luckily just time for this, as the next mail steamer for Rio—the *"Tocantins"*—would leave Montevideo within ten days. His only safety lay in flight. All was lost in Montevideo—Dolores, her fortune, his grand speculative projects, everything, owing to this accursed Count, who would arrive just in the very nick of time to baffle and frustrate all his well planned schemes. He would have murdered the Count if he had thought he could escape detection, on his arrival in Montevideo, before he could have time to expose and denounce him as a swindler and an impostor. But there was little chance of his being able to do this, and besides he was a rank coward and he knew it only too well.

On reaching the *Prado,* he sank exhausted on a seat under the trees near one of the more secluded sidewalks where he thought he would be alone and secure from observation. Agitated by conflicting emotions, but above all by the dread of discovery of his previous crimes, and his appreciation of the tremendous difficulties to be surmounted and the terrible risks before him, his brain reeled. He did not know where to turn, or how to escape from the appalling dilemma in which he now so unexpectedly found himself. His disturbed fancy conjured up horrid visions, rapidly succeeding each other as kaleidoscopic views; of the bare walls of the prison with its ignoble promiscuities and its disgrace; the unspeakable horrors of solitary confinement, which convert the cell of the accused into a living tomb; the journey in the prison van from the gaol to the office of the *Delgado de policia,* or Commis-

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sioner of Police; the searching cross examination before the judge; the publicity given to his crimes in the newspapers. Would not death itself, he thought, be preferable to all this ignominy?

Such were the thoughts that flashed through his bewildered brain with lightning rapidity! And, strange to say, all these gloomy prognostications were destined to be literally fulfilled. He felt dazed and sick, like a pugilist who has received a "knock out" blow or the gladiator who had got his *habet,* and his ghastly pallor was remarked by a troublesome lounger, whom he mentally consigned to perdition:

Vd parece muy indispuesto, Senor? Necesita Vd un medico? (You appear very unwell. Sir. Do you require a doctor?) queried this sympathetic but importunate loiterer.

"Mil gracias! No Senor: es nada—una indisposicion solamente—un mal de cabeza," ("A thousand thanks! No, sir: it is nothing—a sudden indisposition only—a headache"), hurriedly replied Lefevre, only too anxious to get rid of his questioner, who, after a few polite words, to his intense relief, left him to continue his dismal meditations undisturbed.

But Lefevre was a man of wonderful resource. Cunning and clever almost beyond belief, and slippery as an eel in wriggling out of an apparently desperate situation, he soon recovered himself, and began to calmly consider his position. He must first of all obtain money, the sinews of war, at all hazards; for the funds derived from his embezzlements in France the year before, for which he had been sentenced to two years' imprisonment, which he had only escaped by flight across the wide ocean,* were now very largely diminished. He must therefore get money by some means or other; and the only way he could see of obtaining any was by a big forgery; in other words by

*See Appendix. Official Document No. 1.

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presenting forged letters of credit from Paris bankers to the wealthy banking firm of Maua & Co., and at once escaping with the proceeds of the fraud by the first mail steamer from Montevideo to Rio Janeiro, and thence by the first steamer to Europe with a passport drawn out in a false name. He had always kept a watchful eye on the movements to and fro of the mail steamers, in view of any sudden or unforeseen eventualities, and he knew that the "*Tocantins,*" which left Montevideo very shortly, was timed to arrive at Rio Janeiro so as to catch the mail steamer for Europe—the "*Medway.*"

But even if he could succeed in defrauding the bank of a large sum, it was necessary for him to obtain a passport in an assumed name and immediately sail from Montevideo, in order to escape the vengeance of the honorable family he had so basely deceived; for he well knew that his miserable life would not be worth a day's purchase in Montevideo, if his betrayal of the young lady, to whom he had pledged his troth, was discovered—aye or even only suspected by her irate father or her brother. South Americans he knew to be quite as vindictive and bloodthirsty as Spaniards or Italians, and the *venganza* of Latin-America to fully correspond with that of the mother country or the *vendetta* of Italy or Corsica. The bloody rule of Rosas in Argentina proved that only too well. The difficulties and tedious formalities of the passport system in South America were also sufficiently well known to him; and although, in Uruguay, a somewhat less rigorous bureaucracy existed, owing to the decline of priestly domination, which has since been completely overthrown in that country, he saw but a glimmer of hope in the chance of bribing, or coaxing the officials by false representations into giving him the much desired passport. Although there might be no danger of his being sent back to France, as no extradition treaty then existed between that country and Uruguay or Argentina, his cognizance of which fact had been one of his main reasons for selecting Monte-

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video as a safe hiding place, his immediate escape from that city was now of paramount and urgent necessity, in order to avoid disgrace and ruin, and escape the vengeance of the outraged Perez family.

The wretched Jew trembled with fear: his livid face and the perspiration on his brow testified to the agony of his mental struggle, as he hardly saw any possible loophole of escape. The obstacles in his path he felt to be well nigh insuperable, and insuperable they undoubtedly would have been to the vast majority of even the most clever cosmopolitan swindlers, adepts in every phase of fraud and roguery.

But Lefevrt was a Jew, and he possessed in a marked degree all the tenacity as well as the subtle cunning of the Hebrew. How many of his race, he reflected, had not found themselves in an equally difficult position, and yet had found a way of successfully extricating themselves from it! Still, he knew that he must overcome all the difficulties on his thorny path within a few days, or perish; for the steamer for Rio Janeiro would sail in ten days, so that there was not an hour to be lost. The consciousness of omnipresent, impending danger haunted him as a perpetual, hideous nightmare. The prolongation of this fearful agony of suspense, he intuitively felt, would drive him to madness. His face was blanched, his cheeks drawn in; a lurid light shone in his bloodshot eyes: he looked what he was—a hunted fugitive from justice.

He could endure his reflections no longer, and suddenly starting up, he walked slowly towards the *Plaza de la Constitucion,* hoping that the change of scene would temporarily divert his thoughts from the threatening danger, which, like a sword of Damocles, was suspended over his head, and afford him a brief respite of momentary relief from his mental tortures.

As he crossed the street, he was stopped by a beggar on horseback (for everybody, beggars included, rides on horseback in Montevideo, just as women ride a straddle

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like men in Honolulu), and asked pitifully for a *centavo* in the name of the Saviour.

"Todos van robando menos yo" ("Everybody steals except myself") thought the beggar, who was certainly not mistaken as far, at any rate, as Lefevre was concerned; the latter being only too glad to accede to his request—albeit in the name of Christ, to get rid of him. The beggar cantered off, and Lefevre seated himself on a bench in the *Plaza,* like a man in a dream, to gaze abstractedly on everything around him—the mules and the *burros,* the water carts and the fruit and melon vendors and women in their quaint, picturesque costumes.

But his reverie was of brief duration, and his thoughts soon reverted to the tremendous difficulties that confronted him. He must obtain this accursed money immediately; for time and tide wait for no man. He had arrived in Montevideo with a genuine letter of credit from a Paris banker on a well-known Montevidean bank, and could of course give a reference to the firm in question as to his good faith. He decided now that it would be necessary for him to perpetrate a fraud on a grand scale by other forged letters of credit, which he had held in reserve, in view of any possible, unpleasant contingency similar to the present one; for he was a man of foresight as well as a crafty one. The amount did not at all matter on the "in for a penny in for a pound" principle. Besides the larger the amount, the more likely he was to obtain it; and, moreover,, he always worked on the system of "the whole hog or none." So he determined on favoring the well known bank of Baron Maua & Co., with his patronage, and on defrauding it of no less a sum than $174,200.

This brilliant conception, worthy of a genius of finance like himself, certainly presented difficulties in its realization; but he relied on the *"de l'audace et toujours de l'audace"* of Danton; and besides, did not the great Napoleon say that the word "impossible" did not exist in the dictionary? Once in possession of a large sum of money, he felt

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that he might obtain the much desired passport in a false name by a heavy *douceur* to one of the clerks at the Consulate, or otherwise; and then by catching the *Medway*—the next mail steamer from Rio Janeiro—he could safely escape with his plunder to Europe; for no submarine transatlantic cables existed in those days, so that on landing in England he would be perfectly secure in every way, and even the news of his forgeries could only arrive by the following mail steamer.

"*Courage,*" he said to himself, "***tout n'est pas encore perdu!***" ("All is not lost yet!")

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CHAPTER IV.

BUT for the abolition of Spanish rule, and also since of priestly domination in Uruguay and Mexico, the construction of railroads and telegraphs, and other modern innovations or improvements resulting from the evolution of three centuries, Latin-America was then, as it is now, to all intents and purposes, pretty much the same country as the *Nueva Espana,* or New Spain, of Gil Blas and Philip the Second. The language, the amusements and customs of the people are still the same as they were in the most prosperous days of Torquemada, Alva and the Inquisition or *Santo Oficio*—the much dreaded "Holy office." South America is still the land of the bullfight, the guitar, the fan and the mantilla; of the Cathedral, the *Alameda,* the *Alcazar* and the *Eldorado,* of the sunny, glorious fatherland,

"Where rolls the Guadalquiver."

Everything is Iberian. To quote Curtis: "The people of South America possess all the indolence of character of the Argentine or Paraguayan of Indian blood, with *gaucho* traits, superinduced by generations of pastoral existence in a sultry climate; to which may be largely attributed the marvellous, Oriental, fatalistic patience, partly inherited from the Moor, under the most intolerable of despotisms, of the Hispano-American as well as of the Spaniard." Although, after a lapse of three centuries, the Aztecs again sit on the throne of Mexico, and men, with lank hair and tawny skins, now direct the destinies of the land of Montezuma, the habits and characteristics of the Latin-American peoples are still in many respects

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those of old Spain—a compound of the fountain, the *patio,* the cigarette, the *siesta* and the *"dolce far niente"*—the "sweet do nothing" of the Italians.

Cosas de Espana, or things of Spain, everywhere meet the eye. Just as the Spaniard religiously takes his daily siesta, or afternoon nap, after his early mid-day meal, so do the shopkeepers of South American cities religiously close their shops during luncheon time. They have a "take it easy," "go as you please" way of doing business, and banking forms no exception to the general rule. In Argentina, where the rulers of the country as well as the people preferred paper money infinitely to gold, with the inevitable result that the Argentine Republic, with a deficit of $400,000,000 and a population of only 4,000,000, is now in a hopelessly bankrupt and rotten financial condition, a *descuento* means only an advance or loan; and in Uruguay the same pleasant easy going system of banking and borrowing has prevailed, though to a less pernicious extent. This may partly explain Lefevre's marvelous success in his fraudulent financial operations in Montevideo.

Little indeed did the worthy members of the somnolent firm of Baron Maua & Co., so long established in Montevideo and so well known in South America, dream of the serious trouble in store for them, when two days after the occurrences narrated in the preceding chapter, Lefevre, cool as a cucumber to all outward appearances, walked into their bank, and presented letters of credit on Paris bankers for the sum of $174,200.* The amount was large and considerably in excess of their customary business transactions, so that an interview of some duration with Señor Hacenada, the manager, was rendered necessary.

Lefevre was accordingly shown by one of the clerks into the Chief Manager's cabinet, or private office, where he exhibited his credentials in the shape of one *bonâ fide* letter of credit for a comparatively small amount from a

*See Appendix. Official Document No. 1.

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well known Paris banker, and two forged ones for the large sum of $174,200 above mentioned on the firms of Zingue & Serin and Pincegredin, also of Paris.

"*Como Vd sabe, Senor,*" ("As you know, sir"), said Lefevre in his usual sham seigneurial style, as he nonchalantly threw the letters of credit on the table of the banker's private office, "my credit is indisputable. I have been here now for a considerable time, and can give references in Montevideo as to my honorability and solvability to the firm of Morales & Co., bankers in the *Calle Veinte y Cinco de Mayo,* who can testify, if need be, as to my financial status. My drafts, which they cashed, have been duly honored. Business of the utmost importance renders it necessary that I should have a considerable sum at my immediate disposal, which I contemplate investing in various mining and railroad enterprises in South America, in connection with an influential syndicate on the other side of the Atlantic."

"Oh, Señor!" replied the manager, as he hurriedly glanced at the signatures of the letters of credit, "I have no doubt whatever as to your honorability with these certificates and the reference to Messrs. Morales & Co. Although the sum is rather large, I make no doubt of being able to accommodate you, if you can make it convenient to wait a little time; or, as it is now near our hour for closing this afternoon, if you could call *manana temprano*—(to-morrow morning early), all shall be ready for you."

Manana (to-morrow) is the favorite word of the Spanish American in every phase of life, whether in diplomacy, finance, banking, or any other thing under the sun except perhaps love-making and cock fighting, just as much as it is the pet formula of the oriental, or the unspeakable Turk.

"But how would you wish us to honor these letters of credit?" resumed Señor Hacenada. The two larger ones, I see amount to considerable over $174,200 *pesos.* I presume you only require a comparatively small amount in coin."

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"Si Señor," acquiesced Lefevre. I will take it mostly in bills,* notes and drafts on other houses."

"Well! If you will do us the honor to call to-morrow morning, everything shall be ready for you. *Somos enteraménte á la disposicion de Vd* (We are entirely at your disposal)." The phrase is a polite one, but amounts to nothing, as when a South American places his house and everything entirely at your disposal, he has no idea of your taking him seriously.

With these words the courteous manager rose from his chair, and Lefevre took his leave, being shown out of the office by a clerk, who treated him with the most respectful deference as one of the bank's most wealthy and trusted customers.

The next morning, of course, found Lefevre punctual to his appointment; his punctuality, whenever he had any money to receive, being as exemplary as his negligence was reprehensible, when he had anything to pay. The money was duly counted out to him by the cashier, and the bills and drafts carefully stowed away in a couple of voluminous portfolios in Lefevre's capacious coat pockets.

All this was admirably managed, and in fact so far everything had gone swimmingly—"*sur des roulettes,*" as the French say. But there were still great risks to be incurred and serious difficulties to be surmounted. Of the latter the obtaining of a passport in a false name seemed the most formidable obstacle to his escape. But now that he was in possession of so large a sum of money, obtained with almost inconceivable ease on the "open Sesame" system of the Arabian Nights, his hopes rose anew. Like the possessor of Aladdin's marvelous lamp, he now felt equal to any emergency, and did not despair of being able to secure the much coveted passport *moyennant finance, i. e.*

*" Bills," which in the United States, signify greenbacks, *i. e.*, bank notes or government dollar bills from $1 to $1,000, in English banking and mercantile phraseology, merely mean "acceptances."

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by a good solatium to one of the officials, in accordance with his favorite theory "that every man has his price"—that no man, however exalted his position, is inaccessible to a bribe, provided always the amount be large enough to correspond with his situation and his desires. He entertained precisely the same views as *Isaac of York* on the subject of bribery of Christians; and in South America, of all countries in the world, he felt himself on sure ground. The question for him was simply "to be or not to be."

After long cogitation, he finally decided on assuming the name of "J. de Tracy" for two reasons: firstly, because it was English; and with the Norman prefix of "de," there was a certain aristocratic ring about it, and it was likely to throw the bloodhounds of the law off the scent; and secondly, because, unlike his own real but common cognomen, there was nothing plebeian or democratic about it. "What's in a name?" he soliloquized. "Everything," his tutelar angel whispered in his ear. And besides this, every *chevalier d'industrie,* or *rastaqouère* or scoundrel of any prominence, assumes an aristocratic name or title, just in the same way as women of a certain class in Paris—the ladies of the lake—adopt noble names, armorial bearings and crests on the panels of their carriages to which they have not even the shadow of a right. Then too "de Tracy" sounded infinitely grander and more imposing than his own vulgar name of Lefevre (almost as common in France as Dubois—the Gallic co-equivalent of Smith), under the social ban already of one conviction and condemnation, or rather of several convictions and condemnations.

Evil natures like his always find their mates in every country in the world having any claims to advanced civilization. There is a kind of freemasonry of rascaldom all over the world, and one rogue recognizes another by intuition or instinct, and admires or sympathizes with him just as much as he loathes and despises an honest simple-

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ton, who merely practices the ordinary hum-drum methods of earning an honest living. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." Amongst the acquaintances he had made in Montevideo was a certain Señor de Castro, who was a distinguished member of the rogue fraternity, a clever scoundrel of good manners and address, who occasionally gambled and cheated at cards whenever opportunity allowed, but had hitherto escaped detection—a fellow who would do anything and everything for money. Lefevre had recognized him at a glance as a brother rogue, who might be of service to him, and had secured his friendship or good will for all it was worth, at any rate, by certain little attentions involving, in strict accordance with Lefevre's time-honored principles of political economy, a larger expenditure of politeness than of cash, such as an occasional invitation to dinner on the sly and the offer of a choice cigar or a ticket to the theater now and then.

It so happened that this worthy was acquainted with one of the head clerks in the Passport office, and by means of a small loan, of which de Castro was in urgent need, Lefevre conciliated his good graces and induced him to sound his official friend as to the possibility of obtaining the desired passport, by greasing the paw of the aforesaid official.

There was no danger, Lefevre reflected, of de Castro throwing him overboard by divulging the secrets of this little affair, because any indiscretion or treachery on de Castro's part would necessarily involve the betrayal of his official friend; and, moreover, de Castro would have nothing to gain by any such revelation, even had he known that Lefevre was already the accepted suitor for the hand of Señorita Dolores Perez—a fact of which Lefevre had ascertained he was as yet in blissful ignorance; for de Castro had not the *entrée* into the best society of Montevideo. Both rascals, too, were members of the "Devil's Own" brigade, and acted up to the Arab proverb, "speech

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is silver, but silence is gold"—the motto of rogues of their category in every country in the world.

"Can't it be managed?" asked Lefevre anxiously of de Castro.

"Oh!" replied the latter, "it is simply a question of finance or *dinero contante*—what you call *espèces* or cash down. You will only have to grease his paw well, and you'll get it easily enough. *Caramba!* He will make it all right with the French Consul, who does not know you by sight and may never suspect your identity."

"Of course one can do anything with money—*moyennant finance,*" rejoined Lefevre. "How much does he want?"

"Well, Señor, I will find out this afternoon and report progress. As you know, our judges and officials in South America are seldom above a decent gratuity or honorarium—far less a Consul's clerk. But what is to be my commission on the job?" asked de Castro, who was a thorough man of business, and never transacted any from purely philanthropic motives.

"Oh! we won't quarrel about that," said Lefevre, with his characteristic, mock air of generosity of *grand seigneur;* "suppose we say five hundred *pesos,* and you may consider the little debt you owe me cancelled into the bargain."

Although Lefevre was the meanest man conceivable, it is easy to be generous with other people's money; and as the firm of Maua & Co. would pay the piper to the tune of five hundred *pesos* or Uruguayan dollars,* the amount of the comparatively small bribe was of no consequence to Lefevre.

"*Mil gracias, Senor!* (A thousand thanks, sir!) You are very amiable, and you may rely on my best endeavors on your behalf. I have always held you in high esteem

*The Montevidean *peso* or dollar is only worth 87 cents, or 37 cents more than the Mexican dollar.

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as a nobly generous man. I will see about it at once. But how much shall I offer my official friend?"

"Oh! say five hundred *pesos* more or less," responded Lefevre. I am always *bon prince,* you know."

With these words the two precious scoundrels parted. As the French say, *il y a toujours des accommodements avec le ciel,"* which, translated into the vulgar Anglo-Saxon vernacular, simply means that one can always make arrangements with heaven, just in the same way as one can buy indulgences at Rome. But for this celestial tolerance, rogues and rascals would have a bad time of it indeed on mother earth.

Three days afterwards, owing to the intervention and plausible representations of the official *amigo* of de Castro to the French Consul, the passport, duly drawn out and officially signed and sealed in the name of "J. de Tracy," was handed to Lefevre. In Spanish this interesting document was worded as follows:

Concedo pasaporte al Senor J. de Tracy, natural de Francia y del comercio para que se dirija a Rio Janeiro en el vapor Bresiliano 'Tocantins.' Dado en Montevideo firmado de mi mano ysellado con el sello de este consulado, etc., etc." ("I grant a passport to Mr. J. de Tracy, a native of France, traveling on business, to go to Rio Janeiro by the Brazilian steamer *'Tocantins.'* Given at Montevideo, signed by my hand and sealed with the seal of this Consulate, etc., etc.")

Only four days remained now before the *Tocantins* would sail from Montevideo, and there was still much to be done. Meanwhile Lefevre continued to call on the Perez family, as usual, as if nothing had happened to alter his plans. He mentioned to Don Antonio the fact of his having obtained a large advance of money for the purpose of pushing energetically his mining and railway projects in Uruguay and Argentina. This naturally pleased the old banker and made him more than ever satisfied with his prospective son-in-law. Not a shadow of suspicion crossed

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his mind that anything was wrong; for Lefevre had made some handsome presents of jewelry to Dolores, who was busily engaged in the preparations for the forthcoming wedding.

In the meantime Lefevre, after receiving the $174,200 from Maua's bank, had obtained drafts from another well known firm on English and French banks in London and Paris for about $140,000. The remainder he forwarded to an accomplice in London in a registered letter by mail per the *"Medway"*—the next mail steamer from Rio for England—except some $7,000 in cash for his own immediate requirements, traveling expenses, etc.

Not satisfied, however, with his altogether unexpected and phenomenal success thus far, in having obtained both an immense sum of money and a passport under an assumed name, Lefevre decided, as a simple precautionary measure, on getting back again from the easy going, unsuspicious and pre-eminently trustful manager of Maua's bank the forged letters of credit he had handed to that official on receiving the $174,200. He of course did not care for the *bona fide* letter of credit for a small amount, but he reflected that it might be of great importance as well as much safer for him to recover the two forged ones, as with these two damning documents once again in his possession, his detection or, at any rate, his capture and conviction would be almost impossible; if he could only catch the *"Medway"* at Rio Janeiro and sail by that mail steamer for Europe, as he contemplated.

No sooner was the brilliant idea conceived than it was executed; for Lefevre acted with Napoleonic promptitude, and, like the great Corsican at Rivoli, was fully alive to the value of minutes. Lefevre was, perhaps, the greatest and most successful swindler that ever existed; but his history has never yet been written. *Caret vate sacro!*

So a few days only after his receipt of the $174,200 from Maua's bank, with an impudence truly sublime, he again called on the obliging manager, Señor Hacenada,

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and on several plausible pretexts of referring to a signature or endorsement, or other specious excuse, he actually induced that confiding personage to entrust him temporarily with the aforesaid letters of credit, which he of course promised to return him in a couple of days. Incredible but true!* For the manager placed implicit faith in him as though he had owned all the gold in Peru. There is a faith that removes mountains—a pleasant theory which, unfortunately for poor, suffering humanity, has never been susceptible of practical application; theory and practice being as wide apart as the poles. But Señor Hacenada's faith in Lefevre corresponded admirably to the accurate definition of that commodity by the grand and immortal old philosopher of Ferney, viz., "a blind belief in what is contrary to our reason or common sense."

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*See Appendix. Official Document No. 1.

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CHAPTER V.

"Thus, like the sad presaging raven, that tolls
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
And in the shadow of the silent night
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings;
Vex'd and tormented, runs poor Barabbas
With fatal curses towards these Christians."
—*Jew of Malta.*

ONLY three days, or rather two days and two nights were now left to Lefevre to complete his necessarily hurried preparations for departure—days of mortal anxiety and anguish to him lest some other terrible mischance like the unexpected arrival of the *Comte de Tuejuif,* which had so brutally upset his grand matrimonial scheme, and all his other projects, now alas! mere castles in the air, or some other unforeseen fatality should arise to overthrow all his new plans and prevent at the last moment his escape on the *Tocantins.*

In that case he would be indeed lost without hope of redemption. But although hope springs eternal in the human breast, with the Jew as with the Gentile, it will be easily understood that he slept little during the two nights preceding the longed for departure of the mail steamer for Rio Janeiro. His brief snatches of slumber were disturbed by harrowing dreams of detection and arrest, and he would often awake with a start to find his temples bathed in a cold perspiration. The lighted lamp in his bedroom showed the slowly revolving pendulum of the Louis XV gilt clock on the mantel-piece. How slowly its hands seemed to move! To him it seemed an eternity. How ardently he longed for dawn!

True, he had obtained the money and the passport, and

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he had also got back the forged letters of credit from the unsuspecting bank manager, and had so far succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. He knew also that he could rely on the secrecy and fidelity of his accomplice, de Castro; but still he could not feel safe from danger until the broad ocean rolled between him and Montevideo, and Dolores so basely abandoned. And even then he would not be out of danger, unless he could catch the *Medway* at Rio Janeiro and sail by her for England.

But *would* he be able to catch that steamer? That was the mighty question on which were centered all his hopes and fears. True the *Tocantins* was due according to the advertised time tables, at Rio, more than a clear day before the *Medway* would sail from that port; but might not some unforeseen delay or accident—some cursed fatality—prevent its arrival in time? As he revolved this possibility in his agitated mind, he experienced all the mental torments of the wretched Jew before the Grand Inquisitor, so well described in the "Tortures of Hope" of Voltaire. Of remorse he had none. Fear alone agitated his miserable mind.

He had written a polite letter the night before to *Senor Hacenada,* the manager of Maua's bank, informing him that he returned him, according to his promise, in a sealed packet accompanying his letter, the letters of credit with which the manager had been good enough to temporarily entrust him; of course concealing his intention of leaving Montevideo for ever the next morning, and leading that benign officer of the bank to suppose him, on the contrary, to have taken up his residence permanently in that city, and to be bent on carrying out his financial schemes in South America. He had thus taken every precaution humanly possible to escape detection. From his acquaintance with his dupe's habits, he knew that the *Tocantins* would in all probability have sailed before Señor Hacenada would have had time to read his letter, or open the sealed packet; and in any case he had shrewdly calculated

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that he would not immediately open the parcel to verify the return of the letters of credit; and strange to relate, his calculation in this respect proved correct. For the *Tocantins* sailed at ten o'clock the next morning, and the manager only reached the bank, according to his usual custom at 9:30 A. M., or only half an hour before the steamer's departure. Even if he did open the parcel, it would be too late to apprehend him, and, if he could only catch the *Medway* at Rio Janeiro, he would be perfectly safe. It is hardly necessary to add that he had kept the forged letters of credit, and had substituted for them in the precious sealed packet some old accounts and other rubbish, on true semitic principles and the usual Hebrew system of barter or exchange.

He had also written several letters to his Jewish friends of the "Israelitish Alliance" in Paris and London to inform them of his early return to Europe, and his suddenly changed plans. As he could not, of course, think of returning to France on account of the *prescription* of ten years, and did not see much chance of any opening in England, he had determined, if he once reached safely that country, on proceeding to Bucharest or Belgrade, where, at the other side of the world, he thought he would be far out of harm's way or the vengeance of the Perez family, and might obtain in those then semi-civilized countries some railway concessions for his Jewish backers, or negotiate a government loan by some Jewish house, on its usual extortionate terms, to one or other of the impecunious petty Princelings of those oriental principalities, either on the shores of the blue Danube, at Bucharest, or in poverty stricken Belgrade. There would be both plunder and profit in such an affair, if he only could pull it off. All these plans and schemes floated through his brain as distant chimeras of an uncertain future. The Jew is never idle, but, on the contrary, like Satan, *semper quaerens quem devoret.*

At length came smiling morn that tips the hills with dew, to banish his dreams, as the rising sun disperses the

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mists on the mountain sides, and arouse him to the stern actuality. The fateful day of the departure of the *Tocantins* had at last arrived. The steamer was to sail at 10 A. M. He looked at his watch, and the clock on the mantelpiece: it was not yet eight o'clock. His trunks and portemanteau had been carefully packed on the previous evening, and he had ordered a conveyance to the wharf so as to arrive on the quay only about a quarter of an hour before the *Tocantins* left her moorings in the river; for Montevideo, it may be explained, then, as now, lacked a harbor, which exposes the shipping anchored off the city to great risks from the dreaded *pampero* at a certain season of the year, and passengers have to go on board by lighters or boats at all times. He had a two-fold object in this: firstly, he hoped in the hurry and confusion always attendant on the departure of every mail steamer, to avoid recognition on shore in the crowd by any friends of the Perez family or clerks of the firm of Maua & Co., if by any mischance any of them should have relatives or acquaintances leaving for Rio Janeiro by the *Tocantins;* and secondly, he hoped and had shrewdly calculated that any possible objections, which might be raised to his making the passage with a passport under a fictitious name, would be far more likely to be overruled or waived by the Captain on the eve of departure, than if he presented himself on board along with the other first class passengers an hour or so earlier, on account of every Captain's natural desire to avoid delay in the delivery of his mails. These were two terrible dangers still to be encountered; but the die was cast and he had to risk them both, come what may. He had, of course, not breathed a whisper of his sudden departure to a living soul except de Castro the night before, who had promised to see him off, and he had paid his hotel bill the previous evening before going to bed.

Those were two more anxious hours of weary waiting, and he hurriedly ate a scanty breakfast. It was a good

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long drive to the river side, and it was with a feeling of intense momentary relief that he drove out of the courtyard of the hotel. The old *Rocinante,* that drew the conveyance he had engaged, ambled along with irritating slowness under frequent applications of the whip and objurgations from the driver; it seemed as if the lazy beast was bent on preventing his escape. He saw he would only get on board just in time; for the last lighter, crowded with passengers, was about to leave, and the *Tocantins* was getting up steam. He had descried the smoke from her funnel at a distance; and, as he neared the quay, he could hear the ringing of the first premonitory bell—the signal of departure.

De Castro awaited him; and, after seeing his trunks and minor paraphernalia put on the lighter, and bidding him a hasty but cordial adieu, he rushed up the gangway; for there was not a minute to spare.

"Adios, mi buen amigo!" shouted de Castro, waving his handkerchief in farewell.

The second bell was already ringing while Lefevre's baggage was being hauled on board, as he hurriedly climbed the ladder from the lighter's decks and boarded the steamer. Directly he set foot on deck, and as he waved his hand in final adieu to de Castro, he was asked by a petty officer, commissioned to examine the tickets and passports of the passengers, for his ticket and passport. It so happened most luckily for him that he was personally known to several of the passengers by the *Tocantins.* Amongst these a certain Señor Brazo was walking on deck with the Captain; and as the two passed close by Lefevre, the former accosted him by name.

"Buenos dias, Senor Lefevre" (Good day, Mr. Lefevre"). "So you are sailing with us! But you are very late on board—only just in the nick of time. Suppose you were delayed."

"But," interposed the petty officer above mentioned, surprised at hearing Lefevre addressed by a different name

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to that on his passport, "how is this Señor? Your passport describes you as J. de Tracy, and this gentleman," as he pointed to Señor Brazo, "has just addressed you by another name."

While Lefevre was excitedly explaining his reasons for having a passport in an assumed name, the Captain, who had overheard everything, and was irritated and surprised at Lefevre's unusual course of action in coming on board with such a passport at the very moment of departure, irascibly intervened.

"How is this, Señor? You come on board my ship last of all my passengers in this extraordinary way, with this passport under a name, which, you admit, is not your real one. This looks very strange and even suspicious. I don't know whether I can take you. *Mil diablos!* There is no time to lose. What have you to say?" angrily queried the Captain of the *Tocantins.*

"Oh, Señor! I can assure you on my honor, it is only for private reasons that I have resorted to this step, to which I was in a sense compelled," replied Lefevre in a supplicating tone, with a glance of entreaty to Señor Brazo, whose acquaintance he had made some time before in Montevideo. "This gentleman knows me well, and can testify to my honorability."

Looks are often more eloquent than words, and the expression of blank despair and mute appeal on Lefevre's face went to Señor Brazo's heart, though the irate Captain, was more sceptical as to the value of Lefevre's word of honor, which he felt strongly inclined to estimate at its true worth.

"Bien," I will consult with this gentleman and let you know in two minutes my decision whether I can take you or not. You are delaying the departure of the steamer. I resent your behaviour, and have a good mind not to take you at all," said the Captain, as he hurriedly took the arm of Señor Brazo, and walked aft with him to rejoin a

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small group of passengers standing talking together on the first class deck.

"Well, Señor, what do you think? This man says you know him. What do you advise me to do? Shall I put him on shore or not?" asked the Captain of Señor Brazo.

"Just let me speak to my friend, Señor Martinez, whom you see there," replied the latter, as he pointed to that person, who was standing in the group aforesaid. Thereupon he accosted that gentleman, and after briefly explaining to him the situation, the two Montevideans concurred in advising the Captain to insist on Lefevre's giving some explanations. Accompanied therefore by the Captain, who was fuming at the delay, they at once rejoined Lefevre, who was standing pale and piteous on the deck.

"Well, Señor! What are these *private reasons,*" asked the impatient Captain, emphasizing the last words, "for getting this passport? Give your explanations briefly! I have not a minute to lose and won't wait for you! State them in presence of these gentlemen who know you."

"Oh, Senor el Capitan!" exclaimed Lefevre, "it is solely to avoid marrying a lady, whom I do not want to marry for several good reasons, that I have been driven to have recourse to this artifice. I dislike her mother extremely, and on that account do not wish to marry her daughter. I could give other reasons, if time permitted."

The third bell was now ringing, and the Captain's impatience was extreme; while Lefevre's haggard look and pallid face sufficiently testified to his mortal anxiety and terror lest he should, after all, be left behind to the tender mercies of the law, Messrs. Mauá & Co., and the outraged Perez family, wounded alike in their pride and their most tender sentiments—a terrible trinity of avengers. Well, indeed, might he look pale! It was a question of life or death for him; for if put back on shore, he was lost! No prisoner on his trial for murder ever awaited the decision of the jury in more agonized heart rending suspense.

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But, as the old Romans used to believe, and as the Chinese still believe, there is a god of thieves, who is the providence of malefactors. At this critical moment, to Lefevre's intense and unspeakable relief, Señores Brazo and Martinez came to the rescue, and hastily interposed in his favor to confirm his statements. They knew them to be true, at any rate, to a certain limited extent, viz.: that he had really proposed to a Montevidean young lady; and as they had nothing to do with his private affairs and believed him to be in a good financial position, and had, moreover, no personal grievance against him, or ill will towards him, but rather a feeling of compassionate sympathy, on account of his evident dejection and naturally despondent looks at the prospect of being left behind, they felt disposed, as impartial umpires in law or sport, to give him the benefit of the doubt; so Señor Martinez, addressing the Captain, said:

"We know, from our own personal knowledge, Señor Lefevre's statement to be true respecting his offer of marriage. We consider the excuse he gives a valid one under the peculiar circumstances. Besides we know nothing against him in any respect, and think you may safely incur the responsibility of accepting his explanation."

All this conversation had taken place in much less time than it has taken to narrate it and describe the personages taking part therein. Lucky indeed was it for Lefevre that Señores Brazo and Martinez were on board—otherwise our story would have abruptly ended here!

The Captain, who was eager to be off, merely said to Lefevre in a stern tone of voice:

"Know, Señor, that but for these gentlemen, I would have put you and your belongings back on shore. Your course of action is altogether unprecedented and irregular, and this is the first time such a thing has ever happened to me and, I hope, never will again. However, I will take you. Now we are off. *Vamos!*" he said, as he hurriedly mounted the bridge and gave the signal of departure.

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Lefevre had to swallow the pill with its *aliquid amari,* though the rebuke was severe. How many other bitter pills were reserved for him to swallow before he was transformed by an evolution assuredly more marvelous than that of a caterpillar into a butterfly, from an oft convicted felon into a multi-millionaire, thus verifying the Scriptural adage, "out of much tribulation ye shall enter into joy," will be explained hereafter. Meanwhile, he felt only too thankful to have escaped death by the skin of his teeth. So he bowed his acknowledgments with profuse thanks to the Captain and his two saviours, and the *Tocantins* steamed slowly out of the river *en route* for Rio Grande, the first port of stoppage on the long voyage to Rio Janeiro. Little by little, as the recollection of a pleasant dream, lovely Montevideo faded out of sight, till it at last became a mere speck on the horizon. But that speck contained the deserted Dolores, like Niobe all tears, with her blighted hopes and her sorrows; and, as he leaned on the starboard rail to cast one wistful, last, long, lingering look behind o'er the blue waves of the placid ocean, the Jew of Chamant felt conscious of an indefinable pang of regret at leaving her and Montevideo forever.

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CHAPTER VI.

*"Tout dépend du hasard."**
—*Voltaire.*

MEANWHILE the news of Lefevre's strange conduct and his difficulty with the Captain about his passport had naturally spread like wildfire, and created quite a sensation among the passengers on the *Tocantins,* the majority of whom eyed him either with suspicion or unconcealed aversion, and avoided any intercourse with him during the voyage. The episode formed at first the main topic of conversation.

Their suspicions were apparently fully shared by the Captain, whose manner towards him, without being rude or offensive, was frigidly cold and reserved; so that Lefevre's position on the steamer was by no means an enviable one. Señores Brazo and Martinez, it is true, and a few of the more good natured passengers would give him a nod of recognition as they met him on deck, or occasionally engage in a short chat with him; but even they were obviously influenced more by inquisitive curiosity and the desire to fathom an impenetrable mystery, than by sympathy or friendliness for him in his isolation; they could not resist the impression that there was something behind all this, something rotten in the State of Denmark, a screw loose somewhere and that the murder would out sooner or later. As will be seen hereafter, their anticipations were destined to be eventually realized in a startlingly dramatic manner.

Lefevre felt himself isolated on board—as isolated and friendless as a leper. "Give a dog a bad name and you

*"Everything depends on luck, chance, or accident."

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may as well hang him." He knew that he was a marked man, ostracized, so to speak—a black sheep in the flock;* but he did not care much for this, provided he could only catch the *Medway* at Rio Janeiro and sail by her for England—his one fixed idea and absorbing pre-occupation. Seasickness, however, soon came kindly to his relief to drive him below to his cabin; for though there was not much sea on, the ship rolled a bit, and he was a bad sailor; so that whilst the early part of the voyage was enjoyable for many of the passengers, for him it was chronic misery and woe. He had not been long on board before it attacked him, and for two days he remained in his bunk, his physical sufferings drowning all consciousness of his mental anxieties.

When sufficiently recovered to put in an appearance in the saloon at meal times, the glacial *accueil* or averted looks of his fellow passengers told him in a mute language more eloquent than words that he was "suspected." By some he was shunned and avoided as the pest. But scarce as a *rara avis* is the Jew of any nationality who has not often had to undergo this trying ordeal. It is the curse of his race, and it hath been thus ordained by an all wise and beneficent Providence that ordereth all things for our good, or otherwise; so Lefevre philosophically consoled himself with the reflection that he formed no exception to the general rule of his nation, and in calm weather he drank champagne or smoked a fine cigar to drive away dull care. "Live while you live"—not "Live and let live"—is the Jew's motto all the world over, whether on the ocean wave or in the *Judengasse* at Frankfort—the birth place of the first of the Rothschilds, or in Petticoat Lane or Houndsditch.

When on deck, he usually kept aloof from the other passengers. Seated on a deck chair, or on the bench, un-

*Curiously enough, a black sheep, in the East, is considered the "best" of the flock; oriental ideas being the antithesis of Western ones in almost everything.

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der the rail of the steamer, he would remain for hours gazing dreamily on the boundless expanse of ocean; or he would at times bend over the rail to watch the dolphins and porpoises as they sportively leaped out of the water on the crests of the foam tipped waves, or an occasional shoal of flying fish skimming the surface a few feet above the water for a brief interval, to disappear furtively in the bosom of the vasty deep, the eternal realm of Neptune and Amphitrite. Sometimes an ugly shark would suddenly display his black side and fins above the surface in the steamer's wake; at others, immense shoals of fish with golden and purple scales—the natural prey of this omnivorous scavenger of the sea—would emerge unexpectedly from the foam under the steamer's side, to temporarily divert his thoughts from his consciousness of present isolation and his gloomy forebodings of future danger, and then disappear forever as the foam on the crest of the wave, like the brief span of life of man.

Occasionally he would try to relieve the monotony of the long passage by reading a book or a newspaper; but he had little taste for literature or inclination for reading; his was essentially a common mind: his brute nature and low instincts revolted at the constraint, so his interest soon waned, and he would sometimes petulantly throw the paper overboard.

Like all other mail steamers of those days; for steam communication was as yet almost in its infancy in the "fifties," the *Tocantins,* so named after a river in Brazil, was a slow boat; and her progress was materially impeded by head winds and a partial breakdown of her machinery, so that unfortunately for Lefevre, as his bad luck would have it, after he had successfully surmounted so many formidable and apparently insuperable obstacles, she arrived much behind time at *Rio Grande de San Pedro,* her first port of call, where she had to land a few passengers and the mails for that place and also take on board passengers and the mails for *Rio Janeiro.* She was more than

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a day overdue, and a further delay occurred owing to some necessary repairs of her machinery. It seemed to Lefevre as though he were predestined to shipwreck in the very harbour of refuge, after escaping all the perils of detection and of the voyage, which appeared to him an eternity.

At last *Rio Janeiro* was sighted, and all the glories of its wondrous bay and harbour; the mountains in the background surrounded with clouds at their base, their peaks glinting like diamonds in the sunshine, and the sugar loaf soon burst upon the view. There is no grander or more lovely scenery in the world, except, perhaps, Naples, Constantinople and Sydney. With nature in one of her most charming moods, this grand scenery naturally absorbed the attention of the other passengers, who crowded the decks to contemplate it with feelings of enraptured admiration. For Lefevre alone it had no charms. To a sordid soul like his it was utterly devoid of attraction. To have pointed out its beauties to him would have been casting pearls unto swine. The *Botofago* and the *Corcovado* in the distance; the magnificent harbour stretching for a dozen miles inland; the picturesque Rio itself—all had no charms for him, the miserable criminal flying from justice. Nor indeed would they have possessed any, had he even had nothing to fear from the law and its ubiquitous minions. Gold was his god—his idol: for it he had risked everything; to it he had sacrificed everything, not the better feelings of his nature, for he never had any, as he had only the heart of a beast and was incapable of a good action, but his good name in the eyes of the world, which still everywhere "professes" to respect honor and probity, of however little practical value to their possessors its hollow and insincere professions may be.

Presently, the Custom House officers in their smart blue uniforms and gilt buttons came alongside in a ferry boat, and boarded the *Tocantins* to examine the passengers' baggage; and Lefevre, in his broken Spanish, anxiously

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asked the *guarda-mor,* who was about to inspect his trunks, "if the *Medway* was still in the harbour."

"Oh! no Señhor," replied the polite little Brazilian; "she sailed yesterday afternoon rather later than usual, her time being up. It was the day fixed for her departure according to the time tables. The Captain waited an hour or two longer than usual in hopes of getting the Montevideo and Rio Grande mails by the *Tocantins,* but could not, of course, wait any longer, as his own mails would have been overdue. Did you intend sailing by her for Europe?"

This announcement filled Lefevre with horror.

"*Mon Dieu!* I am lost," he exclaimed in despair. "It was a matter of life and death to me to catch the *Medway* to arrive in Paris in time to see my poor mother before she died. She has long been hopelessly ill. Now I shall be too late. You can understand my grief and despair."

It may here be parenthetically observed that when a Frenchman begins to talk about his mother in such a pathetic strain, he may usually be considered to be a gone coon. As it so happened, Lefevre's mother, an enormously fat old Jewess, was at that very time in the enjoyment of the best of health; though her mental faculties were somewhat impaired, owing partly to age, and partly to the severe shock of her worthy son's second condemnation by default to two years' imprisonment in Paris in the previous year. But Lefevre's whole life was a fraud; and in the most perplexing and difficult situations, his natural perversity always suggested some plausibly mendacious excuse or subterfuge to banish suspicion from the minds of those with whom he came in contact. He was a Prince of humbugs.

"That is indeed sad, Señhor," replied the sympathetic Inspector, as he hastily concluded a very perfunctory and superficial examination of the contents of Lefevre's trunks, "for there is no other steamer for Europe for two weeks."

Lefevre knew this only too well, as also that the *Medway* was timed to leave Rio Janeiro on the 17th March,

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and it was now alas! the morning of the 18th; whereas the *Tocantins* was due there on the 16th; but, as a drowning man grasps at a straw, he had hoped against hope that he might be just in time.

"Well! I suppose I can only wait," he continued. "Can you tell me of a good hotel?"

"Oh, yes, Señhor, plenty," and after he had rapidly named half a dozen of the execrable hotels of Rio, full of mosquitoes and other *desagréments,* as Lefevre, with thanks and a bow of acknowledgment of his civility (for Lefevre, brute though he was, felt now compelled, *par des raisons de force majeure,* to be polite to everybody—even to a *guarda-mor*), left to see to his baggage being put ashore, the Custom's officer said:

"Adeos Senhor! Ate outra vista!" ("Good bye, Sir! until we see you again.")

But fate decreed that they should never meet again; and the sympathetic *guarda-mor* pitied from the bottom of his heart this poor, unfortunate Frenchman; for in Brazil, as in all Latin countries, one of the most pleasing features of the national character is a man's filial affection and respect for his parents, and especially for his mother. A Chinaman, on the other hand, entertains more respect and affection for his father, as the author of his existence, than for his mother, just in the same way as he wears white for mourning, and believes the devil to be white. It is interesting to note these wide divergences of thought and feeling between different *genera* of biped *carnivora.*

When once again on *terra firma,* Lefevre was in no hurry; and, in fact, nobody seemed to be in a hurry in the streets except the other newly landed passengers, and the hawkers and pedlars. He met only a few carts and carriages and negro porters and big negresses, carrying phenomenal burdens on their heads. As he was slowly driven through the filthy streets, with their bad drainage and their dingy looking, balconied houses; for if there be enchantment in the harbour of Rio Janeiro, as in the

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Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, at Constantinople, there is little indeed in the city itself—he moodily reflected that there was now little chance of escape for him. The game, he felt, was played and lost.

It was useless for him to leave Rio and attempt to hide himself in some Brazilian village; for, being a foreigner, his identification would be easy, and, moreover, he would, in any case, have to return to the city to catch the next steamer. As he spoke English and had adopted an English name, he put up at the *Hôtel d'Angleterre.* He did not, of course, try either to make or to cultivate any new acquaintances—far less did he attempt to get into Brazilian society; for the upper class of Brazilians believed in the elevation of society by the improvement of morals, and were very exclusive, and Lefevre was certainly not the kind of man to improve the morals of any place or people he visited. And besides this, unfortunately, the name of *Maua* was better known in Rio Janeiro even than in Montevideo; for the head of the firm, Baron Maua, had a great reputation, and the *Maua Railroad,* upon which the locomotive first whistled in Brazil, had been constructed only three short years before the occurrences now related. So there was nothing left for him but to brave it out, and await the course of events, trusting to the chapter of accidents in every man's career to once more extricate him from an apparently untenable and desperate position. This was his only hope; but hope this time told a flattering tale, as subsequent events will show. So he had his name duly and legibly inscribed on the register of the *Hôtel d'Angleterre* as "Señhor, J. de Tracy do comercio, etc."

"*Les jours se suivent et se ressemblent.*" Ten days slowly glided away. The time passed wearily enough; for he had no society, no love for literature and no soul for music. How truly doth Shakespeare say:

> "The man that hath not music in his soul,
> Nor is not mov'd by concord of sweet sounds,
> Is prone to treasons, stratagems and spoils!"

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Hence he could not while away the time by reading, or visiting any of the concerts or music halls of Rio. Bull-fights and cockfights, gaming and debauchery, were more suitable to his low, vulgar mind and his vicious, depraved tastes. He wagered freely on many a main, and squandered money on many an orgie to drive away dull care, which he would drown sometimes in brimming bumpers of champagne, or else stroll listlessly, *en vrai flaneur ou fainéant* down the *Rua do Ouvidor,* the fashionable street of Rio.

We must now take back our readers once more to Montevideo, to acquaint them with what took place in that pleasant city after Lefevre left it in so clandestine a manner.

On the morning of the eventful day on which Lefevre went on board the *Tocantins,* which sailed from Montevideo at 10 o'clock, Señor Hacenada. the worthy and respected manager of the firm of Maua & Co., arrived at the bank at his customary hour—9:30. He was a punctual old gentleman, and resembled most other old gentlemen all over the world, in being slow and methodical in his ways, movements and habits.

Having hung up his hat, put on his skull-cap to protect his head from the flies, for he was quite bald, and his bare pate offered only too tempting a drill ground for these pests, and having finally compared the time by his watch with that of the office clock, he seated himself with due deliberation at his writing table to read a pile of letters awaiting him that had arrived by that morning's mail from different places in South and Central America. After wiping his spectacles with his pocket handkerchief and putting them on with due circumspection, he apparently indulged in the pleasing illusion that he would be able to get through with his voluminous correspondence undisturbed. *Sed Diis aliter visum!* For he had hardly commenced the perusal of the uppermost letter of the pile, when he was vexatiously interrupted by a clerk, who informed him that a person desired to see him immediately

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on important business. This, of course, necessitated the removal of his carefully adjusted spectacles and the abandonment of his work for the time; and, as his interview with the party in question lasted for half an hour, the *Tocantins* had sailed for Rio Janeiro with Lefevre on board before he had read a single one of his many letters. The wily Jew, Lefevre, had shrewdly calculated on this. A Yankee bank manager, like a hawk upon a Jew, might have been just in time to catch him, but a Latin-American one, never!

Curiously enough, on this fateful morning, interruption succeeded interruption; and at eleven o'clock—the hour for the early Montevidean luncheon with claret, or French *déjeûner à la fourchette*—Señor Hacenada had not read half his letters. It was only late in the afternoon that he was able to get through with his correspondence, for the mail that morning had been an unusually heavy one. It so happened that Lefevre's letter, in which Lefevre informed him that he returned in a sealed packet accompanying his letter the letters of credit with which Señor Hacenada had so obligingly entrusted him, was the last of the Mohicans; and after he had read it the old manager felt as pleased to have finished this long correspondence as to have got back the letters of credit. As he cast a hurried glance at some half dozen packets or parcels lying unopened on the table which had been delivered that morning, he noticed among them Lefevre's sealed packet, which he at once recognized by the handwriting on the address, which corresponded with that on the envelope of his letter, as also by the seal; for Lefevre's handwriting and signature were peculiar and easily recognizable. Here is a facsimile of his signature:

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Señor Hacenada threw himself back in his chair to indulge in a deep yawn of satisfaction at having at last completed his weary task. He did not take the trouble to open this particular packet to see if it *really* contained the letters of credit in question. Oh, dear no! That would have been useless trouble—a mere waste of time; for the worthy man reposed implicit confidence in Lefevre; nor did he entertain the slightest suspicion that any thing was wrong. Little indeed did he dream that Lefevre was then on the wide ocean, or that every minute was increasing the distance between him and Montevideo, and diminishing the chances of his apprehension.

The afternoon was far advanced, and the time for closing the bank was near.

"*Manana,*" ("To-morrow"), he said to himself. "I will examine all these parcels and their contents to-morrow. It will be quite soon enough. There is no need for hurry."

But to-morrow came and left Lefevre's packet still unopened. Only those who have traveled in South America and know the sleepy business methods of bankers, and their clerks in South American cities, can believe such things to be possible.

On the third day, however, after the departure of the *Tocantins,* an unexpected incident happened. It was a rather sultry afternoon, and Señor Hacenada was taking a short nap in his office and dreaming the happy hours away, when his slumbers were rudely interrupted by his head clerk, who awoke him to say that one of the bank's best customers, a certain Señor Salazar, wished to see him on a matter of business.

Now this gentleman was a personal friend of the manager as well as a customer of the bank. As he had seen a friend off for Rio Janeiro by the *Tocantins* only two days before, and had heard from the lightermen and officials on the quay of Lefevre's trouble with the Captain about his passport, after he had discussed the business on which he called, he referred to the incident in an off-hand way,

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not knowing that Lefevre had obtained an advance of over $170,000 from the bank before he sailed.

"You have no doubt heard," said Señor Salazar, as he rose to leave, "of that queer affair two days ago on the *Tocantins?*"

"No," replied Señor Hacenada, "what affair do you mean? I have been too busy to read yesterday's papers."

"Why that Frenchman, Lefevre, who had been so long here, and was said to be engaged to Señorita Dolores Perez, slipped away clandestinely to Rio Janeiro with a passport in a false name. The Perez family are awfully upset about it and Dolores cries all day. In fact the only one of the family who seems pleased, they say, is old Doña Perez, who never liked the fellow, although she had most reluctantly given her consent to the match: it was, so to speak, extorted from her, I hear. Don Antonio is bewildered but furious."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the manager. "Is it possible? I can hardly believe my ears. *Maria Santissima!* Are you quite sure about this?"

"As sure as of my own existence, *amigo mio.* Every one is talking about it."

It now dimly dawned on the slow comprehension of the old manager that Lefevre was a swindler; that he, the most trusted agent of the firm of Maua & Co., had been the dupe of a thief and forger. Here was an awful revelation! He felt humiliated and angry, as well as conscious also of the heavy responsibility he had incurred.

"This is a most serious matter! I must tell you that I advanced this man nearly two hundred and five thousand *pesos** on letters of credit from European bankers. He asked for the return of these letters of credit for a couple of days on a plausible pretext; and, by a letter I received from him on the very morning he sailed, he informed me that he returned me them in that sealed parcel lying there

*The amount equal to $174,200 in Uruguayan money.

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still unopened," said Señor Hacenada, pointing to Lefevre's packet lying on the table. "He told me he wanted the money for several large undertakings in Uruguay and Argentina, and that he intended remaining in South America to represent an influential syndicate in Paris."

"I greatly fear you have been robbed," replied Salazar. "I have only seen the man two or three times, but I always had an instinctive repugnance for him. He always conveyed to me the impression of a man who had some great crime on his conscience."

Señor Hacenada made no answer, but rang his bell furiously, and a clerk immediately responded to the summons.

"Go at once," said he, "to the nearest customers of the bank or tradesmen, whom we patronize, and ask two of them to come here at once, if possible, as a great favor to me personally. Tell them I will only detain them about ten minutes!"

The clerk hurried away, and the manager, addressing Señor Salazar, requested him to await his return.

"You know," he continued excitedly, "I incur a serious responsibility. In all my long experience, such a thing has never happened to me before. In the eye of the law, certain formalities must be observed. It is absolutely necessary that this sealed packet should be opened in the presence of several respectable witnesses, in order to legally verify its contents. I have the gravest suspicion that these letters of credit are forgeries; and I do not care to incur any further responsibility or risk by opening the parcel myself alone, or in presence only of my clerks. It is better that my declaration should be authenticated by disinterested witnesses in case, as I fear, a fraud has been committed."

"My dear friend, you can rely on my co-operation, if it be of any use in helping to catch this villain," rejoined Salazar.

Presently the clerk returned out of breath, accompanied

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by two neighboring shopkeepers named respectively *El Tato* and *Boca Negra,* to whom the manager briefly explained his reasons for their hasty summons. Requesting them to be seated at the table, he then, in their presence and that of Señor Salazar and his head clerk, proceeded to open the mysterious sealed packet of the Jew of Chamant. After cutting the string that enveloped it and breaking the seals, he carefully opened it and placed its contents in the middle of the table in full view of the four witnesses, who thereupon made a minute and careful examination of the various papers and documents it contained.

If poor Señor Hacenada had had any hair left, it would assuredly have stood on end with affright and dismay, when the awful discovery was made that this precious sealed parcel did not contain any of the letters of credit, on which he had so confidingly advanced $174,200, but merely old grocers' accounts, old memorandum books, and other rubbish.

Did his eyes deceive him?

No! There was the damnable evidence of the fraud, before him—palpable, material, undeniable! He turned pale in his managerial chair.

"*Es un ladron este hombre!*" (This man is a thief!") exclaimed the witnesses in chorus.

"And to think he will probably escape to Europe with the proceeds of this robbery and never be caught," said Señor Salazar indignantly; "for," he added, "if he only catches the next mail steamer from Rio for England, you can never apprehend him and this vast sum will in all probability be lost forever."

"Too true, alas!" chimed in Señor El Tato. "But in any case no time should be lost in communicating with the police. It is just possible he may miss the steamer; and if so there is still a chance of apprehending the vile scoundrel."

All present unanimously concurring in this opinion, a

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clerk was hurriedly sent to the office of the *Delgado de Polizia,* or Commissary of Police, to inform him of the robbery, and request the immediate attendance of one of his staff at the bank to hear the depositions of Señor Hacenada and the four witnesses to the opening of the sealed packet forwarded by Lefevre. In the meantime, a clear and concise statement of the facts of the case was written by the head clerk, at Señor Hacenada's dictation, and signed by the manager and the three witnesses above named, attesting that the contents of the said packet consisted merely of old papers and accounts of no value, and declaring it to contain no letters of credit whatever, contrary to the advice of Lefevre's letter accompanying it, in which he stated that he therein returned the said letters of credit along with other documents.

Two policemen soon called at the bank. On learning the facts, they requested the parties concerned to accompany them at once to the office of the Chief Commissioner, in order to make their affidavits as to the robbery and the main facts of the affair. This formality being accomplished, as the Sardinian mail steamer, the *Italia,* was shortly leaving Montevideo for Rio Janeiro, Señor Hacenada immediately wrote a long letter, giving complete details of the fraud, to Messrs. Maua & Co.'s agents in Rio. Lucky indeed it was for them and especially for poor Señor Hacenada that Lefevre had missed the *Medway!*

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CHAPTER VII.

"I pray you, think you question with the Jew,
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb."
—*Merchant of Venice.*

TEN days had now glided away—not imperceptibly indeed, but rather with tantalizing slowness for Lefevre since he had landed at Rio Janeiro. Between alternating hope of escape and fear of arrest, he existed in a perpetual state of agitation and feverish excitement. As another steamer would leave for Europe in four days, at times he would entertain faint hopes that he might still get off with his booty, and once more succeed in eluding justice; at others, he would relapse into a state of utter despondency and pace his room like a caged tiger. His hopes of escape, however, this time were destined to dire disappointment.

On the morning of the twelfth day of his sojourn at the *Hôtel d'Angleterre,* he got up much later than usual; for he had slept badly, and felt no inclination for his customary morning stroll down the *rua do Oviedor.* Just as he was finishing his *toilette,* preparatory to an eleven o'clock luncheon, a loud knock at his bedroom door startled him. Unaccustomed as he was to receive any visitors since his arrival in Rio, where he knew nobody and had not even sought to make any acquaintances, but on the contrary, had tried by every means in his power to shun observation, this early morning call alarmed him. He felt instinctively that it boded no good—that his worst

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fears were about to be realized, and that his hour had come.

For a moment, he hesitated whether to open the door or not; but his hesitation was of brief duration, as the knocks were repeated in a louder and more peremptory manner.

As he opened the door, he found himself in presence of three policemen, one of whom, laying his hand on his shoulder, said: "I arrest you in the name of the law," at the same time producing the warrant for his arrest obtained by Maua & Co.'s agents in Rio.

"Come with me to the office of the Commissary of Police," he curtly added.

Although Lefevre only imperfectly understood Portuguese, he grasped the situation at a glance. As soon as he had hastily put on his coat to accompany the officers, one of them, at a nod from his superior, clapped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists, regardless of his gestures of protest at the indignity. As they left the room, the leader, taking the key from the lock, locked the door from the outside and put the key in his pocket, leaving one of his subordinates on guard on the landing. At the office of the hotel at the foot of the staircase, he spoke to the clerk to caution him against allowing any one to enter Lefevre's room on any pretext.

"I have just arrested this man," he said, pointing to his prisoner, "on two charges—one a most serious one. He is believed to be a dangerous criminal; and, as he may have accomplices, I have left one of my men at the door of his room until I return, to see that no one has access to his papers or belongings until a perquisition has been made."

The astonished clerk promised compliance, as Lefevre, in handcuffs, walked between the two policemen to the office of the Chief of Police followed by the usual group of persons always curious to know the *dénoûment* of an arrest. Amongst these were several loungers and *habitués*

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of the hotel, who had overheard, from the lobby, the directions given to the office clerk by the Inspector.

When in presence of that much dreaded functionary, Lefevre's nerve for once failed him; but he soon recovered his presence of mind, and tried to put on a bold face. His examination was conducted through a French interpreter.

"You are arrested on two charges," said the Commissioner of Police, addressing Lefevre: "Firstly—on that of a robbery of $174,200 from the bank of Maua & Co. at Montevideo; secondly, on that of coming here with a passport in a false name—that of J. de Tracy, instead of your real name of C. J. Lefevre. What have you to say in your defense?"

"Oh, Señor!" answered Lefevre, "as to the first accusation, I plead not guilty. It is true I obtained the advance you mention from Messrs. Maua & Co.; but I handed them letters of credit from well known bankers in Paris for that amount."

"We know all about that. Enough of this equivocation!" sternly replied the Commissary. "Now just answer this question: Did you not ask Messrs. Maua's manager to return you these letters of credit, and did you not induce him on a specious pretext to do so on your promise to return them in a day or two?" queried the Chief of Police.

"It is true that I requested him to intrust me with these letters of credit for a day or two only, and that he acceded to my request; but I returned him them in a sealed parcel along with a letter which I sent him the day before I left Montevideo."

"That is false!" angrily retorted the Commissary, irritated and surprised at Lefevre's impudent mendacity, and now more than ever convinced that he had a hardened criminal before him. "And you know it to be false," he continued. "You never returned these letters of credit. Your parcel was opened in presence of three honorable

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witnesses, who have certified it to contain merely old accounts of no value whatever, and other rubbish."

Lefevre attempted to mutter an evasive excuse to the effect that he must, in the hurry of departure, have placed these valueless papers instead of the letters of credit by mistake in the sealed packet.

"Come now!" insisted the Commissary, determined on extorting a full confession from so brazen faced a villain, "denials and prevarications are useless and will only aggravate your position. Why not confess the truth?"

Lefevre hung his head, and made no reply. He knew the accusation to be only too true; that the game was up, and that his only hope now lay in the intervention of the "Israelitish Alliance" in his behalf, in favor of one of the chosen nation who had been so conscientious in his religious observance of the precepts of the sacred *Talmud,* and had never missed an opportunity of robbing Christians, as his forefathers had spoiled the Egyptians. He did not know what to say: he was dumbfounded.

"But what have you done with the money you obtained from Maua & Co?" continued the relentless Commissary.

"I obtained drafts in Montevideo for about $140,000 on English and French bankers," replied Lefevre.

"But how have you disposed of the balance of more than $34,000?" interrogated the Chief of Police.

"I have a small portion of the amount in my trunks at my hotel along with the drafts aforesaid, as well as other moneys belonging to me."

"How much? Why cannot you give a direct answer to my questions?"

"About 10,000 *pesos,*" replied Lefevre.

"But what have you done with the bulk of this balance of $24,000?"persisted the Commissary, now more determined than ever on extorting a full confession from so hardened and slippery a scoundrel.

After an evasive attempt to dodge the question, so as to gain time for reflection, he replied:

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"I forwarded it in drafts to Europe by the *Medway.*"

"Good!" resumed the Commissary. "And you hoped of course to have caught that steamer and got off with your booty. But now, what explanation do you offer for coming here with a passport in a false name?"

"Lefevre then repeated the story—the same lame tale with variations and sub-variations, that he had told the Captain of the *Tocantins,* viz., that it was solely to avoid a marriage which he feared he might have been constrained to make, urging finally in his excuse that the passport had been taken in an assumed name for private reasons only.

"You confess then to the second charge against you?" queried the Commissary, impatient at the duration of this tedious cross-examination and the obduracy and prevarication of the prisoner.

"Yes, Señhor. I confess to this, but with extenuating circumstances."

Finally, Lefevre was compelled to confess to the robbery as well—in fact to everything—though he urged in extenuation that the drafts he had obtained at Montevideo on English and French bankers would be certain to be paid.

"Is this your first offence?" asked the Commissary in conclusion. "Have you never been in trouble before with justice?"

"Never, Señhor! On my honor!" answered Lefevre, his sublime impudence for once getting the better of his discretion. The quality of his honor was as indifferent as its quantity was doubtful.

"Well! we can, perhaps, find out that through the French Consul," rejoined the Commissary. "The prisoner's examination is concluded. Let him be placed in a cell by himself, apart from the other prisoners, in the House of Correction until I have communicated with the French Consul. Meanwhile you may remove his handcuffs."

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The above searching examination or rather cross-examination, was conducted in strict accordance with the long established and time-honored form of legal procedure in all Latin countries, on lines diametrically opposite to those of Anglo-Saxon police and Law-courts, where a prisoner is allowed the privilege of refusal to answer any questions which he may consider damaging to himself. As it had to be conducted through the medium of an interpreter, it necessarily occupied much more time than it would otherwise have taken; and both the Commissary and the accused experienced a feeling of mental relief when it was over; the former because it had been unusually trying to his patience and temper, on account of the obduracy and persistently evasive prevarication of the prisoner; the latter, because he was glad to know the worst; and, as he had been driven to confess his guilt, his sole remaining anxiety was to learn the penalty to be imposed on him for his crime. It was a physical relief also to him to have his handcuffs removed; his manacled wrists being painfully cramped by the unusual compression, to which they had so long been subjected.

In his prison cell, his surroundings were gloomy enough to inspire the worst forebodings. He was in solitary confinement—what the Spaniards call *incomunicado.* The dirty, whitewashed, bare walls and ceiling; the narrow, iron-barred window, through the rusty grating of which a dim ray of transient sunshine only sufficed to give a *semi-oscuro,* sepulchral light to the dismal interior; a small wooden table and chair, and an iron bedstead composing the entire furniture of *ce triste reduit*—all contributed to make him feel acutely the horror of his position and augment his misery. This was then to be the end of his lamentable odyssey!

Ere long a warder brought him a jug of water, a mug and some of the coarse prison fare for his mid-day meal. Accustomed as he was to partake of dainty, epicurean dishes, he could not touch the vile food: his stomach re-

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volted at the mere sight of it; but he eagerly drank the water, for his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, parched with thirst through heat and excitement. The conflicting emotions of the day had exhausted him, and he flung himself on his miserable couch to rest awhile, and then reflect upon his position and chances of escape. But he could not sleep: his active brain revolved rapidly all the possibilities of the future. Like *Isaac of York,* he possessed in a marked degree the unyielding obstinacy of his nation, which grew proportionate to the persecution endured. Like *Isaac of York* and the Jews of his time, he was firmly convinced that there was one royal road to the favor of a Christian; that Nazarenes can always be dealt with by one possessing the mammon of unrighteousness, and that he could therefore purchase immunity at their hands. With gold he could buy his safety; for gold is the god of the Gentiles, and for riches they will pawn their lives as well as their lands. And if the gold he had just stolen were now taken from him (a large portion of which was still concealed on his person), was there not untold gold still left in the coffers of the "Israelitish Alliance," whose faithful and trusted agent he was?

And had it not ramifications or branches all over the world, enveloping the commerce and the finances of every nation as in the folds of a huge boa constrictor?

Such was his philosophy! And as subsequent events will show, he reasoned aright. What a farce, thought he, is the law, when in every country on the face of the globe, and especially in South America and "merrie" England, the judges sell indulgences like the Popes of Rome! And what of justice in Brazil, a country where judges were sometimes expelled from their domicile by an armed rabble—where jails were occasionally invaded and criminals massacred! The latter reflection was not indeed a consolatory one; but there was little danger of such a contingency in his case, such events being of rare occurrence; and, moreover, as a French subject, he was under the

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aegis of the French Consul, to whom he decided to appeal as a last resource.

Meanwhile the police agent, who had been left on sentry duty at the door of Lefevre's room at the *Hôtel d'Angleterre,* had been relieved; a thorough perquisition had been made, and, at Lefevre's request, the Chief of Police had communicated with the French Consul and informed him of Lefevre's arrest and imprisonment, and his request, as a French subject for the intervention of that official.

On the next day therefore the French Consul, accompanied by the manager of Maua's bank at Rio, called at the House of Correction, and had a long interview with Lefevre, who declared that he felt certain the drafts he had obtained at Montevideo on English and French bankers would be paid, but that under existing circumstances he was ready to hand over to the manager at once a portion of the drafts for nearly $90,000, as a guarantee of payment.

He thus merely made a virtue of necessity; the offer being altogether superfluous, inasmuch as his trunks and papers, including the drafts in question, had been already seized by the authorities and handed over to the French Consul, who placed seals on them.

This affair created a great sensation in Rio Janeiro and was fully reported in the newspapers.* There was, however, nothing unusual in this, as far, at any rate, as Lefevre was personally concerned, inasmuch as he never failed to create a sensation of more or less magnitude at every place he visited. He was a foul bird of evil omen—a stormy petrel of crime, whose appearance always precedes a storm or bad weather.

We will now leave him for a time confined in the House of Correction at Rio Janeiro as a confessed criminal, awaiting his trial and sentence.

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*See Appendix.

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CHAPTER VIII.

"Cœlum, non animam mutant, qui trans mare currunt."

It is a far cry from South America to Eastern Europe—from Montevideo to Bucharest and the banks of the beautiful blue Danube, immortalized by Strauss, the waltz king. Yet here, at the other side of the world, in this then remote corner of the Eastern hemisphere, far away from the distant shores of the blue Pacific, thanks to natural selection and the mighty power wielded by the "Israelitish Alliance;" here, in the palace of Prince Couza, the reigning Hospodar of Roumania, we now find the ubiquitous Jew of Chamant, barely three years after his unpleasant experiences narrated in the preceding chapter. The quondam fugitive from French justice and miserable occupant of a prison cell in the House of Correction at Rio Janeiro, now the guest of Princes and Princesses of the blood, who boast of their descent from the old Boyard families of Moldo—Wallacha, and now enjoying the friendship or acquaintance of Prince Cantacuzene, the lineal descendant of the Byzantine Emperors!

"Heavens! Such names mingled!" the reader may be well tempted to exclaim with Byron on that old swashbuckler Suwarrow's famous dispatch to the Empress Catherine on the storming of Ismail: "Glory to God and the Empress, Ismail's ours!"

A wonderful transformation scene forsooth! Yet assuredly not more marvelous than some of those to follow, in which Lefevre played a leading part, and the miracles of *Aladdin's* magic lamp were repeated.

A brief interlude is here necessary to explain how Lefevre finally succeeded in extricating himself from the

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trifling dilemma, in which we left him in our last chapter. As will be remembered he had obtained $174,200 on forged letters of credit, or worthless papers and old rubbish, from Maua & Co. at Montevideo. Of this large sum he had paid about $140,000 to another leading banking firm in that city for genuine drafts for that amount on London and Paris bankers. In the perquisition subsequently made by the Rio police at the *Hôtel d'Angleterre,* these genuine drafts were discovered in Lefevre's trunks and handed over by the French Consul to Maua & Co.'s agents in Rio, who immediately forwarded them to Señor Hacenada at Montevideo, with directions to make arrangements with the firm that had issued them to Lefevre to pay back to Messrs. Maua & Co., the $140,000 thus fraudulently obtained by Lefevre, in exchange for their *bonâ fide* drafts and letters of credit now offered them in return. Failing that, the only other course would have been to forward the drafts in question by mail, or to send them by a trusted agent to Europe, which would necessarily have involved great delay and expense. But the high position of Maua & Co. and the incontrovertible proofs they were able to bring forward that the whole transaction was fraudulent and to their prejudice, fortunately rendered either of the last named courses of action unnecessary; and after some unavoidable delay, Señor Hacenada, to his intense relief and satisfaction, had little difficulty in getting back the $140,000, which he had feared were lost forever. There still remained, however, a deficit of $34,200. Of this amount Lefevre had about nine thousand *pesos,* or thereabouts, on his person or in his baggage, of which some thousand odd dollars were moneys personally belonging to him over and above the proceeds of his fraud on Maua & Co. The balance of about $26,000, as we have already related, he had forwarded, before he sailed from Montevideo, to accomplices or friends in Europe by drafts, by the mail which left Rio Janeiro by the *Medway,* just before his arrival at that port on the *Tocantins.*

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It was absolutely necessary therefore to keep Lefevre in prison until these drafts or the amounts they represented were returned, either to the Montevidean firm that issued the said drafts or to Maua & Co. Lefevre was compelled to furnish the names and addresses of the parties in Europe, to whom he had sent the drafts; and their payment was also stopped by advice by the next mail steamer, in case, by a miracle, they might not have been presented.

Finally, after several months of correspondence between Maua & Co. and their agents in Europe, with the concourse of Lefevre's Jewish friends in Paris, and the energetic intervention in his favor of the *Alliance Israélite*, the whole of the money, of which they had been swindled, was at length recovered by Maua & Co. As to Lefevre, whose previous condemnation, the year before, in Paris, to two years' imprisonment by default, became known to the Rio authorities, owing to inquiries instituted by the French Consul, he was once more sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, which, however, was considerably shortened owing to the time he had already been confined in the House of Correction and also to the fact that the money had been recovered. In addition to this, the term of his incarceration was further abridged by his consenting to undergo solitary confinement. So at last, with the small sum belonging to him and funds supplied him by the "Israelitish Alliance," he was released and enabled to return to Europe, where he soon turned up again like a counterfeit quarter, or a bad sixpence, at Bucharest, the "City of Joys." Like nearly all the Jews in the gigantic Panama swindle and other swindles of more recent date, in the former of which a Christian French Minister of Public Works was, of course, made the scapegoat, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, he got off very lightly indeed in proportion to his deserts.

As to the unfortunate Perez family and the unhappy Dolores, they, of course, could not wreak their vengeance

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on an imprisoned criminal. The vile wretch was beneath their contempt. Time soon obliterated to a certain extent their recollection of the gross indignity they had suffered, and the duplicity of which they had been the victims. Moreover, they were naturally only too anxious to stifle and bury in oblivion, as far as they could, the whole affair, considering the infamous reputation of the scoundrel who had thus imposed upon them, and trifled with the affections of Dolores, as beneath their notice as Lefevre was now beyond their chastisement.

But poor Dolores suffered in secret many a pang at this rude awakening from her love's young dream of happiness in *Parigi o cara.* With regard to Don Antonio, his Castilian pride prevented him from openly displaying the mortification he felt, though he none the less suffered in silence; and as to Juana and Isabella, whose fond hopes of seeing Paris and mixing in the *élite* of its society had been thus rudely dispelled, they maintained, like their father, a prudent and dignified reserve, feeling as much ashamed as mortified at having encouraged the advances of such a rascal to their sister. Alone of the family, Doña Perez silently rejoiced at this unmasking of a villainous ex-convict, whom her maternal instinct had always taught her to mistrust. She secretly exulted at the fulfilment of her presentiments, which had saved her dear daughter from a fate infinitely worse than death; and she endeavored to console poor Dolores by every means in her power and with all the fondness of a mother's love. The friends of the family, who were cognizant of the sad affair, carefully avoided making any reference to it when they visited at the Perez mansion, and it gradually fell into that oblivion predicted for all things mundane by the philosopher of Ferney. But the sting none the less remained and rankled in the bosom of Dolores for years.

The enormous influence of the Jews both in the Royal and the Law Courts of Europe, and their astonishing immunity from punishment for their colossal rogueries and

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their systematic robbery of European peoples, is mainly due to the "Universal Israelitish Alliance"—a secret society of which most Americans ignore the very existence. Yet it none the less exists even in the United States. According to the late famous French Mnister, the Jew, Crémieux, is President, the Jews aim at universal domination and the ownership of the wealth of the world, which they seem in a fair way to obtain, if, indeed they have not obtained it already. Here is the translation of a few brief extracts from a pamphlet written and published by Crémieux:

"The Israelitish doctrine must one day be imposed on the whole world.

"Israelites! However scattered you may be all over the earth, you must always consider yourselves as members of the chosen nation. If you believe the faith of one's ancestors to be the only true patriotism; if you believe that in spite of your apparently different nationalities you are only one people; if you believe that Judaism is destined to reassume the rank of which it has been deprived; if lastly, you believe Judaism alone to represent religious and political truth; if you believe all these things, Israelites of the Whole World, come and listen to our appeal, and grant us your adhesion! Our work is great and holy: success is certain.

"Catholicism, our secular enemy, succumbs, smitten unto death!

"We have at present committees in every country in the world. Each day the belt which Israel will throw around the globe will be extended, and we shall see the fulfilment of the sublime prophecies of our sacred books. The day is approaching when Jerusalem will become the House of Prayer of all nations united in one, when the flag of Israelitish Monotheism will wave over the most distant shores. Let us profit by every circumstance? Our strength and forces are immense. Let us know how to fittingly use them! What have you to fear? Is not the

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time near when the wealth of the world will belong exclusively to the Jews?"

In the above appeal are concentrated all the ambition, infatuation, cupidity and arrogance of the Jew. It is fellow in spirit to the *Talmud,* which teaches "that if a Jew sees a Christian on the brink of a precipice, it is the duty of the Jew to push him over;" the *Talmud* being the sacred code from which the sons of Judah derive the right to rob Christians and all non-Jews always, and kill them when necessary. Crémieux's pamphlet is their gospel, from which they derive their aspirations to universal domination and the Jesuitical notion that the end justifies the means.

This will explain why Gladstone, the Grand Old Man of England, was anti-Jewish, and also why the eldest daughter of the Jew, Bischoffsheim—the intimate friend and business associate of the ex-convict Jew, Lefevre, in the notorious Honduras Loan swindle—was able to marry a noble belted Earl and English peer, the Earl of Desart. This will explain why Jews constantly intermarry with the English aristocracy. Students of history know that two European Kings* have Jewish blood in their veins, through Bernadotte, one of the great Napoleon's marshals (though not so faithful to him as the Jew, Masséna), and King Ferdinand of Portugal, who was a Prince of the House of Coburg—Komary, or Coburg—Cohen, and married a century ago the daughter of the Jew money lender, Komary, at Pesth.

If Montevideo had been well selected as a suitable retreat for a Parisian Jew hiding from justice, on account of its lovely, salubrious climate, its French customs, cookery and fashions, and the avowed admiration of its people for things French in general, Bucharest was assuredly equally well chosen by the "Universal Israelitish Alliance" as an appropriate refuge for one of its most able and trusted agents, alike on account of its pleasant climate, the

*Of Sweden and Portugal.

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enthusiastic admiration of its inhabitants for everything French, their loose standard of morals, and their very vague and hazy notions of the *meum et tuum*. The Bismarckian *do ut des* system prevails only to a limited extent in that pleasant city of joys, in one of whose houses of ill fame the gallant General Skobeleff, the conqueror of Turkestan and Central Asia, and the idol of the Russian people, met with so mysterious a death, the circumstances attendant on which have hitherto been as carefully hushed up as the doings of the Jew of Chamant. Moreover, the better class of Roumanians strongly resemble in many respects the Montevideans and Brazilians; for they not only have as deeply rooted an admiration for everything French as that of the late Lord Lytton, but they also endeavour to imitate Parisian architecture and customs—the result of the French *Quartier Latin* education of the youth of the old Boyard families for generations. The Roumanian aristocracy did not, at the time of which we write, sufficiently winnow the wheat from the chaff in their seed of social environment. Hence the Jew of Chamant had a cinch at Bucharest. The people, too, have a curious standard of ethics. "In Roumania, stealing is not considered to be intrinsically wrong, only the publicity attending these proceedings conveying any sense of shame to the offender. Thus, a man is not yet a thief because he has stolen; and who ever becomes accidentally aware of the theft should, if he had no personal interests in the matter, hold his tongue on the Shakespearian principle that,

> 'He who filches from me my good name,
> Robs me of that which not enriches him,
> And makes me poor indeed.'

Even the injured party, whose property has been stolen, is advised, if possible, to reckon alone with the thief, without drawing general attention to his fault."*

*"The Land Beyond the Forest." By E. Gerard (Harper & Brothers).

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This kind of gypsy-semitic code would hardly suit a Philadelphia lawyer; but it was Lefevre's *beau idéal* of jurisprudence.

The educated ladies of Bucharest also usually speak French like *Parisiennes,* and some of them are true disciples of the doctrine of Free Love, as taught by a well known American lady; for after having been divorced four or five times, they often entertain simultaneously all their former husbands, in presence and with the sanction of the 'man in possession;' thus approaching very near to the blessed state of the polyandry of Mantchouria of the present day, which would hardly suit the society of Boston. The Jews, who control the trade and finances of Roumania, and poison everything socially as well as economically, consider this an admirable custom or institution, inasmuch as they are still, as they have always been in the past, and as they ever will be in the future, what they were described to be in the days of old Rome by Tacitus in his laconic style—*vile damnum.* They are the chief traders of the Moldo-Wallachian countries, most exorbitant and usurious, veritable Shylocks of the 19th century.

In order to understand the baneful influence of the Jews in Roumania, it is necessary to mention that M. Crémieux, the late French Minister, who had previously emancipated the 35,000 Jews in Algeria, and thus done France an irreparable injury, inasmuch as the Arabs have never forgiven, and never will forgive the affront offered them in conferring the rights of citizenship on a race they so thoroughly despise, actually induced the French Government, during the discussion of the Treaty of Berlin, to demand also of the Roumanian Government the emancipation of the half million of Jews, who infested Roumania, which thus became one of the happy huntng grounds of the chosen nation; a land flowing with milk and honey; a land of pleasure and profit, where they may rob and steal almost with impunity. All this will go far to explain the presence of the ubiquitous Jew of Chamant at the Court

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of the reigning Hospodar at Bucharest and in the *salons* of the Princess Aurelia Ghika and the Princess Bibesco, where we now find him. That a rascally, oft-convicted Jew swindler should be welcome in the best Boyard society of Moldo-Wallachia seems incredible; but it is none the less true, and this in itself alone clearly shows the immense power and mighty influence of the "Universal Israelitish Alliance," under whose *aegis* and by the weight of whose gold, he was now busily engaged in the congenial task of fleecing the Gentiles of Roumania, and transferring the gold of that Jew-ridden country into the coffers of the Alliance and his own pockets.

Bucharest or *Bucuresci*—"the city of joys"—as it is called by the Roumanians, is a big, scattered city of over a quarter of a million inhabitants. With its white houses, fine public buildings and dômes of Byzantine churches, it presents a peculiarly picturesque appearance, seeming to be built in a vast garden, full of trees. Its well lighted streets and tramways; the bright parti-colored dresses of the women of the poorer classes in their quaint national costume, and of the gypsies, who, in the opinion of most travelers as well as of the Roumanians themselves, are much handsomer than Englishwomen (an opinion in which the late Alphonse Daudet would most assuredly have concurred), and the many bands of itinerant gypsy musicians who play excellently—all combine to render it a gay and pleasant city well worthy of its appellation. Roumania is a land of music and romance, but so little generally known even in Europe, far less in America, that a brief historical digression, leading up to the career of one of the principal personages referred to in the present chapter will not be altogether out of place.

In 1858, the people of Moldavia and Wallachia elected Captain John Couza, in spite of the protests of the Porte, as Hospodar of Roumania, and he ascended the united throne under the title of "Alexander John," and three years afterwards the "Sick man" reluctantly as-

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sented to this election. Prince Couza was born at Galatz in 1820 of an old Boyard family, and educated at Jassy, Athens and Paris. He was about the same age as the Jew of Chamant, and in 1845 he had married a beautiful daughter of the Boyard Rosetti. But his gross immorality, bad government and avarice, secretly encouraged by the Jews, *i. e.* the *"Alliance Israélite Universelle"* partly through their trusty agent, Lefevre, led to his downfall. At the instigation of the Jews, who pandered to his vices and encouraged his extravagance by lending him money on the most extortionate terms, in order to enrich themselves at the expense of the Roumanian people by the organized plunder of the Roumanian Treasury, he foolishly defied public opinion, led a scandalously immoral life and missed no opportunity of misappropriating the moneys of the nation. During his ignoble reign of eight years—from 1858 to 1866—Roumania was more impoverished than it had been under the rule of any previous Hospodar; and it is precisely this pernicious influence exercised by the Jews in Roumania and Austro-Hungary, which has caused so much anti-semitism and so many anti-Jewish riots in those beautiful countries.

Lefevre had the *jettatura* or evil eye of the Italians, and he had cast it on Prince Couza, who was dethroned, curiously enough, in 1866—the fateful year in which the *prescription* of ten years, dating from 1856, when Lefevre was sentenced by default at Paris to two years' imprisonment, expired. That was a curious coincidence, inasmuch as in that eventful year Couza was deposed, and Lefevre was at liberty to return once more to *la belle France, son pays bien aimé* with what plunder he had been able to secure at Bucharest and in London.

Oriental history is merely one long, uninterrupted record of crimes, assassinations, poisonings, stranglings, executions, massacres and barbarous atrocities. The Moldo-Wallachian provinces form no exception to the rule ever since the time of Serban II, Prince of Wallachia, and the

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Princes of the Cantacuzene family. In 1714, Brancovano, Prince of Wallachia, and four of his sons, having refused to embrace Islamism, were beheaded in the Sultan's presence in the same orthodox fashion as that ferocious barbarian, Peter the Great, with his own hand, beheaded the Strelitz family at a banquet in presence of his nobles; or, to quote only a couple more historical parallels out of scores, as the Empress Elizabeth had the Countess Bestujeff's tongue cut out from pure jealousy; or, as that female monster, Catherine the Second, drowned her rival the unhappy Princess Tarrakanoff, daughter of the Empress Elizabeth and a peasant of the Ukraine, yet withal the rightful heiress to the Imperial Crown of Russia, in the gloomy, subterranean dungeons on the Neva. In 1765, Stephen Racovica was strangled by order of the Sublime Porte, and seven years previously, in 1758, over a century before Lefevre's arrival in Bucharest, Charles Ghika (ancestor of the Princess Aurelia Ghika, whose friendship Lefevre contrived to secure and with whom he subsequently corresponded from London), had been exiled to Cyprus.

Prince Couza's deposition in February, 1866, however, more resembled a scene in one of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic operas than the tragic historical episodes above mentioned. A sister of General Catargi, an uncle of King Milan of Servia of unsavory reputation, had married Prince Obrenovitch. This lady deserted her spouse to live openly with Prince Couza at Bucharest, although the latter had a beautiful wife, the Princess Helena Couza, living in that city; and Couza actually conferred on the Princess Obrenovitch's brother several lucrative Government appointments as the price of his tolerance of his sister's dishonor; thus verifying the cynical declaration of Rousseau in his "Contrat Social," "that to tell the truth is not the way to make a fortune; nor are posts of Ambassadors or pensions given to the populace." Such is Roumanian morality! It entirely corresponded with that of the Jew of Chamant.

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It was this scandalous intrigue that led to Couza's enforced abdication and banishment. A band of conspirators, headed by General Golesco, boldly entered the palace, forced the door of his bedroom, where they found him with the lady in question, who was undressed, and compelled him to sign his abdication on the shoulders of an officer, who had brought paper and writing materials for the purpose. After his arrest, the bells rang out a merry peal; a band of music struck up before the theatre, and a Provisional Government was established forthwith. Thus ended the ignoble career of this Hospodar of *Opéra-Bouffe,* who played a *rôle* very similar to that of General Boum in "The Grand Duchess."

Lefevre had been obliged to leave Bucharest for London in 1863; but the misguided Hospodar kept up a regular correspondence with him for three years, up to the time of his enforced abdication and long afterwards. Lefevre used to address him familiarly in his letters as "*Mon cher Prince*" (!); the envelopes containing his precious epistles being directed to "His Most Serene Highness (*à Son Altesse Sérénissime*) le Prince Couza, etc., etc., Palace, Bucharest, until Couza's serenity was abruptly terminated, as described above. After his downfall, Lefevre used to write of him compassionately to his friends as "le pauvre Couza" ("poor Couza"), although Lefevre knew perfectly well that he had withdrawn from Roumania to Paris, laden with the spoils of his reign. Couza and Lefevre were both robbers. The exploits of the former are recorded in the pages of history; those of the latter in the modern Books of the Chronicles of the Kings of Judah, to wit, the "Official *Moniteur* of the French Empire;" the London "Times." "Daily News" and other leading London 'dailies,' the "*Anti-Sémitique;*" "*Journal de la Bourse,*" etc. Hear oh Israel!

Through introductions from Hebrew bankers in Paris to the high personages above named in the Roumanian capital, he became acquainted with several respectable

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English civil engineers engaged in the construction of the early network of railways in these Eastern principalities. Amongst these, he was intimately connected with two persons named respectively Barclay and Stanaforth. For a long while he endeavored, but in vain, to obtain concessions for railways, branches of the line from Bucharest to Giurgevo and other lines, for the Jewish firms whose agent he was. But he did not succeed in these ventures, for the reason that more influential agencies were at work to defeat his efforts. In a word, the competition he encountered was too strong and, like the avenging angel of Voltaire, he was unfortunate in his campaigns. He had therefore to confine his efforts chiefly to obtaining loans on extortionate terms from Jewish houses in Paris for Prince Couza and other high personages at Bucharest, who, like many other high personages in other countries, live in a chronic state of impecuniosity and, no matter how large their revenues or incomes may be, can never make them cover their expenditure. Needless to add that he received a fat commission in cash on all such loans negotiated by him. He was very useful also in this honorable line of business to several wealthy Roumanian ladies of high rank, but loose morals, with whom he corresponded after he went to London, from 1863-1867, when he began to devote his attention to the more profitable business of fleecing English investors in Honduras bonds, as will be explained in the next chapter.

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CHAPTER IX.

An Idyll of Baker Street.

In the early 'sixties,' at the time when the star of the third Napoleon was at its zenith, after the glorious Crimean and Italian campaigns, when nobody ever dreamed of the downfall of the second Empire, the exile of the beautiful Empress Eugenie or the tragic death of her ill-starred son, the Prince Imperial—then the little idol of Paris—by the assegais of Zulu savages in far away Africa, a tall and strikingly handsome French woman, of about two and twenty, was seated one summer's evening of the year 1864 at the window of the mean, poorly furnished front parlour of a second rate lodging house in Baker street, London.

It was on the ground floor; and as she gazed abstractedly at the passers by, the hansom cabs, omnibuses, vans and brewers' drays in the roadway, that make up the daily panorama of ugly London's dull, automatic street life, her thoughts seemed to rove far away from the prosaic, shifting scene before her. Her fancy, no doubt, flew back regretfully to the sunny skies of *la belle France* and of her native town *Boulogne-sur-mer,*—as famous on history's pages as for the beauty of face and form of its women; to the gay, bright scenes of the every day life of its quays and *Capecure,* that remind the traveler of the "Scenes that are brightest" of "Maritana," and the sempiternal blue skies of Sydney in Australia, where Wallace wrote that beautiful opera; to the handsome *poissardes* with their flashing dark eyes, their quaint, medieval, high white caps and massive gold earrings, like those of the Roman matrons of classic story; their short skirts and shapely

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ankles, and their erect, stately carriage, as they walk so gracefully carrying fish baskets on their heads; to the sailors, gendarmes and fishermen; to the statue of "Europe's proud lord," with majestic face of Olympian Jove, his back turned scornfully to perfidious Albion, towering on the heights where the legions of Caligula and the French army for the projected invasion and conquest of England were formerly encamped before the triumphal march of victory of the latter to the glorious, immortal campaign of Austerlitz; to the historic old Cathedral and the prison where Napoleon the Third was formerly confined.

She seemed wrapt in somber meditations. Her's was an enthralling beauty of the Byronic type—

> "That walks in beauty like the night
> Of sunny climes and starry skies;
> And all that's *best* of dark and bright
> Meets in her aspect and her eyes;"

for though exception might certainly have been taken by the captious critic, cognizant of her antecedents, to the application to her of the italicised word above from a moral standpoint, she might well have impersonated the goddess Juno, either on the canvas or frescoes of the painter, or on the stage of allegory. She was a tall, majestic and bewitching *brune*—one of those fascinating sirens, whose fatal beauty would have tempted a St. Anthony. Her long, black hair and large, dark Oriental eyes; her natural grace, inborn, so to speak, in a French woman, at once proclaimed her of Latin, or of mixed Latin and Hebrew race. She might, however, have been well mistaken for an Italian, and did in fact pass for one half a dozen years afterwards, on the most solemn and tragic occasion of her life, as will be hereafter explained in the course of the present story. Her snowy white, neatly fitting summer dress; a simple gilt filagree bandelette that circled her waist, and a red rose in the silky tresses of her raven hair,

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only served to enhance her wondrous beauty. Of her, as of the peerless daughters of sunny Spain in Andalusia and lovely Seville, it might have been truly said: *incessu patet deae.*

Such was Mathilde Cappon! A veritable, though dangerous, siren, she resembled in some respects that famous woman, *Lolo Montés,* the quondam little street singer in London, who, by virtue of her beauty alone—certainly not by her virtue—became a Baroness, and a Countess of Landsfeldt; wore the decoration of the Imperial order of Maria Thérésa, and was for a time Directress and arbiter of the destinies of the Kingdom of Bavaria, the "best friend" of its infatuated old King, and the harbinger of the "red year" in Europe and of revolution.

But Mathilde Cappon, our heroine, was much taller and of more majestic mien and appearance than Lola Montés, whose genealogy has never been as satisfactorily established even as the somewhat problematical virtue of Madame de Maintenon, although that superbly beautiful virago, who bewitched the King of Bavaria, and so many other of her luckless lovers and husbands, whose vast fortunes she squandered, is generally believed to have been the daughter of Spanish gypsies—a true *gitana.* Mathilde Cappon, however, by the strange decrees of fate, or caprice of fortune—what the Italians call *la forza del destino,* or what theosophists consider the logical sequence of a previous existence, was of ordinary plebeian extraction, being simply the daughter of the man cook at the *Hôtel Christol* at *Boulogne-sur-mer,* albeit a daughter of *la belle France;* though unfortunately she resembled Lola Montés and most clever adventuresses all the world over, as well as her fellow townswomen, the *poissardes* aforesaid, in so far that she could not boast of a genealogical tree. Although without education or accomplishments, she had a good *contralto* voice, and could sing pretty well. In fact, the Jew of Chamant had first seen her in a music hall, or *café chantant* in Leicester Square, into which he had ac-

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cidentally strolled one evening to while away an idle hour. There he had been so captivated by her marvelous beauty of face and form, and her rendering of some of the well known popular French songs, so admirably sung in days gone bye by Thérésa, the idol of the gay Parisians and the Queen of the *Alcazar* in the *Faubourg Poissonnière,* that he had there and then sought and made her acquaintance, and induced her to link her destinies with his. Their long future partnership in evil was destined to create terrible and indissoluble ties between them.

Strange indeed were they, the destinies of this well matched couple, united in a *liaison* of six long years of iniquity and crime! For her feminine cunning and duplicity rivalled, if they did not surpass, the craft and guile of her lover. Mathilde Cappon, in short, was one of those women, who, once seen, could never be forgotten—whose glorious beauty covered a multitude of sins. As no one who had once heard Thérésa's glorious voice at the time when she eclipsed her famous rival of the *Eldorado,* the late Suzanne Lagier, could ever forget that voice, or Thérésa's magic spell over her audience; so no one, who had once gazed on Mathilde's face, could ever forget it, albeit hers was somewhat of a diabolical type of beauty. Otherwise a parallel should not be drawn betweeen two such widely different careers—the one honorable, the other infamous; for the brilliant Thérésa, after singing at the *Tuileries* and honorably realizing a large fortune in her profession, now lives in seclusion and retirement "far from the madding crowd" of the Boulevards, on her country estate in France, where she devotes herself to religion and pious works; whereas Mathilde Cappon, as will be shown in the course of the present history, after acquiring a fortune by her infamy, lived in the retirement of her dishonor and her perfidy, that caused the shame of an honorable family and the death of its head; and, though honored and respected as a virtuous wife by those ignorant of her previous immoral career and the shameless methods by

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which she attained her social position, was one of the most false, depraved and vicious women produced even under the tawdry, tinsel *régime* of the Second Empire by the corruption of the Court of Napoleon the Little at the Tuileries, where vice walked proudly with head erect, while virtue was an object of derision.

Suddenly rising from her chair, in the room where we first find her, she swept gracefully across the room to the narrow, mean hallway or passage, to welcome home her *bon ami,* whom she had just espied on the opposite pavement about to cross the street, on his return from the city, to share with her their frugal evening meal at a cheap French restaurant in Soho.

For fortune had not smiled on Lefevre since his arrival in gloomy, foggy London from the shores of the beautiful blue Danube. He was still under the ban of the prescription for another two years, and therefore unable to return, as he would have wished, to Paris. He had gambled and speculated, and lost nearly all the plunder he had amassed at Bucharest. It is only fair to Mathilde to admit that she was at present in blissful ignorance of her lover's deplorable antecedents.

Better, perhaps, for her that it was so! Not that her full cognizance of his previous shameful career would have deterred her from accepting the situation, gloomy though it might be; for the meager salary she received from the manager of the Music Hall was quite insufficient to meet her actual, moderate requirements; but she relied on luck or chance, which Voltaire rightly says is the master of the world, and on her own personal charms, of which, like every beautiful woman, she was fully conscious, as also on the phenomenal cleverness of Lefevre, to turn the tide of fortune in their favor; and events proved the grand old philosopher of Ferney to be right. Their luck was as wonderful as their infamy!

"Eh bien, Charles!" said she, as she eagerly opened the front door, "what luck to-day in the city?"

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"Bad, indeed," was the despondent rejoinder. "Poor Max Phillipps pawned his watch this afternoon and gave me half what he got on it from the pig of a pawn broker. Here are three pounds! *Voilà!*" he added, as he slipped three sovereigns into her hand. "With that we can get along another week anyhow!"

We must here pause to explain that the hero of our story, at this dismal epoch of his marvelous career, was actually so hard up that he could not afford to rent an office, even of the smallest dimensions, in the city, and had to write all his letters and transact his other questionable business and carry on his correspondence at the office of his Jewish friends, Messrs. Phillipps & Co., money lenders and bill discounters, in Birchin Lane, between those two well known London City thoroughfares, Lombard street and Cornhill, so dear to Cockneys. In fact he was at times entirely dependent on their charity for his subsistence. It is well known that Jews all the world over help their co-religionists in distress; but the Jew of Chamant was so utterly vile and despicable by nature, that he eventually repaid the kindness of his Hebrew brethren by the basest ingratitude, and coolly left one of them—one of his former benefactors—to starve.

"And is there no chance of your getting any railroad concession, or making some money by any other affair?" anxiously queried Mathilde.

"None that I can see at present, *ma toute belle,* except through Dénéchaux or Hay," was the gloomy rejoinder.

Dénéchaux was a French Jew money changer and banker in the *rue Vivienne* in Paris. near the *Bourse,* and very much "wanted" at that time by the French police, on account of his having absconded, in true Israelitish fashion, with the funds deposited in his hands by his customers. He had simply crossed the English channel—the "silver streak" of twenty odd miles—that separates beautiful France from perfidious Albion, with the gold of his credulous depositors, in order to get out of French jurisdiction

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and enjoy comfortably and quietly the proceeds of his robberies in London, according to well established, time-honored precedent.

In order to properly understand the beautiful simplicity of this excellent system and the "good old laws" of "merrie" England, which ever facilitate, if they do not openly encourage, fraud and rascality of every possible description, it will be merely sufficient to relate the following little historical episode, which is well known to the Paris and Scotland yard police.

In or about the year 1882, the well known Paris bank of Allard & Co. was robbed one day, in broad daylight, of $30,000 worth of negotiable securities. No clew could be obtained to the thieves. One of the cashiers, being called away by another clerk, had left his *guichet,* or little window, open for a certain number of seconds only, with the securities in question lying in a bundle on the counter close to the *guichet;* and whilst his back was momentarily turned to speak to a brother *employé,* the watchful thief had purloined the bundle of securities with lightning rapidity, and made his exit like a flash. This was high art in its way!

A few weeks afterwards a very correct gentleman, well dressed and well up in law, with perfectly irreproachable collars, called on Messrs. Allard & Co.'s agent and lawyer in London, and coolly proposed the restitution of the stolen securities for one-third of their value—$10,000!

"Useless to think of arresting me," he said to Allard & Co.'s astonished legal representative; for the stolen property is neither on my person nor in my possession."

According to English law, a person could not be legally arrested for a similar robbery, unless the stolen property could be proved to be in his possession, either at his residence or lodgings, or on his person, to the great joy of the thieves. Incredible but true!

As soon as the robbery was discovered, Messrs. Allard & Co. of course stopped payment of the stolen securities;

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and their legal agent, well knowing that it would be worse than useless to think of having his queer visitor arrested, attempted to parley with him.

"But you cannot negotiate these securities, for their payment has been stopped," urged the lawyer.

"Oh! That's of no consequence! There are always plenty of fools to be found who will buy them cheap: they can easily be sold sooner or later," replied the correct gentleman.

"But," remonstrated the attorney, "you ask too high a price. Just consider! Ten thousand dollars is one-third of their full negotiable market value."

"But," replied the cool, correct gentleman, "consider the trouble, expense and loss of valuable time incurred in watching the bank for the propitious moment for committing the robbery! It has been enormous. Reflection will convince you that the sum demanded as compensation is, in reality, very moderate and reasonable."

In other words it was a square deal. To be brief: the bank paid the $10,000 by instalments, and the stolen securities were honorably returned *pro rata* by the thieves, in proof of mutual good faith and confidence; for there is honor even amongst thieves. Had it even been possible to lawfully arrest the confederate thief who restored the first small instalment of the stolen bonds and shares, the bankers and their lawyers knew well enough that they would never have recovered the remainder of the securities.

Such a transaction, of course, would be impossible except in a piratical country like England, where the spirit and practice of piracy still survive, like those of feudalism. As George Sand truly says: "the influence of England is everywhere immoral."

It will therefore be readily understood from this interesting little episode of nearly twenty years afterwards how the absconding French Jew, Dénéchaux, found a safe and sure harbour of refuge in London, and was received with open arms, with his pockets full of plunder, by his brother

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French Jew and confederate, Lefevre. For if the unfortunate Polish or Armenian exile, or the foreign political refugee be allowed to rest his weary head on the vast bosom of generous Albion, the thief and the forger, often also enjoys a similar privilege.

But with regard to Lefevre and Dénéchaux, "birds of a feather flock together," was a true proverb, notwithstanding Alphonse Karr's avowed disbelief in proverbs; for whenever there is a bank failure, or a colossal or petty financial swindle, or fraudulent bankruptcy in Paris, you almost always find the delinquent Jew in London, tranquilly enjoying his plunder unmolested. This simple, but beautiful, process of eluding justice by merely crossing the English channel, has been illustrated times without number. To quote another notable instance out of many: the absconding Jew banker, Félix aîné, Chief Director of the notorious *Union Financière* in the *Rue Richelieu,* Paris, bolted to London eighteen years ago with the deposits of his customers, and was reported by the French newspapers to have been seen dining luxuriously at the famous "Criterion" restaurant in Shaftesbury avenue, in London, on the very evening of the day when the French authorities took possession of the small sum of money and the few securities left by him behind him in his bank safe or safe bank in Paris—a true criterion indeed of Jewish financing. Scores, aye hundreds of similar cases have occurred since then.

Dénéchaux, although unable to speak a word of English, passed in London and in Lombard street under the highly appropriate name of "Drake," "the master thiefe of the unknowne world," as he was called in the reign of good Queen Bess—a complimentary and complementary appellation he fully deserved. Drake and Frobisher are names to conjure with in English history. This *alias* was suggested to him by the Jew of Chamant, who, as has already been explained, had had great experience in the *alias* line of business. Besides this, Drake was a thoroughly

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good, old historical and piratical Anglo-Saxon name, and was therefore peculiarly appropriate and well chosen under the circumstances, considering how faithfully Dénéchaux had made ducks and drakes with the money of his unfortunate customers: it denoted, moreover, a very creditable acquaintance with English history on the part of Lefevre. The newly fledged Drake, however, unlike his ornithological namesake, was as dumb as the Sphinx.

"*Ah! Comme c'est décourageant!* How sad! Will fortune never change, I wonder?" petulantly exclaimed Mathilde.

"*Patience, ma belle!* If I can only pull off vun leetle affair in vich zere is a nice bit of plundare to be divided, ve shall manage vell enough," replied Lefevre.

In justice to him, it must be admitted that he was no hypocrite. According to Max O'Rell, the Englishman is the hypocrite of virtue, and the Frenchman, the braggart of vice; and, as Lefevre was a Frenchman, albeit a Jew, he always frankly used the language of the bandit. Whether he spoke to Mr. Charles Waring, the worthy and respected contractor for the impossible Honduras Interoceanic Railroad, or to his friends, or his mistress, he always used frankly the word—"plunder," which he pronounced in his Gallic accent "plondare," instead of the conventional but hypocritical "profits" of the English city man; though as profits to one means inevitable loss to another on a practical Profit and Loss Account, in most cases the word "profits" is merely an euphemism for plunder.

And wonderful to relate, fortune *did* soon change; and Lefevre was soon enabled to pull off the "little affair," for the excellent reason that with the swag or plunder brought over from Paris by Dénéchaux to the city of fogs, Lefevre was now able to control the fickle jade, who is ever accessible to financial arguments. He had previously been helpless owing to want of capital, but he now set out on the war path in real earnest.

The confederates rented an office over a confectioner's

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shop at the corner of Lombard street, in the very heart of the city, just opposite the great banking house of Smith, Payne & Smith. How does not the very name of Lombard street inspire the gullible British investor with confidence in the confidence men who operate there with impunity!

There is a golden ring about it; and in his gilded dreams the poor, uninitiated dupe sees pavements of gold, coffers full of gold, golden palaces, golden castles in the air—in short, gold everywhere; though the gold alas! is not for him or any other poor devil of an outsider, but only for the elect of the chosen nation and the Aryan millionaires, stockbrokers, bucket shop keepers, jobbers or runners of the city, who happen to be "in the swim" of any of the big swindles, and who are the "gold brick" men of merrie England and horrible London.

A more favorable locality in every respect could not well have been selected. While the honest confectioner below was confectioning cakes and preparing coffee at 8 cents a cup, the arch-rogue above was confectioning swindles, by which he was destined ere long to fly on paper wings to heaven. In fact, it was as well chosen as the *aliases* of Drake and de Tracy by these two worthy members of the chosen nation, and a brass plate, conspicuously exhibited on the doorway beneath with the magic inscription: "Lefevre & Hay—Railway Financial Agency," in large letters, soon began to attract the attention of the public and of the gulls or suckers of London and Paris. A "Railroad Financial Agency" sounds and reads so well. Its very title inspires confidence in the financial stability and good faith of the persons who run it, when located in Lombard street, even though the runners may have no available assets. They are supposed to have them, and that is quite good enough for the average Englishman, in accordance with the lines of Hood:

> "The world is a cartload of hay,
> And men are the asses that pull;
> Each tugs in a different way,
> But the greatest of all is John Bull."

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Drake-Dénéchaux now modestly retired, as befitted a man of his retiring disposition who could not speak a word of English, and like most unobtrusive persons had to take a back seat. Hay took his place. Hay was a poor French Swiss, with a real or assumed English name, who had formerly been a *courtier* or stockbroker on the Paris *Bourse,* but had mysteriously gravitated to London owing to those irresistible causes like cosmic force, which always finds an outlet—probably with the hope of making hay while the sun shines. But in this fond hope the poor man was egregiously and woefully mistaken; for not being an Israelite in whom there was no guile, but a Gentile, he was simply utilized as a catspaw to draw the chestnuts out of the fire, being merely the tool and dupe of this worthy pair of Jews, as he soon found out to his cost; and as soon as he had served their purpose, Lefevre severed his connection with him. He was eventually literally thrown out as one throws away the peel of an orange after having sucked its juice.

By dint of a little judicious advertising and a continuous correspondence with confederates in Paris, who worked the oracle on the other side of the channel, dupes, attracted by Lefevre's enticing proposals and prospectuses, soon began to come over from the French capital, and flats even came from Holland—the flat country of *canards, canaux* and *canaille.* Divers of them came from far. Amongst these, three confiding Frenchmen named *Blée,* one of whom was the late *Baron Brisse,* the Prince of modern French cooks and a worthy successor of Vatel and Soyer, whose daily *menus* appeared in the Parisian newspapers, were Lefevre's first victims. He undertook to float for them in Paris and London an Ice Company under the sonorous, high sounding title of *"Les Glacières Réunies;"* the natural and inevitable result of their transactions with Lefevre being that the worthy members of the illustrious *Blée* family of culinary renown, after having paid Lefevre the sum of thirty thousand francs, or $6,000, found them-

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selves short of precisely that amount, besides their traveling expenses to London and back, without any other benefit, profit or advantage of any sort, kind or description whatsoever having accrued to them in any form or shape whatever beyond the pangs of severe sea sickness and the usual innumerable miseries of "Horrible London" for Frenchmen from delightful Paris and the banks of the Seine. A placid Dutchman from Amsterdam also met with the same fate, and swore considerably, but did not recover his money.

Prior to Hay's retirement, and before the arrival of these fat pigeons, one of whom—Baron Brisse, the Baron of the kitchen, a royal baron of beef, weighed in the neighbourhood of 500 pounds, an interesting conversation took place in the office of the "Railway and Financial Agency" between Lefevre and Hay, the two worthy partners *pro tem,* (the former spoke English with a strong French accent):

"Zey must be rogues or fools," observed Lefevre, with a genuine flash of Franco-Semitic inspiration, "and we know zat fools are vary scare!"

"Yes," responded Hay in a deprecatory, mournful tone, "precious scarce!"

"I vondare if zey can be fools: I zink it is ardly possible," continued Lefevre despondingly.

"Hardly likely," replied Hay in an equally despondent tone of voice.

And yet it so happened, in spite of these gloomy forebodings, that the dictum of that titled Jew and belted Earl, the late Lord Beaconsfield, whose statue in his Senatorial robes faces the Houses of Parliament in Westminster, and testifies mutely but eloquently to the power of the Jews of England, "that the unexpected always happens," was verified on this memorable occasion, inasmuch as the *Blées,* as it so turned out, contrary to expectation, belonged to the latter category, yclept fools, and were accordingly plucked to the last feather.

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Lefevre was as infallible in business as the Pope in religion, and his business methods were infallible; his schemes always resulted in a gross profit to himself and a dead loss to those unlucky persons who entrusted him with their money. Visitors to the office of the Jew of Chamant did not pan out well somehow or other: they resembled to a certain limited extent red Indians as agriculturists. But then, as Lefevre used to philosophically remark, "fools require fleecing;" and if there were no geese there would be no rogues or quacks of the Drake species to pluck them.

This theory holds good even in happy America. In religion the few are martyred for the heresy of the many; while in finance the many are martyred for the heresy of the few and of the Jew.

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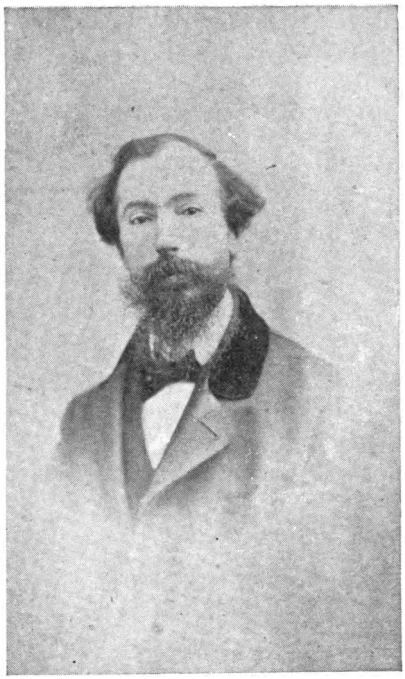

HIS EXCELLENCY, SENOR DON CARLOS GUTIEREZ,
Minister Plenipotentiary of the Honduras Government in London.

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CHAPTER X.

"I do live by the Church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church."
—*Shakespeare—Twelfth Night;* Act III.

"But faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast,
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last."
—*Moore.—Lalla Rookh.*

WE must now introduce our readers to one of the most important of the *dramatis personae* in our story, viz., His Excellency Señor Don Carlos Gutierrez, Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary of the Government of the Republic of Honduras to that of Her Britannic Majesty, to give him his sonorous, high falutin, diplomatic title in full.

This extraordinary personage, whose portrait we present at the same time, was the duly accredited diplomatic representative of the mighty Central American Republic above named, whose total revenues did not exceed or even equal the yearly income of many a Manchester cotton lord, at the Court of St. James', until 1875-1876, when his brilliant diplomatic career was suddenly and summarily ended for once and for ever by the abolition of the Legation of Honduras by the British Government, since when that little Central American Republic, which never had any diplomatic business worth mentioning to transact, has only been represented in London by a Consular official instead of a full fledged Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary as of yore. No more alas! do Honduras Ministers and their wives appear at Royal *Levées* and Drawing rooms! The glory of Ichabod hath departed.

His Excellency was an undersized little man of puny

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physique and slightly bald, whose remaining straight, lank, black hair, though cut short, testified to his Indian or *mestizo* extraction. His small, dark brown eyes glittered and gleamed like those of a venomous snake, and had an evil and sinister expression.

But in spite of his unprepossessing exterior, he was a truly wonderful diplomatist, in fact probably the most extraordinary one that ever existed; for he also was the Minister for Costa Rica, as well as of Honduras, not only at the Court of St. James', but also at the Courts of the Tuileries and of Brussels; being thus, at one and the same time, *mirabile dictu,* the duly accredited Envoy with full powers of two different Central American Republics at three different European Courts—a distinction enjoyed by few, if any, other diplomats. In addition to the honor of being a Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary, he was also the Senior member or *doyen* of the *corps diplomatique* at the British Court, and actually took precedence, by virtue of seniority, of all the Ambassadors of the great Powers. *Risum teneatis amici!*

At the annual banquets of the Lord Mayors of London at the Mansion House, he used always to respond to the toast of the Lord Mayor in honor of the members of the diplomatic body, *quorum pars minima fuit,* in excellent English, which he had acquired from a long residence in Washington and London. His wife, too, was English and belonged to a respectable tradesman's family; so naturally enjoyed immensely the high distinction of being presented at Court to the Queen and associating with Ambassadresses and the *élite* of British society. Her illustrious husband, who resembled so many other great men—Thiers, Mazarin, Pope, Marshal Villars and others—in stature and physique, although he was not deformed, wore a Papal decoration at the *Levées* as well as that of the "Holy Rose" or *Santa Rosa* of Honduras—an order, the institution of which, it may be observed, had been suggested by himself to the ill starred President Medina of

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Honduras, who instituted it in 1868 and appropriately conferred it also on the Jew of Chamant and some of the largest bondholders of the famous or infamous (as you like it), Honduras Loans, and was subsequently shot at Santa Rosa (!) on the 8th of February, 1878.

This decoration of the blessed rose of Honduras was fittingly bestowed on the aforesaid big bondholders of the Honduras Inter-oceanic Railroad loans, in order, it is supposed, to console them for the loss of their money by wearing it on their night caps or fools' caps on retiring to rest. But it bore no luck to its wearers, inasmuch as they lost every cent of their money. As to President Medina, who instituted it, as has already been stated, he was shot for treason; Gutierrez had to leave England in disgrace, as Lord Derby would not condescend to answer his letters beyond a mere official acknowledgment of their receipt through his Secretary; the absurd Legation of Honduras in London was abolished over twenty years ago, since when this great Republic has only been represented in the British Capital by a Consul-General—a distinction shared also by Costa Rica, whose loan for over ten millions and a half of dollars was also negotiated by Gutierrez, and will soon be probably repudiated or half repudiated, and Gutierrez himself fled to San Sebastian in Spain to enjoy tranquilly, or, as the Spaniards put it, *con gentil sosiego,* his share of what the Jew of Chamant euphoniously called the "plunder" of the Honduras affair. Lefevre, of course, ultimately also found England too hot for him, notwithstanding the roses strewn in his path by Gutierrez, on the *sparge rosas* doctrine of Horace; for alas! there is no rose without its thorns. But the plunder bagged by Lefevre out of Honduras loans by this wholesale swindle, organized on a gigantic scale, of the unlucky British investors in Honduras bonds, amounting to at least ten millions of dollars (not reckoning his profits on commission and gambling to win to a certainty on the Stock Exchange), and representing what the London *Times* termed "his ill

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gotten gains," suggests memories of *Camaralzaman* and the "Arabian Nights," and constitutes one of the greatest financial prodigies of the century.

For poverty stricken Honduras has a scattered population of barely 400,000 souls of mixed Indian or aboriginal and negro blood—less than the exterminated population of *reconcentrados* in Cuba. There are only a few thousand whites in the country, more than half of whose very insignificant trade is with the United States. Agriculture then was and still is in a primitive condition, and its total revenue for 1889 was less than $1,500,000; whilst its total foreign trade, exports and imports, was only $1,234,983 in 1876.

In 1867, this wretched little Latin-American locust devoured Republic, whose Presidents resemble those of most other Central American Republics in being constantly engaged in the laudable and time honored occupation of cutting each others' throats, was insolvent. So utterly was it "busted" that it was unable even to pay a paltry debt of $500,000 to the Hebrew firm of Judah Hart & Co., of Bishopsgate, London. Therefore, the "eminent" Jewish bankers, Bischoffsheim & Goldschmidt, of Founders Court, Lothbury, London; Raphael Bischoffsheim and Dreyfus & Scheyer of Paris (all German Jews), and their trusted agent, the Jew of Chamant, then of 83 Lombard street, London, considered it a fine field for investment by British and French capitalists, on the immortal theory of the Tichborne claimant impostor: "them as has plenty money and no brains is made for them as has plenty brains and no money," or for what Lefevre so frankly but so justly termed "plunder."

For let it be known unto all Americans, British and French capitalists are deplorably and lamentably ignorant of American history and geography, as these worthy Israelites knew well enough; so it was only right to enlighten them.

Six months therefore after Honduras was "busted" and

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unable to pay the above sum of only half a million dollars, it borrowed ten times that amount, or five million dollars, on rotten security at 10 per cent. interest, of credulous and confiding British investors with money to burn, to make an impossible Inter-oceanic Railroad across, perhaps, the most desolate, Godforsaken, uninhabited country in the world except the desert of the Sahara, from *Puerto Caballos* or *Port Cortez* on the Atlantic to the Bay of Fonseca on the Pacific. There could not possibly, by any stretch of the imagination, be any passenger traffic on the road for the sufficient reason that there were no inhabitants in the region.

In view of the success of this wonderful financial operation, a couple of years afterwards French gulls were imposed on to the tune of nearly $12,500,000 more, on the *plus habent plus cupiunt* system of the Jews; a loan for that amount being issued in Paris by the Hebrew firm of Dreyfus & Scheyer with the coöperation of Raphael Bischoffsheim and the Jew of Chamant, floated and subscribed; and, to crown all, in 1870, a third loan for $12,500,000 on bonds issued at 80 and bearing 10 per cent. interest, was actually floated and subscribed in London.

Thus, owing to the fraudulent maneuvers and machinations of this band of Jews, this petty, bankrupt Republic was able to borrow thirty millions of dollars on the London Stock Exchange and the Paris *Bourse* far more easily and on much better terms than the mighty Empire of Russia could then borrow money—a financial anomaly that can only be explained by the well known and remarkable fact "that fools ever rush in where angels fear to tread." The market was "rigged" by these Jews and their agents; writers of the *Money Articles* in the press were suborned; large purchases of the worthless Stock were made in order to inspire the gullible public with "confidence" in this colossal "confidence trick;" and a fictitious market being thus created, the rotten stock, issued at 80, went up suddenly in rather less than no time to a premium, and was

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soon quoted at 90 and upwards, as high even as Consols, the guaranteed Government security and the safest stock in England.

Lefevre was contractor for the last loan of $12,500,000, although his name did not appear on the Prospectuses for fear of arousing suspicion; but, by the advertisements in the newspapers, purchasers of stock were notified to send their subscriptions to him to his office in Lombard street. By one of the contracts authorized by the Honduras Government through its plenipotentiary, Gutierrez, he had the right to buy any amount of stock, issued to the public at 80, for 68 pounds sterling only per bond; thus making a net profit of $60 on each bond, and when the bonds were quoted at 90, a profit of 22 pounds or $110 on the sale of each bond. But these enormous profits were not enough for the insatiable appetites of the Jew of Chamant and his rapacious accomplices. This was not enough for these vultures; for, incredible to relate, the subscriptions to the loan, sent to Lefevre, were at once paid by this Jewish ex-convict *into his own private account* at the London & County Bank in Lombard street, close to his own office or bucketshop, and then squandered in the purchase of race-horses and every imaginable extravagance and orgie, prior to the attempted issue of another swindling Honduras loan in Paris and that of a "Ship Railway Loan" for seventy-five more millions of dollars in London, for the projected construction of a Railroad "to carry ships across Honduras from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans." The British or French investor in Honduras bonds might not inaptly be compared to *Prometheus Vinctus,* and Lefevre to the vulture that ceaselessly devoured his vitals. Then indeed the luckless bondholders had to whistle for their money.

Thanks to the aforesaid skilful maneuvers of this gang of thieves, the madness of the days of the great South Sea Bubble was repeated. The gigantic swindle, however, would not have succeeded but for the publication of a

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work entitled "Honduras; Descriptive, Historical and Statistical," with a long Preliminary Note or Sanctimonious Introduction by Gutierrez, under whose authority it was brought out, and dedicated by him to one Don Leon Alvarado. The book, under the above grandiloquent title, was published in London in 1870 by the eminent firm of Trübner & Co.; and a few brief extracts from it are worth quoting, if only to show how easy it was to tickle fools and force a larger sale, as also that truth is ever stranger than fiction.

On page 266 of this remarkable volume, after previously referring to the "eminent firm of Bischoffsheim & Goldschmidt" in terms of glowing eulogy, the inspired author concludes as follows:

"Every consideration therefore, saving of distance and time, salubrity of climate, etc., point out Honduras as the *only* part of Central American Isthmus, combining the paramount and indispensable requisites for an adequate and permanent Inter-oceanic Railway available advantageously for both continents. *All that has been said of it in the preceding pages, will be amply vindicated on its completion in 1872 (!). No antagonism or detraction can any longer impede, much less prevent its realization!" (Sic.)*

The "Preliminary Note" or Introduction by Gutierrez reads as follows:—

"The satisfaction with which the *certainty of the near completion of the Honduras Inter-oceanic Railway* is received by Central America and the commercial world, is shadowed bv the reflection that its success will not be witnessed by one of its most active, efficient, unselfish and ardently patriotic supporters, the late Don Leon Alvarado, to whose memory the reproduction of the following chapters, which years ago he translated into Spanish for the benefit of his countrymen, is reverently dedicated."

This pathetic reference to the deceased nigger Alvarado reminds the reader forcibly of *Sergeant Buzfuz's descrip-*

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tion of the late Mr. Bardell, the exciseman, who was knocked on the head with a quart mug in some low pot-house as "a man of honor," etc., etc.

This precious work can be seen in almost any American public library. It need scarcely be added that the inspired vaticinations of its author have of course never been fulfilled; that the famous Inter-oceanic Railroad, now more than a quarter of a century after these prophecies were made, has never been, and probably never will be, completed; that only a score odd miles of the first section were ever constructed, and that the works were long ago abandoned. On the other hand, Honduras is in a hopelessly insolvent condition. Its total public debt, incurred by these three fraudulent loans, amounted to $26,992,850 in 1873. In 1876, it had increased to $29,950,540, and in 1893 it had reached over $40,545,000. No interest has, of course, been paid to the bondholders since 1872, and none ever will be paid; for these Jews only paid the interest on the three loans for a few years out of the principal in order to delude the gulls, their infatuated dupes, and suit their own purposes, after gobbling up the whole amount of the said loans amounting to thirty millions of dollars, except about $3,750,000 or thereabouts expended in the construction of a small portion of the first section only of the railroad, most of which went into the pockets of the worthy contractors, Waring Brothers, either as profits or plunder. *Utrum horum mavis accipe.* Little or nothing was ever paid to the Honduras Government, beyond a present of $50,000 made to the unhappy President Medina by Bischoffsheim & Lefevre, on the recommendation of Gutierrez, who had suggested it on the plausible ground that Presidents of Honduras were usually too much absorbed by politics to give due attention to their own private affairs, and that owing to this cause their families were often left unprovided for.

Honduras is a Spanish word meaning "depth." Assuredly it is well named inasmuch as the depths of misery

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to which many of the families of the Honduras bondholders were reduced are unfathomable.

In consequence of the Prospectuses of the loan issued by Bischoffsheim & Goldschmidt (which, by a Decree of Vice Chancellor Malins in the suit—Godsell *versus* Bischoffsheim & Goldschmidt—were subsequently declared to be fraudulent), and owing to the publication of the book above mentioned, and the official endorsement by Gutierrez of the false assurances contained therein, many spinster ladies sold their good property to invest the proceeds at 10 per cent. interest in worthless Honduras bonds, and were reduced to poverty. Many a British and French family still expiates in stint or penury its gullibility in trusting the promises of Prospectuses flaunted under the *aegis* of the imposing name of Bischoffsheim! People, who could not even point out Honduras on the map, so profound was their geographical and historical ignorance (for Honduras was the place where Columbus first set foot on American soil), invested all their hardly earned savings of a lifetime in Honduras bonds merely to put them in the pockets of an oft convicted French Jew and his accomplices, to be immediately squandered in debauchery and every conceivable extravagance. *Incredibile sed verum!**

His Excellency, Señor Don Carlos Gutierrez, the senior member of the diplomatic body at the Court of St. James, was one of the poorest diplomatists, financially speaking, that ever existed and lived in a mean habitation prior to the successful issue of the aforesaid Honduras and Costa Rica loans. But shortly before the issue of the last Honduras 1870 loan, he was to be found located in a commo-

*As *Maitre* Lente, Counsel for the French Honduras bondholders, truly said, in his eloquent speech on their behalf, in 1880, at the *Palais de Justice,* Paris: "They (Bischoffsheim and Goldschmidt) had need of a man to perpetrate this swindle, and that man was Lefevre!"—*"Il leur fallait un homme pour perpétrer cette escroquerie, et cet homme c'etait Lefevre!"*

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dious mansion called "Warren House" and "the Honduras Legation" near the Camden Road in the Tufnell Park district of Northwest London. Whilst other diplomatists accredited to the British Court resided in the aristocratic quarters of the west, he—the Senior Minister of all—set them a noble example of Jesuitical humility *à la Rodin* and the "Wandering Jew" by living in a decidedly second rate or middle class district, inhabited mostly bv retired dry or wet goods dealers, saloonkeepers, soapboilers, bookmakers, *et hoc genus omne.* Like *Uriah Heep,* he was very "umble," and he was also a very religious man and a devout son of the church; for he obtained an augmentation of the tithes in Honduras for His Eminence the Archbishop of Comayagua. This service gained him another Papal decoration.

He rented "Warren House" from an English "bookie" or bookmaker named Charles Head—a well known figure head of English race tracks—a little vulgar man with a wife of Brobdignagian proportions who weighed in the neighbourhood of 400 pounds. This well matched couple, who would have given the eyes out of their heads to be recognized by any of the aristocracy, were literally enchanted to let their house to His Excellency of Honduras, the Senior member of the *Corps Diplomatique,* who drove to the *levées* at the Queen's palace in a carriage hired for the occasion from the nearest livery stable; himself in full dress diplomatic uniform, wearing proudly on his breast the blessed decoration of the "Holy Rose" of Honduras and his Papal orders; whilst, at Her Majesty's drawing rooms, his wife — a grocer's daughter—was loaded with diamonds presented to her by the ubiquitous Jew of Chamant, and had the honor of being presented to the Queen and kissing the hand of Her Most gracious Majesty. In short, the diplomatic achievements of a Metternich or of a Talleyrand sink into utter insignificance in comparison with those of Gutierrez.

Honduras, however, is a curious country, having queer

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Ministers at European Courts (*i. e.* it used to have them), and equally queer laws. By one of these laws, all children of Roman Catholic priests were legitimized and entitled to bear the names and inherit the property of their fathers, and cohabitation of priests with women was declared to be an evidence of marriage in every legal sense. The portrait therefore of the late Jew Cardinal Antonelli figured very appropriately, as well as very conspicuously, opposite that of the late Pope Pius over the mantel-piece of the library of his Tufnell Park Excellency, Gutierrez, at "Warren House," Camden Road, London, N. W., otherwise pompously designated as "The Honduras Legation." Both were magnificent photographs and had been presented by their illustrious donors to His Excellency as tokens of the high esteem in which they both held him, and also in recognition of his eminent services to the Church. For, as Pope Pius said, during the brief reign in Mexico of the unfortunate Maximilian, to whom he had given his solemn benediction on his departure from Europe to ascend the Mexican throne, "the interests of nations are great, it is true; but the interests of the Church are even greater."

But Pope Pius was renowned all over Europe as a "*jettatore,*" or person with the "evil eye," and to this day the annual requiem services in honor of his death are shunned by Roman prelates and noblemen, because of the well known but damnable fact that they are almost always followed by death or some terrible misfortune overtaking one or more of the high ecclesiastical or other dignitaries who have attended the ceremony. In his portrait, His Holiness had a piercing black eye that seemed to pierce to one's very soul—the *beau idéal* of the *jettatura.*

As to Antonelli, this Prince of the Church, and friend of Gutierrez, himself a low Jew by birth and blood, who aspired to be the vicar of God on earth in this enlightened nineteenth century, actually brought low and abandoned women into the sacred Vatican itself to pollute it with his orgies. The scandalous lawsuit, in which his relatives dis-

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puted his wealth, after his death, with his bastard daughter, is notorious all over Europe. Antonelli was a worthy imitator of the worst vices of some of the earlier Popes and of the execrable Borgia. The times have changed, but not the Jews or the priests, and to him might well be applied the words of Pope Pius: *"Questa parola mi fa vomitare"* (That word makes me vomit).

What says Gallenga? "The late Cardinal Antonelli was bound by no faith and restrained by no scruple. Profligate, avaricious and so audacious as to consider himself entitled even to dispense with hypocrisy, he was never at a loss for arguments, sophisms and direct or indirect falsehoods by which he could justify as righteous and honorable the policy which he deemed expedient. He had made himself too necessary to *Mastai Ferretti* (the late Pope Pius), to think it worth his while even to make himself agreeable. Further than connivance with his accumulation of wealth for himself and his brothers, and indulgence in low *amours* with loose women, of which the Vatican apartments on the floor immediately above the Pope's own residence were the scene, Cardinal Antonelli asked nothing of His Holiness, and allowed all men to curry favor by any arts of which he himself disdained to be a master." (*"The Pope and the King."*—Gallenga, vol. 1. p. 177.)

An unprepossessing physiognomy indeed was that of the portrait of Antonelli in Gutierrez's library — a compound of low cunning and sensuality, indicative of every base and depraved instinct—a cross, so to speak, between a London Whitechapel rough and a Bowery tough. A coarse, brutal mouth and thick, sensual lips sufficiently accounted for his viciously erotic propensities, whilst the harsh, grasping expression of his face testified to his monstrous avarice and greed.

There was the same *puzza di prete*, or priestly smell, in Gutierrez's library as that of which Victor Emanuel complained at the Quirinal.

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But if the Jew of Chamant was an openly avowed Hebrew brigand, as the Jew Cardinal Antonelli was a disguised Papal brigand, it must not be forgotten that brigandage and secret societies have always been supported by the priests in Italy, where secret societies were formed to support the Papal power as early as the Thirteenth century. Napoleon III was a Carbonaro as well as a member of several other secret societies. Ferdinand, King of Naples also belonged to the Carbonari. In November, 1860, the Marquis Alfred de Trazignies, a nephew of Monsignor de Merode, one of the highest dignitaries of the Romish Church, was seized and shot by Piedmontese soldiers for brigandage and incendiarism. Superstition in all countries favours financial and priestly brigandage. In Naples, during the cholera epidemic in 1885, the benighted people followed in crowds the processions with crucifixes inaugurated by the priests, and miracles are still performed; the miraculous liquefaction of the blood of Saint *Gennaro,* the patron saint of Naples, being still annually performed in the Cathedral of that name dedicated to him, and the accomplishment of the miracle being announced by firing salutes of cannon from the gloomy castle of *San Elmo,* built by the stern and cruel Alva, which frowns o'er the smiling bay of limpid sapphire.

The traveler, who has seen the tomb of André of Hungary in the Cathedral of *San Gennaro* at Naples, and has also had the advantage or disadvantage of being acquainted with the history of the Honduras Inter-oceanic Railroad Loans and the chief actors therein, cannot fail to be struck by a remarkable historical coincidence, viz., that English and French judges appear to sell indulgences in the nineteenth century precisely in the same way as the Popes sold them in the fourteenth century. For in 1327, Avignon became the Papal See and belonged to Queen Jane of Naples—that royal strumpet, who was Countess of Provence as well as Queen of the Two Sicilies. When banished from Naples on suspicion of complicity with the mur-

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derers of her husband, the aforesaid André of Hungary, she took refuge in Provence and threw herself at the feet of Clement VI, that holy Frenchman, who was then the Vicar of God upon earth, and when she left Avignon to return to her Italian dominions, she was declared innocent of the crime of which the people accused her, and furnished with a dispensation to marry her cousin, Louis of Tarentum, the chief instigator of the assassination of her husband.

Avignon was then sold by her to this excellent Pope for 80,000 florins. The late Pope Pius faithfully adhered to the traditions of the Holy See in emulating the pious policy of his predecessor, Pope Clement VI, towards Queen Jane of Naples five and a half centuries before, by sending a lily to the fat ex-Queen Isabella of Spain—that royal *catin* so notorious for her gross and scandalous immorality, as an appropriate emblem of her immaculate purity.* As true is it that wisdom is justified of all her children as that the lily is the fairest of flowers! History ever repeats itself, and shows queens still often to be what they were centuries ago, and at the same time how the times may change but not the priests or the Jesuits, who, notwithstanding their exposure by Carlyle and Sue, are now as powerful as ever, and, after their expulsion from Germany, have again returned to that unfortunate country.

The portraits of Cardinal Antonelli and Pope Pius faced each other as appropriately in Gutierrez's library as did those of Monsignor Bauer, the apostate Jew prelate and formerly Private Chaplain and Confessor to the Empress Eugénie, and of Queen Isabella of Spain, with their re-

*It is well known that the late King Alfonso was not the son of his mother's husband, the Consort, Don Francisco d'Assises, but far more probably of Marshal Serrano, to whom he bore a striking resemblance, just in the same way as Napoleon III. was not the son of his supposed father, Louis, King of Holland, who wrote to the Pope to disavow his paternity, and styled his wife, Queen Hortense, a ———. This letter was published in the *Academy*—a leading London literary Journal.

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spective autographs, in the study of that famous Jew rascal, Gabriel Hugelmann, in the Rue de la *Rochefoucauld,* Paris.

Lefevre's new Bucket shop in Lombard street, where the colossal Honduras Inter-oceanic Railroad Loan swindle was engineered, consisted of two spacious, well lighted rooms, or offices, on the second floor, at the historical number 83 aforesaid; the smaller room being his own private *sanctum sanctorum* or "Holiest of Holies," as in very truth it was the hole of a rascal; while the larger one served the double purpose of an ante-room for callers and bondholders eager to be plucked to the last feather, and the office of his three hungry, ill paid clerks.

He had at first started in a gloomy, dingy office on the first floor below, with only one clerk or secretary. There is not much difference in reality, between the two titles, except that the latter one sounds better. This solitary *employé* was an unfortunate young gentleman with a long pedigree but no money (impecuniosity being nowadays a usual accompaniment of ancient lineage in "merrie" England), named Blank, to whom he paid the liberal salary of £2 or $10 a week for doing all his French and Spanish correspondence, translations, copying, etc. It need scarcely be added that poor Mr. Blank, like all other poor young English gentlemen who have the misfortune to work for Jewish taskmasters, was nearly worked and starved to death by his merciless employer, who seemed bent on revenging on him in particular, and on Christendom in general, the wrongs which the forefathers of the Jew of Chamant had formerly suffered at the hands of the Pharaohs, who would not let the chosen people go, and of the Holy Inquisition, which rightly disapproved of their usurious practices, and punished them accordingly by the rack, the thumb-screw and the stake; the cremation of their live bodies being deemed absolutely necessary to insure the salvation of their immortal souls. The unhappy Blank had therefore to work from early morn to dewy eve, with

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barely time to snatch a hurried and insufficient meal occasionally, and often no time at all to eat a morsel of food. For a whole year he had to fast from 9 A. M. to 7 or 8 P. M. daily. Sometimes he had to labor until two o'clock in the morning, and often also on Sunday, the day of rest, in Harewood Square, at the house of his rapacious employer, who literally ground his bones to make his bread and, Shylocklike, exacted his pound of flesh to the last ounce.

Poor Blank, who had been formerly accustomed to luxuries and field sports such as cricket, shooting, athletics and the out-door life of a young English country gentleman, suffered silently years of martyrdom. Had he not been blessed with a splendid constitution, this ceaseless starvation, drudgery, humiliation, mortification, privation and confinement in the dark, dingy den of an office which Lefevre first occupied—this dull, dreary, monotonous life, or penance, in which he was debarred from society and weaned from all the pleasures and amusements of the world, would have killed him. As it was, it only gave him a weak heart for life, ruined his health and made him a complete physical wreck and a misanthrope. He became despondent, anemic and consumptive looking, whilst his Hebrew employer got fatter and stouter daily, almost *à vue d'oeil,* as the French say, in proportion to the money he extracted from the pockets of his confiding dupes. In vain did the unlucky Blank plead for an increase of his miserable salary! Lefevre, like *Isaac of York,* always pleaded poverty, and put him off with promises, which he never had the slightest intention of fulfilling, in accordance with the good old English proverb: "Promises are like piecrusts, only made to be broken," and also in conformity with the solemn injunctions of the sacred *Talmud* "to have recourse to trickery and fraud to deceive a Christian."

"You zink I am made of gold," he used to say to Blank.

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"I have no money; but eef I ad some, I vould be glad to raise your salary."

This went on for years, and the only reason why the unfortunate Blank put up with his martyrdom, was that he resembled so many other unfortunate, ruined young gentlemen of good family, education and address, but without a profession, friends or money in the British metropolis, inasmuch as he had the unpleasant alternative of toiling and moiling and starving forever on $10 a week, or being flung out on the pavement of stony hearted London. Owing to the peculiarities of the English social system, which rigorously excludes all moneyless gentlemen from the army, the navy, the church, the higher branches of the law and the universities, in a word from all the learned professions, no matter what their aptitude or how learned or talented the aforesaid impecunious gentlemen may be, there were hundreds, aye thousands, of other poor devils who would only have been too glad to step into his shoes, and the wily Jew, Lefevre, knew this only too well, and so did poor Blank also.

It is curiously instructive to note how accurately a banker or an employer gauges the sum necessary to keep a clerk or secretary alive. Ten dollars a week, it is true, will just buy him cheap clothes, linen and boots, pay his wretched lodging in a garret and his laundrywoman, and inadequately feed him on an indigestible diet of tough meat and worse beer; but it will do no more. It will not pay a doctor's bill, if he happen to be ill—far less will it provide him with oysters or champagne, or Caviari, or cigars, or opera, or theaters, or even any other less expensive and more innocent amusements or recreation. To a young fellow accustomed, as Blank had been, in his boyhood, to drive in his aristocratic aunt's carriage and sit at the same board with noblemen and ladies of high degree, and subsequently to an open air life and the sports and society of English country gentlemen, as well as to continental travel and Parisian life at intervals, to both of

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which he had been habituated prior to the loss of a great lawsuit by his father and a monomaniac uncle, who fondly believed law was justice, there can be no greater misery, no worse hell upon earth, than the eternal confinement and drudgery of a London office and its vulgar, banal associations, surroundings and humiliations. And poor Mr. Blank had to endure all these—a veritable *inferno*. Small wonder that he gradually pined away and became a shadow of his former self. The skilful, merry cricketer, who had so often distinguished himself with bat and ball in the best county club matches in South Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire—the county of Robin Hood and Little John—against some of the very best professional and amateur players in England, to the plaudits of the crowd, and made the welkin ring with his exploits on the green sward, and had been carried off in triumph from the wickets; the good shot who had so often surprised the gamekeepers by his prowess with the gun, now alas! sunk into a wretched office hack, the miserable hireling or slave of a low French Jew, seated on his office stool of repentance, cribbed, cabined and confined in a gloomy den like the Black Hole of Calcutta, without daylight or air, day after day, week after week, month after month and year after year, with ceaseless, dreary recurrence. 'Twas enough to make the angels weep! The dull, monotonous, automatic life of "Horrible London," illumined by no transient ray of sunshine; its fogs and gloom; its oppressive atmosphere, redolent of fraud and hypocrisy, and in which generous natures find it difficult even to breathe; its coarse cookery; its vulgar, self assertive, prejudiced Cockneydom; the forced association with snobbish, ignorant and impudent clerks and ignoble, insolent city men—all cads of the first water—weighed him down with a weight of woe, as if he carried Atlaslike, a sempiternal burden on his head on an empty stomach. He underwent, in short, the tortures of a Sisyphus and a Tantalus *à la fois*. How he longed for the green fields again and to once more handle the willow

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and send the red leather ball skimming merrily along the level green sward of the cricket ground as in happy days gone bye! Only hope, that springs eternal in the human breast, kept him alive and deterred him from suicide.

There were not very many like him in the city of London. But of these few it may be said, that heroism, mute, patient endurance like theirs is not to be found either in the story of Leonidas, or the annals of Christian martyrology. The sufferings of many of the Cuban *reconcentrados* sink into utter insignificance, in comparison with the mental and physical tortures simultaneously endured for years by the unfortunate Mr. Blank.

There were, however, two other clerks equally, if not more interesting from other points of view, and especially from a psychological standpoint, than the unfortunate Blank, though they were infinitely less to be pitied than His Blankship. For as soon as Lefevre's business began to expand, after the issue or emission of the second great bogus Honduras Inter-oceanic Railroad Loan in London for $12,500,000, in 1870, by the Jewish house of Bischoffsheim & Goldschmidt, for the simple but excellent reason that the subscriptions to this impudent swindle were remitted by the dupes—to wit the ever gullible British bondholders—in checks and drafts payable to Lefevre, with eager requests to be allotted larger amounts of stock, and forthwith paid by this worthy Israelite into his own *private* account at the London & County Bank in Lombard street, close to his office, he deemed it advisable to increase his clerical staff, so as to duly impress and impose upon the public. In fact, he had already, prior to the successful culmination of this barefaced fraud, engaged the services of a loutish youth named Dennie, at the munificent salary of $5 a week, whose arduous duties mainly consisted in running errands when off his office stool of repentance, and diligently sucking his thumbs when on it.

Dennie was a freak. The son of a poverty stricken sea captain, he had received only a most rudimentary educa-

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tion and could not even write a decent hand; his caligraphy being as defective as his eyesight. He was a curiosity—a veritable *lusus naturae.* Very short sighted, with heavy, sleepy, half closed grey eyes, with an indefinable expression; an awkward, shambling gait like that of a circus clown; enormous splay feet, with toes turned in, which produced on the awestruck beholder the impression that he suffered from elephantiasis, he seemed a veritable chump or donkey. But appearances are often deceptive; for under this mask of stupidity were concealed the most wonderful perspicacity and shrewdness—a knowledge of the world and of mankind not possessed by one man in a thousand, and far beyond his years. His buffoon gesture and silly grin disguised an intuitive perception of character; a sound judgment coupled with rare common sense, and an almost preternatural worldly wisdom or second sight in one of his age; for he was still in his teens. It seemed as if nature, to compensate him for his physical defects, had bestowed upon him an extraordinarily precocious perspicacity, in the same way as she often confers beauty of form and figure, full bust and shapely limbs on homely or ugly women, to indemnify them for their lack of facial charm. Poor Mr. Blank was a mere baby to him.

Almost at a glance Dennie had summed up his employer as a mean rogue and a despicable scoundrel; whereas poor Blank still laboured under the fond delusion that he was, perhaps, after all not so bad as he had seemed, and that now, when fortune had turned in his favor, Lefevre would not be unmindful of his past laborious services and the promises which he had so repeatedly made to increase his beggarly secretarial salary. So, shortly after Mr. Dennie's inauguration, he meekly ventured to ask for a slight rise. His request after some haggling, was at last granted, but in so brutal and offensive a manner that the unfortunate Blank thought he would almost rather give up his post than remain any

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longer in Lefevre's employ. For Lefevre was a study for a psychologist: he had millions, yet grudged his hard-worked *employé* an increase of only $250 a year on his wretched salary. To pay his faithful secretary $20 a month more was like tearing out his bowels. Such is the Jew from time immemorial! He has no bowels of compassion to tear out! He belongs to an accursed race!

"Take a hundred pounds and go," said Lefevre to his wretched *employé.*

As he legally owed Blank that amount, this liberal offer was tantamount to a present of nothing at all after six years of slavery; and as the Jew re-entered his private office and banged the door behind him, Blank could not refrain from giving vent to his indignation to Dennie.

But that astute young man, who had all the instincts of a Fouché and a Talleyrand—fox, wolf and weasel combined—who only got five dollars a week, but was content to bide his time, feeling sure that his turn would come and that he would eventually get even with his mean and contemptible employer by some means or other; for do not the French say, "everything comes to him who knows how to wait," consoled him:

"Oh!" said he, "never mind! Now that you have got the solid advantage, never mind anything said to you by any one so thoroughly contemptible as Lefevre!"

And Blank took his advice *pro tem,* but with a feeling of resentment, indignation, and smothered hatred in his heart that was destined ultimately to cost the Jew of Chamant very dear. It would have been better for both him and his *employé,* had Blank not followed Dennie's philosophically worldly wise advice.

The third person of the clerical trinity at Lefevre's new office was an extraordinary and wonderful personage named Mori, who entered as a *novus homo* on his new duties as accountant and secretary, thus supplanting Blank in the latter capacity, on the *"ôte-toi de là que je m'y mette"* principle, at a salary of £300 or $1,500 a year, *i. e.*

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three times the amount Blank had previously been paid during four long years of durance vile, and twice that which he had just obtained with such difficulty. The gross injustice of the procedure never seemed to have occurred to Lefevre.

The son of an Italian father and a Belgian mother, his Jewish parents had for some time been separated or divorced—which, to all intents and purposes, is pretty much the same thing in Europe as in America. He was a Jew, and therefore, as such, a *persona grata* at once to Lefevre who immediately gave him double the salary of the unfortunate Blank, simply because he was capable of any dirty or dishonourable work that Blank, as a gentleman born and bred, who, in his boyhood, had sat at the same board with noblemen, at the seat of an aunt, whose husband entertained Dukes, would never have stooped to. Such is life and such are the wonderful vicissitudes of families! But had Lefevre only entertained the glimmer of a suspicion that Mori was cognizant of the "Maua" affair at Montevideo, related in our previous chapters, it goes without saying that he would never have engaged his services. However, "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," and this was the case with Lefevre in the present instance.

His name involuntarily recalled the *"vedere Napoli e mori"* of the Italians, but not in the sense of the admiration felt for the beauty of the scenery of the immortal Bay of Naples. On the contrary, he had the air and appearance—the *tout ensemble* or make up—of a homely, or plain, little dancing master, with a most villainous and repellant. physiognomy. He was as thoroughly base and mean, and as incapable of a good or generous action as his ignoble employer, and his face alone, the true index to his character, inspired an instinctive and invincible repugnance. But his stand up collars, of immaculate whiteness, were irreproachable—the *ne plus ultra* of respectability—and collars go a long way in London. He wrote and

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spoke indifferent French, but he was useful to Lefevre. He served his purpose for the time, and that was all that was necessary. As *Gil Blas's* Uncle truly told him, *"los ricos solo estiman á los que les sean utiles para sus fines,"* —"the rich only esteem those who are useful to them for the accomplishment of their objects." Besides, it was a case of "like master like man," or of "Master's Yorkshire too."

The perspicacious Dennie saw through him at once, after only a few days' acquaintance.

"I don't think much of Mori," he observed to Blank one day when the new comer was absent from the office. "I think him a very shallow, ordinary fellow in every way. But he can blow his own trumpet and put himself forward well enough. He knows how to play his game and make the most of himself anyway."

And so he unquestionably did! Dennie's judgment was seldom at fault.

Now in the above musical accomplishment of blowing his own trumpet, Blank was singularly and lamentably deficient. Mori, on the other hand, it is only fair to him to admit, had mastered that most useful accomplishment; and, moreover, he possessed another—not a very unusual one for an Italian Jew—he was a good pianist, though his general methods and *modus operandi* were *piano* or *pianissimo.* In the slow game of *guioco piano* he was very proficient. But, as already stated, Lefevre, although estimating him at his true value as a thorough rogue and brother Jew scoundrel and therefore likely to be of service to him, would hardly have been so abnormally and phenomenally generous in giving him a salary of $1,500 a year, had he only entertained the faintest shadow of a suspicion that Mori was cognizant of all the circumstances of his little affair at Montevideo with the bank of Baron Maua & Co., of which the simple, honest Blank and the astute Dennie were both as yet in the most complete and blissful ignorance. But Dennie, somehow or other,

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by judicious pumping *à la job Trotter,* or secret inquiries, managed ultimately to unravel the mystery of Lefevre's antecedents, which the simple-minded, unsuspecting Blank did not find out for many years afterwards, long after he had left Lefevre's employment in disgust, and then only by the merest accident, or rather by a most extraordinary series, or concatenation, of accidents. This will explain how Mori, being a Jew, was able eventually to extort $30,000 as hush money from Lefevre; while Dennie, being a Christian, had to be satisfied with only $20,000, which by subsequent judicious investments in Honduras mahogany, led to his becoming one of the leading and most highly respected lumber merchants in the City of London, and the senior partner in a well known lumber firm of the city. Talleyrand said that for a man to be a successful diplomatist it was necessary that he should be a good liar. In Dennie's case the same qualification was requisite to become a successful lumber dealer. Blank of course never got a red cent: he was too honest and too big a fool, who could neither tell lies on a system for a consideration nor hold his tongue.

This famous Honduras Inter-oceanic Railroad Loan was ostensibly issued by the well known and highly esteemed banking house of Bischoffsheim & Goldschmidt, whose office was located in Founders Court, Lothbury, in the very heart of that vast dismal quarter of London called "The City," where rascally company promoters and Bucketshop owners fatten on the credulity and ignorance of the public, and where, as a logical and inevitable sequence of their unpunished rogueries, honest people are ruined and starve, or are driven to the workhouse—the final goal of their lamentable odyssey. There is no difference between the "city" standard of ethics and that of Chicago—"the abode or resting place of the skunk," as Chicago, which is an old Indian word, signifies. Every one knows the unsavory odor emitted by that stinking little animal; and the very name of "the city of hogs" should stink in every

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honest man's nostrils. The name of this wealthy Jewish firm figured conspicuously on the flaming and seductive Prospectuses of the Loan, which Vice-Chancellor Malins, in his judgment or decree in the celebrated test case of "Godsell *versus* Bischoffsheim & Goldschmidt," declared to be fraudulent. By the same just Decree, the Vice-Chancellor ordered the restitution to Godsell of all the monies of which he had been defrauded by Bischoffsheim, Lefevre & Co.

Seeing themseves irretrievably lost by this just and equitable decision, as they would have had all the other bondholders immediately down on them for the restitution also of their monies, and would have thus had to disgorge the whole of their plunder, had it been enforced, Bischoffsheim & Goldschmidt then, as a last resource *in extremis,* appealed to the Lords from the decision of the Vice-Chancellor; and the Lords promptly reversed it, thus permitting these Jews to retain the whole of their booty, and coolly allowing hundreds of persons and scores of families to be utterly ruined. The only consolation—*su dulce consuelo,* as a Spaniard would put it—offered to the unfortunate Godsell—was that of his having to pay all the heavy costs of the lawsuit in addition to the loss of his money. This is an excellent illustration of the beautiful simplicity of English law, on the "heads I win, tails you lose," system, or three card trick, by which Hebrew bankers become millionaires in a twink, and Christian bondholders are ruined and reduced to beggary in an equally brief space of time. It is scarcely necessary to add that whenever a poor man appeals to the noble Lords *in formâ pauperis,* which is merely a pleasant legal fiction, against any Decree of any Vice-Chancellor or other Court, the said Decree is rigorously upheld in lieu of being reversed. Such is English law and such is English justice.

This extreme unction, so to speak, in English, and also in French so-called Courts of Justice (?) of the Jewish

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wretches, who systematically rob investors with impunity, deserves exposure.

Lefevre's name, of course, did not appear on these fraudulent Prospectuses, on account of his shameful antecedents, of which Bischoffsheim & Co. were fully cognizant; but by the advertisements in the newspapers, the gullible subscribers to the Loan were notified to send their subscriptions to Lefevre, who acted as a "go between" or "middle man," in order to shift the responsibility of Bischoffsheim & Co. upon him to a great extent, and who as has already been explained, religiously paid them into his own private account at the London & County Bank, and forthwith purchased the most costly paintings by Jerôme and other great masters, the most celebrated race horses, etc., and proceeded to faithfully squander the monies of the confiding bondholders in every imaginable extravagance and every conceivable orgie. He gave $60,000 for a single racehorse, besides owning "Mortimer," "Reine," "Rosicrucian" and a number of other famous thoroughbreds. Jerôme's famous picture of "the Moorish girl at the Well" adorned the walls of his *sanctum sanctorum* or "Holiest of Holies" at 83 Lombard street, to which none but the faithful, who were in the swim, were usually admitted.

A queer set were the callers at Lefevre's office; broken down Frenchmen of every description, Jew ex-bankers, stock brokers, concession hunters and adventurers of every type. Amongst these figured conspicuously an elderly, shabbily dressed Israelite, in whom there was certainly no guile, inasmuch as he had formerly been a wealthy banker in Paris, employing forty clerks in his office, but now occupied a wretched lodging in Wellington street in the Strand. His name was Goudchaux, and he was a brother of the French Minister of Finance of that name at the end of the reign of Louis Philippe. He, of course, was cognizant of Lefevre's antecedents; but that did not prevent him from endeavouring to do "beeshness

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with him; both being members of the *Alliance Israélite,* which shows the solidarity and cohesion of the Israelitish League all over the world. But although he was a Jew, and had been formerly rich, he was now poor; and this fact constituting an unpardonable crime in the eyes of Lefevre, as it does also in those of most Gentiles, he got the cold shoulder. Another Jew, named Mosselman, on the contrary, was cordially received, simply because he had what Lefevre called *de bonnes relations* in Paris, and kept a mistress styled the Countess Nathalie, who had about as much right to her title as the noble Marchioness de Sourdis, of whom more anon.

A mushroom Count of the Second Empire named Simencourt; a Jew concession hunter named Desmond; an elderly Bonapartist named Barillon, whose loud voice, purple visage and blue frock coat tended to inspire confidence; a poor English Civil Engineer named Mauduit; a well-to-do Scotch one named McCandlish, and a curious old Frenchman of a sanguine type named Besset, formed Lefevre's early *entourage* and were his constant visitors, as birds of a feather ever flock together.

Desmond had been concession hunting in Russia; but, like the avenging angel of Voltaire, he had been unfortunate in his campaigns and had had all his trouble for nothing. He used to bitterly bemoan his hard luck.

"I only run about and spend money," said he—a truly lamentable occupation for a Hebrew, who usually spends other people's money, not his own.

It was at Lefevre's office or Bucket shop in short, that the oracle was worked; that the arrangements for "rigging the market" and bulling the worthless Honduras stock were made, and that all the details of this great philanthropic undertaking, destined, in the words of Gutierrez, to confer such inestimable benefits on humanity and the world at large, were discussed and the schemes of plunder concocted. The hunchback Jew, Bischoffsheim, wisely kept in the back ground, never once putting in an

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appearance at Lefevre's Bucket shop. Behind the scenes, in his den in grimy Lothbury, he knew well enough what was going on, being hourly informed by his associate, Lefevre, of the satisfactory progress he was making as contractor for the loan and of the amount of plunder to be divided between them, by the medium of Dennie, and a certain obscure and ignorant personage named Evans, formerly known in the city by the sobriquet of "Reeforth's runner," who hailed from the pre-eminently unaristocratic purlieus of Victoria Park, in the low, plebeian quarter of the East end of London, the scene of so many of the tragedies and comedies of Dickens's novels.

Evans was a little, low-bred, vulgar snob, utterly devoid of gentlemanlike feeling or instincts, who had probably never been in a gentleman's drawing room in his life; but he was useful to Lefevre and Bischoffsheim; and, as he thoroughly understood the business and the morals of the city and of the London Stock Exchange, he soon amassed a fortune, and, in servile imitation of his employer, became the owner of a few second rate race horses.

The different actors in the Honduras drama to be seen daily in Lefevre's swell Bucket shop at the time of which we write, represented the supreme froth of corruption and everything rascally, mean and ignoble. All the base temptations of brutal appetites; all the knaveries imaginable; all the rogueries and treacheries playing on simplicity, credulity and stupidity,—were bared in broad daylight to the observant eyes of Dennie and Mori; while poor Blank looked on in unfeigned amazement, innocently thinking all was square and above board and that Lefevre's enormous profits were derived from successful speculations on the Stock Exchange and legitimate business profits from his commissions on the Loan, according to the contracts. *O Stultitia!*

Amongst the *dramatis personae* of the Honduras swindle, several other interesting personages deserve a more than passing notice. Foremost amongst these were the

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two worthy Trustees of the Loan, Messrs. Davids and Barnes, who were naively supposed by the confiding bondholders to look after their interests with an ever watchful eye, and to see that every penny of their subscriptions was righteously and rightfully applied to the construction of the grand Honduras Inter-oceanic Railroad across the narrow Central American Isthmus, destined to unite the Atlantic and Pacific oceans and confer such inestimable and priceless blessings on humanity and the commerce of the whole world, and especially and above all on those exceptionally lucky Honduras bondholders, who had been fortunate enough to secure a large amount of Honduras scrip or stock.

These gentlemen, however, sad to relate, were merely the creatures, tools or puppets of the conspirators—their docile slaves, obedient to their every behest, dependent on them for their very bread, and ever ready to obey the orders of their tyrannical masters, just as an organ grinder's monkey doffs his cap to the public and to his master, and faithfully hands to the latter the cents he picks up on the sidewalk.

Mr. Leonard Davids was a horrible little Jew. He wore his greasy, black hair in ringlets, in gypsy fashion; a black suit of clothes in the morning, according to city custom, and a large diamond stud in his shirt front of dubious whiteness, in conformity with Hebrew tradition from time immemorial. His eyebrows were black; his skin and complexion were sallow, and usually his unhealthy looking face was dirty and begrimed with the black smuts of smoky London. He was Henry Louis Bischoffsheim's confidential clerk—a true and faithful servant of his hump backed employer. He used to slink in noiselessly with the peculiar, sneaking pantherlike tread of the Jew, stooping slightly, with a smile of *Banquo,* and quietly take his seat at a large round table near the three windows looking over Lombard and King William streets, in the clerks' office where these interestingly farcical Trustees' meet-

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ings were held, opposite his worthy colleague, Mr. Laurence Lord Barnes. He was the very incarnation of Jewdom, and in manner, dress and appearance the exact antithesis of the English gentleman, as well as of his colleague.

A more striking contrast than that which existed between the two Trustees could not be well imagined. Mr. Laurence Lord Barnes, Mr. Charles Waring's confidential clerk, was a typical John Bull. There was nothing lordly, however, about him, as his second name would indicate. Rather under the middle height, to be quite correct in our description, of ruddy complexion and rosy cheeks, and somewhat portly in person, he was the very antithesis of his semitic colleague and co-Trustee.

His countenance, like that of the vast majority of his countrymen of his social position, was cold, unsympathetic and impassible. Of facial expression a Hereford bull or a tabby tom cat had a more extensive supply. He always stood hat in hand, like an organ grinder's monkey, in an attitude of the most deferential respect before the ex-convict Jew, Lefevre and his own honorable employer, Lefevre's boon companion and bosom friend alike on the race track as in the city, Mr. Charles Waring, the worthy contractor for the impossible Honduras Inter-oceanic Railroad, whose faithful servitor and henchman he had been for many years. He was always dressed in clerkly black attire, and his shirt front was always spotlessly clean and unadorned by diamond studs. Such were these two modern Knights of the Round Table.

Mori used to assist at these instructively interesting meetings, in the capacity of secretary to the two Trustees, who were both about as much accustomed to the luxury of a secretary as a Hindoo is to the use of skates. For his services in this capacity, he received an additional salary out of the funds of the loan, over and above his $1,500 a year from Lefevre, and he made bogus entries in his books, and notes and memoranda of the minutes and the

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division of the spoils, or *spolia opima,* in the said books, which he kept, but which subsequently were religiously destroyed, in order to prevent either the public, or the bondholders or the Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry of the House of Commons into the management of Foreign Loans, from ever knowing how the plunder—the aforesaid *spolia opima*—of the swindle was divided amongst the gang. This was a wise precautionary measure. Needless to add that the two Trustees received large salaries for the conscientious discharge of their sinecure duties.

"Well, Charles! How much plunder?" said Lefevre joyfully to the worthy contractor of the impossible Railroad, Mr. Charles Waring, who suddenly entered the clerks' office one day just as the two honest Trustees were about to commence their arduous duties with the due gravity befitting the solemnity of the occasion.

Mr. Charles Waring, the tall contractor and Ex-member of Parliament, who was unfortunately unseated for the borough of Poole for bribery, did not seem to relish this point-blank and brutally frank question *coram publico,* so to speak; so he prudently evaded answering it, by hurriedly passing into Lefevre's *sanctum sanctorum* or "Holiest of Holies"—a safe and sure sanctuary—carefully closing the door behind him so as to prevent any profane listener from overhearing a syllable of his conversation with Lefevre, who hastily followed him on the *"Heu procul, heu procul este profani"* system of the Delphic oracle. Some time afterwards, when the amount of plunder to be divided between them had been satisfactorily settled by these two worthies—the contractor for the fully subscribed loan and the contractor for the impossible railroad—the latter made his exit by Lefevre's side door, through which Lefevre used to show the ballet girls and actresses who visited him in his "Holiest of Holies."

There was indeed a vast amount of plunder to be divided amongst the chief members of the gang; for such

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was the eagerness of the ever gullible public to lose their money by purchasing the rotten Honduras stock, that the bonds actually could not be printed fast enough to meet the demand for these inestimable securities, and many applicants, greatly to their disappointment but much to their benefit, had to be satisfied with much smaller allotments of stock than they had applied for. This of course only increased the frantic demand for Honduras bonds, and His Excellency Don Carlos Gutierrez was kept busily at work signing his name on the worthless securities. The madness of the days of the great South Sea Bubble was renewed: many persons of means sold their property—their good houses and land—to raise money to make such a far more profitable investment of it in Honduras bonds, issued at 80, by the famous and honorable house of Bischoffsheim & Goldschmidt, guaranteed by the enormous customs revenues of the poverty stricken, bankrupt and transient government of the petty transatlantic Republic of Honduras, and bearing 10 per cent. interest. Where could they find a better investment? Echo answered "where?" But Voltaire says, "there are no limits to human folly;" and dearly indeed did these fanatic fools pay for theirs! But there is no rule without an exception.

One fine afternoon when Lefevre was alone in his "Holiest of Holies," the door of which was, as usual, religiously closed, a well dressed correct gentleman with *ne plus ultra* collars, whose spotless whiteness seemed to be an almost infallible guarantee of their wearer's integrity and uprightness, entered the clerks' office and asked to see Mr. Lefevre. His tone and manner were imperious and peremptory.

Dennie at first told him, according to his instructions with all strangers, that Mr. Lefevre was engaged; but this lame tale would not wash with the well dressed, correct gentleman, who was evidently too thorough a man of business to be put off in this unsatisfactory manner on the well

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known system usually adopted with canvassers, pedlars, bores or impecunious persons, of whom Lefevre had a virtuous horror that could only be compared to the devil's well known dislike for holy water.

"I complain," said this strange visitor, with well assumed, mock indignation, "of not being allotted the amount of Honduras stock I applied for. Why this invidious discrimination in my case? I *insist* on seeing Mr. Lefevre, and shall wait till it is convenient for him to see me."

The word—"insist"—was significantly emphasized, and in so unmistakable a tone that Dennie deemed best to comply; so, as the stranger, uninvited, coolly seated himself on one of the comfortable morocco leather cushioned chairs, and rested his profane elbow nonchalantly on the sacred table of the virtuous Trustees near the windows, unmindful of the sacrilege, and apparently absorbed in pensive thought, without paying the least attention to anything or anybody, Dennie timidly knocked at the door of Lefevre's private office.

"Come in," roared the Jew of Chamant in his usual brutally coarse tone of voice.

"Please, Sir," said the obsequious Dennie, who marvelously resembled the late *Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant* in his "booing" capacity, "a gentleman wants to see you immediately on business, and insists on seeing you. He says he must wait till it is convenient for you to see him."

"Vat he vant?" petulantly queried Lefevre.

"Oh! He complains of not having had enough stock allotted him, and says he *must* see you.

Lefevre at once smelt a rat, so hurriedly came out into the clerks' office, arrayed in all the splendour of a light yellow alpaca coat, which he wore during the hot weather; for it was summer.

"Vat you vant, Sir?" queried Lefevre of the stranger.

"Oh!" coolly replied the latter: "I complain of only a

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very small amount of stock having been allotted to me, when I applied for a much larger amount."

"Vell! Zere are many ozare people like you, I suppose," irascibly replied Lefevre.

"O dear no, Mr. Lefevre! Not nearly so many as you imagine! I applied for over a dozen bonds, and have only been allotted six. This is not fair! It is unjust, and I complain of this invidious discrimination."

Lefevre at once perceived that he had to deal with a dangerous blackmailer, cognizant of his criminal antecedents; and as Mori, Dennie and Blank, literally petrified with amazement on their office stools of repentance, listened to this extraordinary dialogue in mute astonishment, Lefevre roared out to Mori, who used to write out the checks for Lefevre's signature from Lefevre's check book, of which Mori had the custody:—

"Write im out a check for vun hundred pounds!" and re-entered his private office, banging the door behind him brutally with a loud crash enough to wake the dead, as was his wont whether in angry or jovial mood. On this unique occasion he banged it louder than ever. Before, however, he had time to do this, the stranger said to him in a sarcastic tone of voice, loud enough to be heard by the trio of listening clerks, and with a sardonic smile on his cunning face:

"Oh! you are a gentleman!"

The whole interview had lasted barely a minute, during which brief lapse of time the clever, correct gentleman with the irreproachable stand up or "hold up" collars, netted a hundred pounds or five hundred dollars; and the three witnesses to this extraordinary business transaction mentally reflected that they had never yet seen and doubtless never would again see in their lives, even if they lived to be a hundred, a hundred pounds or five hundred dollars made with such lightning rapidity. Mr. Blank, like the willing cab horse, formerly a race horse, that is driven to death, had toiled and moiled patiently for four long dreary

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years for a meager salary of one hundred pounds, or five hundred dollars, a year, or rather of two pounds, or ten dollars a week, which his formerly impecunious employer, who had previously sent him on one ever memorable occasion to cash a check for only eleven shillings, or less than three dollars at the London & County Bank, had often been unable to pay him regularly, but now at one bound, was able to give a total stranger, who had no claim on him, a sum equal to Blank's whole year's hard earned salary in less than a minute; while Dennie was only receiving half that sum per annum for his services as errand boy and messenger general, and even the Jew, Mori, was only getting three times this amount in twelve months.

Mori wrote out the check for five hundred dollars (£100), which represented exactly one-third of his own salary, made it "payable to bearer," took it in to Lefevre for Lefevre's signature, and when Lefevre had angrily signed it, silently handed it to the mysterious stranger, whom he mentally consigned to perdition, with an unutterably mournful expression and a look of blank despair on his villainous countenance, as much as to say to himself: "I thought nobody but myself knew about the Maua affair at Montevideo." The stranger, hastily pocketing the check, merely said:

"Mr. Lefevre is a gentleman," and with a smile at once made his exit in the same cool and unconcerned way as he had made his unexpected and unwelcome appearance, although fully conscious of never having told a bigger lie in his life than when he declared Lefevre to be a gentleman.

Here was food for reflection with a vengeance! Mori's sinister face wore a most lugubrious, dismal expression. He, of course, (for hath not a Jew eyes?) knew the whole business to be simply a blackmailing transaction, founded on the stranger's intimate acquaintance with Lefevre's judicial and criminal antecedents, of which he himself was fully cognizant, or, at any rate, cognizant of the fraud on

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Maua's bank at Montevideo. He wriggled and writhed uneasily like a venomous snake on his office stool; for he feared further inroads of impudent blackmailers; but he wisely held his tongue and said nothing.

The precociously astute and foxy Dennie scratched his head repeatedly, as if he had a flea in his ear, but, like the parrot that "said nothing but thought a lot," he also was silent.

The simple minded Blank alone expressed his astonishment, in which his more perspicacious colleagues tacitly acquiesced, Mori merely ejaculating:

"Well! I never!"

Not long after the foregoing interesting episode, Lefevre, as a mark of special favor and encouragement, sent the unhappy Blank to pay in to his (Lefevre's) credit at the London & County Bank to Lefevre's *private* account a check for no less than £96,000 or $480,000. (!)

There were certain contracts relating to the Loan prior to its emission and also some supplementary contracts subsequently thereto, relating to the division of the plunder or swag between Lefevre, Bischoffsheim and the other members of the gang, which it was absolutely necessary for His Excellency, Señor Don Carlos Gutierrez, in his official capacity as Minister Plenipotentiary of the Honduras Government in London, to sign; but as this disinterested, pious man resembled some of the magnates of the Trusts in this country to a certain limited extent, in so far that he was not solely actuated by purely philanthropic motives, it was necessary to grease his paw well, or, as the French put it in their picturesque Parisian slang, *"lui graisser la patte."* His Excellency's name, of course, did not figure in these contracts as far as the payment of any sums of money to himself was concerned, inasmuch as he was supposed to be a pure and immaculate diplomatist with a soul wholly devoted to his beloved country and its interests, and entirely above all sordid, pecuniary considerations. At the Lord Mayor's banquet at the Mansion

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House, where as Senior member, or *doyen,* of the *corps diplomatique,* he responded in excellent English to the toast, "The health of the members of the diplomatic body," proposed by the Lord Mayor of London, he made an eloquent post-prandial speech carefully and elaborately prepared for the occasion, in which he patriotically, poetically and pathetically referred to "the sunny, verdant plains of his dear native land"—a phrase that greatly impressed his ever verdant auditors with a due sense of his fervid eloquence and patriotism, and his long speech on this auspicious occasion was fully reported in the *Times* and all the other leading London newspapers. If Honduras was dear to His Excellency, it was destined to prove much dearer to the Honduras bondholders.

He was above any vulgar, mercenary interests: he could not openly participate in what Lefevre so frankly but truthfully called "the division of the plunder." But His Jesuitical Excellency got there all the same, inasmuch as with an obduracy and determination worthy of a better and a holier cause, he obstinately refused to sign these necessary and indispensable contracts without a handsome *bonus* or commission in cash, payable in advance. As it is necessary to pay the priest his fees for indulgences, "Hail Marys," getting one out of purgatory, etc., etc., so it is necessary to indemnify the diplomatist for his honest services. For although so religious a man, Don Carlos Gutierrez was also a thorough man of business, with a keen eye to the main chance, and a devout worshipper of Mammon—as much so in fact as Lefevre or any other Jew who believes that "beeshness is beeshness," although disbelieving in the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception.

So Lefevre had to pay him many thousands of pounds, or scores of thousands of dollars, before his much desired signatures were appended to the aforesaid contracts; and the expression of hopeless misery on Lefevre's face when he received letters from His Jesuitical Excellency, putting forward specious and plausible objections or raising

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unforeseen obstacles to his signing the required contracts or other documents or agreements, was truly painful and heartrending to witness. It was the Grand Inquisitor slowly torturing the Jew with red hot pincers, or rather with the infinitely more dreadful tortures of hope, as described by Voltaire.

Gutierrez was too consummate a diplomatist to compromise himself by writing a syllable that might be interpreted as a demand for money for himself, or a personal share in the plunder or boodle. The objections he raised were based solely on technical, or other plausible or highly moral or religious grounds, such as the improvement of the Cathedral of Comayagua, or the augmentation of the tithes in Honduras for the benefit of the church and the Archbishop of Comayagua; enabling President Medina to make suitable provision for his family, etc., etc.; but his letters were invariably worded with such tact and jesuitical casuistry that Lefevre and Bischoffsheim could easily read between the lines a modest request for a large sum in cash as a necessary and indispensable preliminary to his signature. The Jews were no match for the artful disciple of Loyola, so they had to be soaked; but Lefevre's artifices in order to obtain Gutierrez's signature to some of these wonderful contracts with the least possible expense, were so ingenious as to be worthy of being eternally recorded in the modern "Books of the Chronicles of the Kings of Israel." They also were indeed worthy of a better and a holier cause.

On one notable occasion Lefevre tried to utilize the feminine vanity of Madame Gutierrez, wife of the Honduras Minister, in order to avoid the unpleasant necessity of disgorging a larger amount of plunder than he deemed requisite. He, of course, knew Gutierrez, under his sanctimonious mask and with all his hypocritical, unctuous cant, to be as big a rogue as himself, the openly avowed bandit, and even a more artful one; and he used occasionally to caution his confederates against trusting the wily

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Honduras Minister. Once Mr. Blank overheard him say to one of them in the clerks' office: "If you do go to Don Carlos, you vill go into ze jaws of ze wolf."

With the above laudable object in view, Lefevre conceived the idea that a present of twenty thousand dollars worth of diamonds to Madame Gutierrez, who was a Lancashire witch, albeit a tradesman's daughter, and intoxicated far more by the honor and glory of being presented to the Queen at Her Majesty's drawing rooms as the wife of the Senior member of the *corps diplomatique,* than by the exuberance of her husband's post prandial verbosity at Lord Mayor's banquets, would not be precisely money thrown away. By such a magnificent present he hoped to conciliate the good graces of Madame Gutierrez, relying on the French proverb—*"ce que femme veut, Dieu le veut,"* or "what woman wishes God wishes," and thus influence her to persuade her recalcitrant spouse to sign the much wished for contracts.

The combination was ingenious, and it ultimately succeeded to a certain extent, at any rate, in diminishing considerably Gutierrez's extortionate requirements. So Lefevre purchased $20,000 worth of splendid diamonds—a necklace, bracelets, etc., at one of the first jewelers in Regent street, and exhibited them openly on the sacred green baize covered table of the Trustees in his clerks' office for the admiration of his friends and accomplices and his astonished *employés.* There was assuredly not another office in the city of London where a similar spectacle could have been witnessed.

The diamonds were then carefully placed in their cases in a small box, and the services of the astute Dennie were requisitioned forthwith.

"Now Dennie," said Lefevre to that yokel like youth, "be a good boy! Take a cab and do go to Don Carlos's house at Tufnell Park! I zink he vill be sure to be out at zis time of day; so you vill be able to zee Madame Gutierrez, and be sure you do zee her *privately* and alone, *vous*

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comprenez," he added in a leering tone. I vant you to tell er you ave brought zese diamonds as one present from Mistare Lefevre, and at ze same time express my ope zat Don Carlos vill soon sign vun of ze contracts of ze loan, as furzare delay may be vary serious."

"Yes Sir!" rejoined the obsequious Dennie, who so strikingly resembled *Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant* in believing in "booing," and whose servility was on a par with his shrewdness, "I will do my best."

"Mind now," continued Lefevre, "if Don Carlos should appen to be at ome, you give im zis note," handing Dennie a letter for His Excellency, "but not ze diamonds to Madame. You ondarestand, is it not?"

"Oh yes, Sir! I will only give the box to Madame if her husband is out," replied, with a knowing grin, this artful dodger, who had now got the right scent and was on the trail in real earnest.

"Be off zen at vunce and lose no time," said Lefevre; so Dennie hurried to his desk with the box and its precious contents under his arm, while Lefevre re-entered his private office. Before he left, however, Mori handed him a sheet of note paper, on which was written the following neat, little speech for him to read and learn off by heart, and rehearse like a parrot on his journey to Gutierrez's house:

"Mr. Lefevre has sent me, Madame, to ask you to be good enough to accept a present in this box as a slight token of his sincere esteem and regard for Don Carlos Gutierrez and yourself, as also of his appreciation of the signal services His Excellency has rendered in connection with the great undertaking of the Honduras Inter-oceanic Railway."

The whole scene marvelously resembled that in *Fagin's* school, where lessons were given to *Fagin's* pupils in presence of *Oliver Twist*, represented by Blank.

Dennie then ran down the steep flights of stone steps, elevators being to this day almost unknown in London of-

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fices; hailed a passing hansom cab, and after a long drive of several miles through crowded city thoroughfares and the northern suburbs of London, at last reached the house of the Honduras Minister at Tufnell Park, otherwise pompously styled "The Honduras Legation" by Madame Gutierrez and her husband's *entourage*. On the journey he had learned from memory the foregoing little oration, but took precious good care to tear up and throw away the tell-tale paper on which it was written before reaching his destination.

He rang the bell, and a woman servant answered.

"Is Don Carlos Gutierrez at home?" queried the astute Dennie, obedient to his employer's instructions to the letter.

"No!" answered the domestic—a good looking wench. "He went out about half an hour ago to go to the city."

"Is Madame Gutierrez in?" asked Dennie.

"Yes."

"Will you tell her that a gentleman from Mr. Lefevre's office particularly wishes to see her on a matter of importance? I have come a long drive in a cab from the city."

"Yes, Sir!" replied the housemaid with more deference than she had previously manifested to such a homely, awkward looking lout as her interlocutor seemed to her; for she saw the hansom cab standing at the gateway.

Lefevre had calculated aright, for the excellent reason that he knew that Don Carlos had an appointment at Bischoffsheim's office that very day at that very time. Gutierrez *was* out, and the coast was clear. When cats are away, mice may play!

Meanwhile the housemaid had left Dennie seated on a chair in the hallway; for she did not venture to show him into the library or drawing room until ordered to do so by her mistress—his appearance was too loutish for that—and besides she feared his mud-bespattered boots on his enormous feet might dirty the carpet; so she ran upstairs

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to her mistress to tell her that a young man (Mr. Dennie had styled himself "a gentleman," although he was altogether unknown at the College of Arms), with an important message from Mr. Lefevre, wanted to see her, as His Excellency was unfortunately out, adding that he had come a long drive in a cab from the city. Her advocacy of Dennie's cause was no doubt mainly due to the fact that this astute individual had called her back when half way up the stairs, and surreptitiously slipped half a crown into her hand, with a knowing wink of his small, piglike, grey, leary eye.

As Madame Gutierrez knew Lefevre personally, inasmuch as he had been introduced to her by her husband and had been a good many times to "Warren House," she told the girl to show "the gentleman" into the library and tell him she would see him; for her curiosity was tickled, and when a woman's curiosity is excited, it is usually gratified.

In a few minutes she came downstairs, and entered the library to find Mr. Dennie contemplating with mingled admiration and interest the antique and richly bound tomes in the glass covered book cases of her husband's *bibliothèque*; for Mr. Dennie being very shortsighted and almost as blind as a bat, had completely overlooked the more attractive portraits of His Holiness, Pope Pius and His Eminence Cardinal Antonelli over the mantel-piece opposite—otherwise she would have found him absorbed in wondering admiration of these high ecclesiastical dignitaries. She was by no means an unattractive woman; she had a sweet, musical voice so rare amongst Englishwomen, was dressed in a light and somewhat *décolletée* tea gown, and was still capable of inspiring a passion.

"Good morning," she said.

"Good morning, Madame," replied Dennie. "Mr. Lefevre has sent me to ask you to be good enough to accept a present in this box as a slight token of his sincere esteem and regard for Don Carlos Gutierrez and yourself and his appreciation of the signal services he has rendered

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in connection with the great undertaking of the Honduras Inter-oceanic Railway," pointing to the uncpened box on the library table.

"I am sorry His Excellency is out," she replied, "for I should have preferred his seeing this present before accepting it." Mr. Dennie was of course equally pleased to find His Excellency out.

"But what is it?" she eagerly queried.

"Oh Madame!" promptly answered Dennie, "I can show it you in a minute." Thereupon he deftly cut with his penknife the Gordian knot of stout cord encircling this mysterious box of Pandora, and removed the lid. Then, dexterously opening the threee leather jewel cases, which it contained, he displayed to Madam Gutierrez's astonished but enchanted gaze, a splendid diamond necklace, a beautiful diamond bracelet and two superb diamond *pendants d'oreilles,* or earrings.

Madam Gutierrez was lost in astonishment and admiration. She hesitated for a few moments before replying. This hesitation was fatal; for the woman who hesitates is lost. She at first felt undecided, in her husband's absence, whether she would decline or accept this unexpected, magnificent present. Some excuses might fairly be urged in palliation of her hesitation; for, although she warbled so sweetly "The Maiden's Prayer," and seemed to all outward appearances so happy in the bosom of her family with her young children, her beloved mother and her husband, her life was embittered by one secret pang—a mortification that had long gnawed like a cancer at her breast. Although her husband was the senior member of the diplomatic body at the British Court, and also represented Costa Rica, as well as Honduras, at the Courts of the Tuileries and of Brussels, where he had solemn and impressive State audiences of the Emperor Napoleon III, and of His august Majesty the King of the Belgians, to go through the equally solemn and impressive ceremony of presenting his credentials in all the glory of his gold laced,

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diplomatic uniform, as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of this high and *puissant* Republic, which scarcely ever had any diplomatic business to transact, to those illustrious and virtuous sovereigns; although she frequently attended the Queen's drawing rooms in London, and was invited with her distinguished spouse to so many royal garden parties, banquets and other grand social entertainments, where she mixed in the very highest society of the land, and met not only the wives of the most noble representatives of the British "beerage" and Jewdom, but also the proudest and haughtiest dames of England, who would have scouted the very notion of recognizing any of the other ladies of Tufnell Park and her landlord's wife in particular, she had one burning desire, one great unsatisfied ambition, and a very natural one, too, viz., to cut a better figure at court.

For alas! she had no diamonds worthy of the name, nor in fact any other jewels—whether emeralds, rubies, amethysts, pearls or carbuncles, worth mentioning, and she was only too painfully conscious of the sorry figure she cut alongside of the other Ambassadresses or wives of foreign Ministers, not to mention the bediamonded, bejeweled Duchesses, Marchionesses, Countesses, Viscountesses, Baronesses, Ladies, the wives of Baronets, or Knights, Honorables, daughters of peers, Mesdames and Misses innumerable wearing priceless, glittering gems and family heirlooms in the shape of necklaces, tiarras, bracelets, sunbursts, etc., worn by their ancestresses centuries before, and side by side, too with the many low born and low bred Hebrew Baronesses, Mesdames or Misses covered with diamonds purchased for them with the proceeds of successful swindles or of extortionate and illegal usury in the city or Houndsditch. How she secretly envied them!

Poor Madam Gutierrez! It was useless for her to be the wife of the *doyen of the corps diplomatique,* who so liberally scattered roses on his path; for her's alas! was a path of thorns. She was and felt herself to be literally

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a nobody alongside of the proud British dames and daughters of Israel aforesaid. And to think of the millions so lavishly and so eagerly subscribed by gullible British investors to Honduras loans! To think of the splendid diamonds worn by Madam Bischoffsheim, no doubt mostly paid for by Honduras bondholders! To think of the pearls of price and other jewels worn by these low born Jewesses, whose grandfathers hailed from the *Jüdengasse* at Frankfort or the dirty alleys of Houndsditch and Whitechapel! It was heartrending! Was she forever to be denied this gratification—she, the wife of the senior member of the Diplomatic body at the Court of St. James' who took precedence of all the other foreign Ambassadors and Ministers by virtue of seniority? Perish the base thought!

All these thoughts flashed rapidly through her bewildered brain as she gazed admiringly on the lustrous gems lying on the table before her, as if placed there by some beneficent fairy; so very naturally her feminine caprice and curiosity to experience the novel sensation of wearing them, and the innate vanity and cupidity of a woman of *bourgeois* extraction like herself, sprung from the lower middle class (for curiously enough she resembled in this respect Mrs. Bischoffsheim, the wife of the wealthy German Hebrew banker, who was Lefevre's colleague and partner in the Honduras loan business, and she had inherited all the instincts of *l'épicerie,* or the grocery shop), conquered her temporary irresolution. "Oh frailty, thy name is woman!"

"Oh! How beautiful they are!" she exclaimed, quite oblivious of Dennie's presence or of the fact that that cunning young man was watching her just as a cat watches a mouse. "How kind of Mr. Lefevre to think of making me such a present! I feel sure His Excellency will be pleased."

Mr. Dennie had well founded doubts on this head, but discreetly said nothing.

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Her vanity and cupidity were both gratified *du même coup;* for it was solely owing to her husband's poverty and aversion to expense that she had hitherto cut such a sorry figure at Court. And no wonder! For prior to the issue of Honduras loans, His Excellency Don Carlos Gutierrez, Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary of the mighty Republic of Honduras, despite his Papal decorations, was as poor as a church mouse, or as most other Central American Ministers at European Courts.

"No doubt, Madam, Don Carlos will be pleased as much as yourself," said the artful dodger, adding with emphasis: "Mr. Lefevre hopes to see Don Carlos soon to sign some contracts at his office, and will feel greatly obliged to you if you will remind him about them, as it is very important to avoid delay in the matter."

Madame Gutierrez was lost in ecstatic admiration of the splendid, dazzling brilliants, that flashed, sparkled, gleamed and scintillated their vari-colored rays so bewitchingly in the glad sunshine which penetrated through the library window. Like Eve, she could not resist the temptation of the forbidden fruit; so she soon dismissed Dennie with a message of hearty thanks to Mr. Lefevre for his handsome present, promising at the same time to mention the urgency of the speedy signature of the contracts to her husband on his return from the city.

Dennie thereupon made his clumsy, elephantine bow and his exit; re-entered the cab which had brought him to Warren House, and ordered the cabman to drive back to 83 Lombard street. His mission was fulfilled: he had succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations; and he reckoned, notwithstanding his knowledge of his employer's meanness, on receiving a nice little gratuity from Lefevre on his return to the office. Sad to relate, he reckoned for once without his host.

Madam Gutierrez, flushed with pleasurable excitement, remained long after Dennie's departure in ecstatic con-

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templation of the beauteous gems. She had never worn, and indeed had never even hoped to wear such magnificent diamonds as those now lying on the table before her, as if placed there by a miracle of *Aladdin's* magic lamp or the wand of some beneficent fairy. She could hardly believe her eyes. She put on the necklace and bracelet to admire herself in the mirror in the drawing room over and over again. She could hardly contain herself for joy. She showed them to her old mother, who shared her daughter's delight, and was loud in her expressions of admiration for the lovely diamonds and their kind and generous donor.

"I always thought Mr. Lefevre a nice man," she said.

And so he was! But he strikingly resembled many other nice men, like the pious Emperor Constantine, who beheaded his son and boiled his wife alive; the Borgias, and some of the nice Popes, whose unmentionable doings are recorded on the foulest pages of history.

At length, tired of admiring herself in the looking glass, Madam Gutierrez took the jewels upstairs to her bedroom, and carefully locked them up in one of her strong boxes,—not, however, before the inquisitive servant, who had opened the door to Dennie, had seen them by the customary process of peeping through the keyhole, and had then entered the room on some trifling pretext while the two ladies were admiring them.

"Lor, Mam! What lovely diamonds!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, they are very beautiful, Susan," replied her mistress, none too pleased, however, at the girl's interruption, though she reflected that she or some of the other servants would have been sure to see them sooner or later when she was dressing to go to court. This reflection smoothed her displeasure as Susan added:

"And how beautiful they do suit you, Mam!"

Meanwhile the faithful Dennie, who had so conscientiously and successfully discharged his delicate mission, hurried back to Lombard street to inform his worthy em-

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ployer of his complete success. He could justly say with Cæsar: *Veni, vidi, vici.*" Within a couple of hours he got back to the office or slave pen, to find Lefevre giving certain instructions to Mori and handing a long letter in Spanish, which he had just received from Honduras from an official of the Government, to the unfortunate Blank to translate; there being, of course, no one else on his clerical staff competent for such difficult though unremunerative work.

"Ah! Dennie, my boy," exclaimed Lefevre in his usual tone of mock *bonhomie,* when he was in a fairly good humour with his slaves, "you are soon back. Vat ave you done?" eagerly queried the impatient Jew.

"Oh, Sir! I have been quite successful. Don Carlos was luckily out, and so I saw Madam Gutierrez, who accepted the diamonds. She seemed very pleased, and asked me to thank you so much for them; and she promised to speak to His Excellency at once and urge him to lose no time in signing the contracts you want him to sign."

Lefevre's cunning face beamed with a Machiavellian smile as he heard this welcome intelligence.

"Ah! zat ees vat ve vant! Dennie you are a good boy! Ere ees vun alf sovereign for you for your trouble!" said Lefevre, as he handed the awkward hobbledehoy the smallest gold coin of the realm issued from the British mint; for Lefevre was a true Israelite, who never took the precaution of tying up his dogs with sausage strings to prevent them from running away.

"It is my custom always to pay people well," or "*j'ai l'habitude de toujours bien payer les gens,*" he used to say to folks, who generally believed him to be a very generous man. Although the signature of the contracts meant a profit of millions of dollars for himself, he thought a sum representing only $2.50 of United States money a liberal present to his astute and most useful young Christian clerk. Voltaire, in his "Philosophical Dictionary," tells us "that everything is relative," so that

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after all the present *was* a nobly generous one from a Jew.

Dennie, however, did not seem to view things in that philosophical light, or to be so well pleased with the handsome gratuity as might have been expected. His face wore a contemptuous dissatisfied expression, as Lefevre re-entered his private room, banging the door after him, *more suo,* with a loud crash that startled the luckless Blank, whose nerves were shattered by long years of drudgery, privation and contumely, in his work on a difficult Spanish translation much beyond the power of a London notary, who would have charged Lefevre a heavy fee for his usual duly certified and grossly incorrect translation, but for which, it need hardly be added, Blank never even in his dreams expected to receive a cent in the shape of gratuity. He knew his employer far too well for that. Poor Blank was indeed the willing horse driven to death!

Dennie, however, wisely held his tongue, deeming discretion the better part of valor; for Mori was there, and although he deemed it politic to keep on outwardly good terms with that Mephistophelian Hebrew gentleman, whom he really detested in his heart, he secretly mistrusted him as an Israelite in whom there was a good deal of guile; so quietly pocketing the half sovereign, he said nothing and sagely kept his own counsel.

The affair of the diamond necklace, however, was far from being as satisfactory to His Excellency Don Carlos Gutierrez as it had been to the fair partner of his joys and sorrows and his adored mother in law, and to the wily Jew of Chamant.

On his return late in the afternoon from the city, Madam Gutierrez and her mother informed him of what had occurred during his absence, and his surprise and vexation were great.

"*Ah querída mia!*" he exclaimed in Spanish: "How unfortunate! How unlucky! How *could* you accept this present from that cunning French Jew? Do you not see

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that the interests of my worthy President, Don José Maria Medina, and of my beloved country may be seriously compromised by your acceptance of such a valuable gift from the unscrupulous man who handles and controls in a great measure the funds of the loan, and that it also places me to a certain extent in his power? As your husband, I shall now be virtually compelled to make certain concessions in his favor in the contracts, which it was my firm intention to have resisted to the last extremity. Do you not remember how that worthy and excellent man—the dear, departed Don Leon Alvarado, whose soul was white, although his body was black, in his official capacity as Special Commissioner of the Honduras Government, refused to sign the previous contracts relating to the loans until Mr. Lefevre had consented to his just requirements? *Ojála Dios!* Would to God I had only been at home to prevent your acceptance of this Greek gift! I suspect collusion between Lefevre and Bischoffsheim, because I had an appointment at Bischoffsheim's office to-day at the very time when Lefevre sent you the diamonds, so as to take advantage of my absence. And I foresee another danger looming ahead. This clerk, Dennie, whom I suspect, under his loutish exterior, to be a cunning fellow—otherwise Lefevre would hardly have entrusted him with the diamonds—is cognizant of all the facts, and sooner or later will be sure to divulge them to some one or other, unless paid to keep silent, and I foresee trouble in this way."

As it so happened, the Jesuit's forecast proved correct in the main; or, as fate would have it, the trouble and disgrace attached to the subsequent revelation of the compromising and scandalous transaction, emanated, not from the astute and Machiavellian Dennie, who was afterwards paid twenty thousand dollars, or a sum exactly equivalent to the cost of the diamonds, to bribe him to secrecy on this and other matters and also to falsehood, and to publicly deny in a letter to a leading London newspaper that

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he had ever taken the diamonds to Madame Gutierrez, but from the simple minded but rather vindictive Blank, who, disgusted at having always drawn a blank number in the lottery of life and especially in Lefevre's office, let the cat out of the bag a few years later to the horror and consternation of Lefevre and the Gutierrez family. Lefevre resembled the cruel, brutal costermonger, who starved, goaded and beat his poor donkey nearly to death, and Blank the unfortunate quadruped that availed itself of a favorable opportunity, by one well directed kick, to dash its merciless master's brains out.

With all his millions, Lefevre was a fool; for had he only treated the unhappy Blank with less brutality and abominable injustice, in withholding, with incredible meanness and stupidity, the payment of a miserable sum of only $250 legally due to him for extra night work out of office hours and on Sundays, in making translations and copies of contracts and documents, the affair of the diamond necklace would in all probability have fallen into an oblivion as eternal as the memory of the Cardinal de Rohan and the other actors in the affair of the historical diamond necklace of the *Palais Royal.* Mr. Blank was also a fool; but fools ever rush in where angels fear to tread, and some fools are dangerous and capable of doing terrible mischief. Now Mr. Blank belonged to this category of fools; while Lefevre could be classed in the category of infatuated fools, who imagine that their suddenly acquired wealth is an infallible guarantee against exposure, as well as of acquittal by the Law Courts and entire immunity from punishment for their colossal embezzlements. Happily for society this is not always the case!

Another curious and remarkable fact to be noted in the course of the present story was that Lefevre always proceeded on true Gallic lines. He—the ex-convict and *repris de justice,* who had so often taken French leave, always signed his name to his letters *à la Française,* simply "Lefevre," *without his initials,* in the same way as an English

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peer of the realm, just as he invariably "took French leave" when circumstances rendered it imperative for him to do so. He also made donations or presents with the unfortunate Honduras bondholders' money, in French sham seigneurial style of "a hundred thousand francs," *i. e.* twenty thousand dollars, or four thousand pounds sterling, English money. "*Cent mille francs*" sounds so grandiose to French ears!

Thus it was that Madam Gutierrez's diamonds cost twenty thousand dollars; that he bribed Dennie to silence and falsehood with a present of twenty thousand dollars, and that he paid the late Admiral (then Captain) Bedford Pim of the British Royal Navy twenty thousand dollars for his services and valuable information with regard to Nicaragua and Central America in general, and Honduras in particular, the proposed Honduras Inter-oceanic Railroad and the projected emission of a fourth Honduras loan in Paris, which proved a lamentable fiasco, and led to the ignominious arrest and imprisonment of that gallant British naval officer, who was dragged through the streets of Paris by the police, like a common malefactor, and thrust into a vile prison cell similar to that formerly occupied by Lefevre at Rio Janeiro.

If Mori got thirty thousand dollars as his share of the plunder, or more than anybody else of the outside ring of accomplices, or of dupes like Captain Pim, who was merely utilized as a catspaw to draw the chestnuts out of the fire, it must be remembered that Mori was a Jew; and if Medina got fifty thousand dollars to ruin the finances of his country, it must also be remembered that he paid for the present with his life seven years later, and also that he was President of Honduras, without whose authority and signature the swindling loan could never have been issued or floated. His name cast a halo of glory over the bogus railroad, which the Jews, who issued and floated the different loans, never intended or expected to be constructed any more than the famous contractors, Waring Brothers,

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who boldly undertook its impossible construction; and, as a brutal and undeniable fact, only a score miles of the first of the three sections were ever completed.

Gutierrez had debited the foregoing homily to his better half in his usual prolix, verbose and pompously slow diplomatic style, which had, so to speak, from mere force of habit, become a part of his nature.

Madam Gutierrez remained silent: she could say nothing in extenuation or palliation of her hasty acceptance of the fatal present. She now clearly saw, alas! when too late, the incalculable mischief she had done. Her vanity had been too strong for her misgivings, and she had yielded to the tempter. But she was only a woman after all, and, like every other woman, conscious of her weakness; so she burst into tears, real tears, not those of the widow or the crocodile.

"*Ah, querida mia!* do not cry!" said her husband to console her. "The mischief is done; but we will try to repair it as far as possible. Think no more about it; for you cannot now return these diamonds after having once accepted them, although my esteemed President, my beloved country and myself will, I fear, have to pay very dearly for them."

This was unfortunately only too true; for the sagacity of the Jesuit or the priest far exceeds that of the lawyer, the doctor, or the man of any other profession. There are Jesuits of the short, as well as the long, robe, and Gutierrez belonged to the former category.

Shortly after the occurrences above related, His Excellency Don Carlos Gutierrez, after some haggling with the Jew and the payment to him of a large sum in the shape of a *bonus* as secret service money—in other words, as his share of the plunder—signed the much desired contracts in favor of Lefevre, which the Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry into the management of Foreign Loans, in its official report to the House of Commons printed in the Blue Book and published in the *Times,* subsequently

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referred to as "contracts which no Minister ought to have signed," and everything went merrily as a marriage bell. Honduras stock was still quoted at a premium, being boomed in the press and on the Stock Exchange, with a market rigged by the bulls in the pay of Bischoffsheim and Lefevre, and the credulous public confidently expected the great Inter-oceanic Railroad, one of the wonders of the world, to be completed in 1872 or early in 1873, according to the bland assurances of Gutierrez in the work above referred to.

Soon after this highly satisfactory to all parties conclusion, as a German would say, of the delicate affair of the diamond necklace, at the commencement of the fall of 1870, in regular chronological order, his patriotic, pious and disinterested Excellency called one afternoon at Lefevre's office. Lefevre happened to be engaged; so Gutierrez seated himself at the sacred table of the Trustees and of the *auri sacra fames* to read the *Times,* at the very place formerly occupied by the smart, correct, five hundred dollars a minute gentleman.

Presently Lefevre and Evans emerged from the "Holiest of Holies;" the former, contrary to his wont, taking a chair at the consecrated table opposite His Excellency, with whom he commenced an interesting conversation, every word of which was overheard by Dennie, who was always an attentive listener to such instructive dialogues whenever he had the chance, while Evans stood respectfully behind Lefevre's chair.

After discussing several minor matters, Lefevre said:

"Vell, Don Carlos! Ve ave succeeded beyond our expectations. Ze loan is a great success. Ve ave been vary fortunate, I zink."

"Yes," replied His Excellency, in his usual oleaginous, sanctimonious style and his customary, stereotyped formula, "God has manifestly watched over us! The Almighty has evidently favored our great undertaking of the Inter-oceanic Railway! To him, and to that noble, dis-

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interested patriot, Don Leon Alvarado, now alas! dead and gone to heaven, owing to the inscrutable decrees of an all wise but beneficent Providence that ordereth all things for our good—Yes, Mr. Lefevre, to the Almighty rather than to us, his humble instruments, will be due the glory of the completion of this mighty enterprise, which is inevitably destined, to confer such inestimable blessings on humanity and the commerce of the whole world. We should feel very thankful to God, Mr. Lefevre."

Thus would have spoken a Grand Inquisitor to a heretic before putting him to the torture! How the late *Mr. Pecksniff* would have admired Gutierrez had he only been spared to make His Jesuitical Excellency's acquaintance!

But Lefevre, sad to relate, far from appearing to be properly impressed with a due sense of thankfulness to the Almighty by this homily, or the blasphemous allusion to the divine protection, seemed ill at ease. He wriggled and writhed on his chair like a fish out of water or an eel on the hook, as he removed from his lips the choice Havana he was smoking. His embarrassment was ludicrous; and, as he did not know what to say, he got up, and, without making any reply, went into his private office, in order to escape temporarily from this perplexing dilemma, leaving Evans to continue the conversation and bear the brunt of His Excellency's onslaught.

The sardonic smile on the Jesuit's face, as he watched the Jew's discomfiture, was equally comical and instructive to the ever observant Dennie, who, from the corner of the desk where he sat perched on his office stool, watched the two rogues as a cat watches a mouse, as he mentally pondered over the problem: "which was the greater scoundrel of the worthy pair"—the openly avowed Jew bandit or the blasphemous, hypocritical Jesuit diplomatist," and finally awarded the palm of finished rascality to the latter. *"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"*

As to Mr. Blank, he had listened to the foregoing conversation in blank amazement, for the excellent reason

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that he had copied only the day before the rough draft of a letter, which had just been mailed to a friend of Lefevre's in Paris, in which Lefevre wrote in joyous exultation at the brilliant success of the Honduras loan swindle.

The following edifying extract from this interesting epistle went far to explain Lefevre's embarrassment, and was at the same time in strikingly curious contrast and incongruous juxtaposition to Gutierrez's view of the intervention of Providence in the Honduras affair. This interesting epistolary effusion, translated from the original French in which it was written, read as follows:

"John Bull has at last swallowed the tempting bait, and has got the hook now in his stomach. To us love and women. To us delights and wealth and enjoyment. The pleasures of the world and riches are ours. We have succeeded beyond even our dreams, etc."

Or, in the original French, as a translation always loses something:—

"John Bull a enfin avalé l'appât si tentant et il a maintenant le hameçon dans le ventre. A nous l'amour et les femmes! A nous les jouissances! A nous les délices et les richesses! Nous avons réussi bien au delâ de nos espérances."

Some great French writer says: *"le style c'est l'homme,"*—"the style is the man,"—and this was Lefevre's style. The contrast, however, between the epistolary styles of Gutierrez and Lefevre was as remarkable as the difference between their verbal or conversational method of expressing themselves and their *modus operandi* generally speaking. But they merely went by different *routes* to the same destination, on "the end justifies the means" or the *"tout chemin mène à Rome"** principle. The suave, oleaginous Jesuit grasped at the plunder with the same avidity as the coarse and brutal Jew.

Mr. Blank was much puzzled at this somewhat marked difference of style and expression; but he still implicitly

*Every road leads to Rome.

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believed in the construction of the Honduras Inter-oceanic Railway; for was not a portion of the first section already completed? Such a grand and glorious undertaking could surely never be abandoned. And might not Lefevre be only joking after all? Such were the ideas of this poor simpleton! *O simplicitas!*

Lefevre was not in the least ashamed to write of "love and women," and to let his *ci-devant* secretary, now evolved by a backward process of evolution into a common clerk, read and make a fair copy of his letter, in which, like a Mussulman on the threshold of the sensual Paradise of Mahomet, he wrote of the joys in store for him and his comrade Jew and Gentile banditti. But then, as Gutierrez subsequently remarked, he had no moral sense. He was as utterly devoid of shame as he was mean, profligate, rapacious and corrupt.

Shortly after the occurrences above narrated, which, by the way, were not by any means every day occurrences, in the city, the ever watchful Dennie, the equally vigilant Mori and the broken down and indifferent, but less observant, Blank, were eye witnesses of another comedy, to wit, the open display on the sacred table of the Trustees of the Honduras loan of a box containing the decoration of the order of the "*Santa Rosa*," or "Holy Rose" of Honduras appropriately conferred on Mr. Lefevre by His Excellency President Medina, in recognition of his eminent services in connection with the successful floating of the Honduras loans and the construction of the great Honduras Inter-oceanic Railroad, destined to confer such inestimable benefits on Honduras and the commerce of the whole world, etc., etc., to use the words of Gutierrez's own pet formula.

It was, in truth, a noble decoration: it had been nobly earned, and it looked well on the breast of the ex-convict and swindler. In short, it was "highly appropriate," as the American caustically remarked on the portrait of old General Jackson of New Orleans fame hung in the *buen*

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retiro of an English country gentleman's house in England. The honor of possessing it was worth about a dime, and it would have figured well in a dime museum.

Of course Dennie and Mori saw clearly through the trick, although they could not foresee the terrible consequences to the unfortunate President, who instituted the order. The decoration was, in reality, only conferred on Lefevre, Bischoffsheim, Gutierrez and a few others of the gang, as well as on some of the big bondholders, who had invested very heavily in Honduras stock, guaranteed by the enormous customs' revenue of Amapala, etc., etc., as a sop, in recognition of the fifty thousand dollars sent by Lefevre and Bischoffsheim, at Gutierrez's request, to the unlucky President, in order to induce him to do just what the conspirators wanted, viz., to enrich themselves and ruin Honduras. This Greek gift of $50,000 and the decoration of the blessed "Rose of Honduras" were Medina's death warrant. Had he only been mindful of the Latin line:

"*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes,*"

he would have escaped disgrace and death and have avoided the ruin of his country. But alas for human weakness! He could no more resist the tempting bait of fifty thousand dollars than Madam Gutierrez had been able to refuse that of the diamonds. *Humanum est errare!* Neither of them seem to have reflected that Jews do not usually make similar presents to Christians merely for the pleasure of making them.

The box containing the blessed decoration of the "Holy Rose" on batting was religiously handed round the office for inspection by the small group of privileged persons, who were either recipients of the order, or accidental spectators of the comedy destined only a few years later to evolve into tragedy; but it need scarcely be added that Lefevre never even had a ghost of a chance of wearing it at Court.

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After it had been carefully locked up in Lefevre's safe as though it had been a fragment of the cross, or a holy relic brought from Palestine by the crusaders, His Excellency Don Carlos Gutierrez appropriately made his appearance on the gay and festive scene, according to the "talk of the devil and he is sure to appear," theory; for Lefevre and his friends had very naturally just been talking of that eminent and distinguished diplomatist.

The pride of the Diplomatic Body at the Court of St. James' presented a rather dowdy, seedy appearance. Unlike Lefevre, he did not employ Poole, the most fashionable and expensive tailor in London. He wore a badly fitting light brown overcoat, carried a decidedly Gampish looking umbrella, and viewed from behind, might well have been mistaken for a pig jobber, or a race-track tout, or welsher.

"Good afternoon, Don Carlos!" exclaimed the assembled rogues and gulls in a joyous chorus, to which the music of Offenbach in "The Grand Duchess" or of Audran in the ballet of "Olivette" would have been an appropriate accompaniment. "We were just talking about you. We have just been admiring the handsome decoration of the *Santa Rosa* of Honduras, which President Medina has so graciously conferred on a few of us," said a pompous big bondholder, a fat gull named Bloggs, who felt especially proud of *his* decoration, which he fondly hoped to dazzle his friends with in all the effulgence of glory of a full fledged successful investor and mushroom millionaire, on the speedy completion of this great International Inter-oceanic Railroad.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen! Good afternoon, Mr. Bloggs," replied His Excellency; "I am glad you are pleased with it; for I am sure you all deserve it. Mr. Lefevre, in particular, by his unceasing zeal and energy, and his disinterested devotion to the interests of my beloved country, has nobly earned it. I feel that the public in general and Honduras bondholders in particular owe him a

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deep debt of gratitude for his unwavering exertions to promote the success of the loans and insure the completion of this grand international undertaking. I suggested to my esteemed and respected President, Don José Maria Medina, that he should institute this decoration—the order of the *Santa Rosa* of Honduras—and confer it on Mr. Lefevre, Mr. Bischoffsheim and a few other gentlemen so largely interested in this magnificent enterprise, as a slight token of esteem in recognition of their laborious services on behalf of Honduras, and the generous and unasked for present to himself of ten thousand pounds. Yes, gentlemen, I have alas! too often seen Presidents of Honduras too much engrossed by politics to pay due attention to their own private affairs, and in consequence of their self sacrificing devotion to the interests of their country, they have unfortunately died, leaving their wives and families in indigence. In order therefore to safeguard my worthy President, who has immortalized himself by the construction of the Inter-oceanic Railroad during his tenure of office, and whose name will be handed down to posterity with veneration and gratitude as the prime mover in this great work, against such a sad contingency, I suggested to Messrs. Lefevre & Bischoffsheim that he should be presented with this comparatively small sum, which of course is utterly incommensurate with the immense and self denying services he has rendered to Honduras and to humanity. They kindly complied with my wishes, and my respected President has graciously deigned to accept the money. Yes, gentlemen, I feel proud of the *rôle* I have played in assisting, to the best of my humble ability, to insure the success of our great and marvelous undertaking, which is now an accomplished fact. God has manifestly watched over us and favored us."

His pious Excellency evidently believed in the cynical *mot* of Heine, "that it is impossible to underestimate the stupidity of one's audience," or as that illustrious show-

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man, the late Mr. Barnum, truly observed, "people like to be humbugged."

The foregoing Jesuitical homily was listened to in profound silence by all present, though it seemingly produced widely divergent impressions on some of the auditors. The fat bondholder's face wore a placid, benign expression, similar to that of a dog with butter in his throat; while Lefevre looked like a "biled owl," and fidgeted uneasily on his chair, at the touching reference to his own noble disinterestedness. He would have blushed if he could; but unhappily blushing is impossible for a Frenchman. Mr. Leonard David's sallow visage was illumined by a sardonic smile: he could not laugh outright under the circumstances, and besides a Jew never can laugh a hearty, honest laugh—he can only snigger, or sneer or giggle; but his embarrassment and his desperate efforts to smother his ill timed hilarity at the fat bondholder's expense, were ludicrous in the extreme. His well-oiled, greasy black ringlets fairly shook with suppressed laughter, as he turned away to conceal his amusement. Mr. Laurence Lord Barnes's countenance, like that of most Englishmen of his caliber and inferior social status, was expressionless as the Sphinx; for he, as well as his Jewish colleague and their respective employers had received the nobly earned decoration. Mori's cold, evil face was also impassible, although the order of the "Blessed Rose" had not been conferred on him, for the simple reason that Gutierrez did not think him worthy of it. In fact, Mori had on one occasion heard Gutierrez speak contemptuously of him in Spanish as *"uno de los dependientes del Senor Lefevre"* (one of Mr. Lefevre's servants), His Excellency thinking Mori would not understand his remark in that language. But Mori *did* understand it; for he spoke Italian and had a smattering of Spanish, "the language of the gods," as it was styled by Charles V, but that of hell according to a certain American divine. *Tot homines quot sententiae.*

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Presently the interesting conversation was interrupted and ended; for there is an ending to everything in this world—even to Honduras Presidents and Ministers Plenipotentiary and holy roses. The two worthy Trustees—the Jew and the Gentile; the fat pigeon of a bondholder, doomed to be plucked to the last feather; His Excellency, and most of the other persons present rose to leave, filing out through the office door in Chinese or goose fashion, or Indian file; and as the noise of their footsteps on the long flights of steps died away in the distance, the two vampires, Lefevre and Waring, who were now left alone with Evans, laughed merrily together. Lefevre literally roared with laughter to split his sides. His coarse, brutal, false laugh resounded through the office; and, as he heard it, Dennie from behind the wooden partition that concealed him from view, nudged Mr. Blank's elbow and whispered in his ear:

"There is something so hollow, so false, about Lefevre's laugh always to my thinking."

Strange to say, this had never struck before the simple, obtuse Blank, whose faculties were somewhat obfuscated by six long weary years of drudgery. Such an idea had never occurred to him. On the contrary, he used actually to think it frank, jovial laughter as if there could, by any stretch of the imagination, possibly be anything frank or jovial in such a rascally Jew as Lefevre. But there are people who plod along drearily through life altogether oblivious to their surroundings and unobservant of the most obvious things, and Blank was one of these unfortunates. It was only long years afterwards that he had often the opportunity to reflect on Dennie's marvelous perspicacity and insight into character, as also on the thorough unscrupulousness of that clumsy individual, whom he found out, when too late, to be a young man of deep penetration and great parts. In explanation, or rather mitigation, of Blank's extraordinary dullness of perception, it is only fair to him to admit that he had been reared in the country

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and also that only once was Lefevre, to his knowledge, ever guilty of hypocrisy, when, on one solitary occasion, he attempted to emulate or imitate Gutierrez, by uttering, in the hearing of Dennie and Blank, during Mori's temporary absence from the office, in the course, of a conversation with some strangers, these historical and ever memorable words:

"Honest people like us, you know, gentlemen, could never do anyzing dishonorable in connection vid zis great undertaking." (sic).

But this vain attempt to play the *rôle* of the hypocrite was a ludicrous failure. Mr. Dennie's thick shock of unkempt hair literally stood on end with astonishment as he heard these words gravely uttered by Lefevre. He energetically nudged the somnolent Blank's elbow to tacitly draw his attention to this amazing declaration of honesty, so diametrically opposed to their employer's creed and loudly enunciated theories of "plunder," or "sharing the plunder,""dividing the plunder," etc., as he had invariably, on so many previous occasions, frankly but honestly put it. It was true that he only employed the word "plunder" to Mr. Charles Waring, his bosom friend, boon companion and *alter ego* and other sworn confederates, on whose discretion he could rely—never to Gutierrez or any outsiders, non-members of his intimate band, and that the gentlemen, to whom he boasted of his honesty (Heaven save the mark!) were fair game, viz.: Honduras bondholders, *i. e.* geese or pigeons that needed plucking to the last feather; so that there was method after all in his temporary madness. The Jew is always methodical.

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CHAPTER XI.

Marriage a La Mode—A Love Story.

A SHORT time prior to the queer occurrences narrated in our preceding chapter, Lefevre had entered into the bonds of holy matrimony—an important event in the life of most men, but of trivial import in that of the Jew of Chamant, who was a true Oriental, inasmuch as he regarded all women merely as superior animals for purchase or sale to the highest bidder.

With him this Eastern view of womankind in general was superadded to the Gallic one embodied by the gallant French nation in the wise Salic law, in virtue of which no woman can reign in France, any more than, the English, according to the hallowed lines:

> "Jamais, jamais en France,
> Jamais l'Anglais ne regnèra."

The mere fact, moreover, that the French language, so adored by Lord Lytton, has only one word—*"femme"* for "wife" and "woman," which are pretty much about the same thing in dear, delightful Paris, just as the French make no distinction betweeen "loving" and "liking," or "to love" and "to like;" the words "love" and "like" being identical or synonymous, and only translatable by *"aimer,"* will sufficiently account for the little importance attached by Lefevre to such a trifle as marriage, as well as for the inferiority of the brutal Anglo-Saxon tongue to the beautiful Latin languages or the "Romance languages," as they are styled by philologists.

Marriage did not in the least change his brutish nature.

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He liked his young wife just as *"on aime sa femme comme on aime son chien;"* or as one likes one's wife as one likes one's dog—nothing more nor less—in the *beau pays de France,* so regretted by Mary Queen of Scots. There was not a spark of romance about his marriage. "I'll set a bourne how far to be beloved," said Cleopatra to Anthony on the banks of the sacred Nile. "Then must thou needs find out new Heavens, new Earth," rejoined the amorous Triumvir. Lefevre's courtship was infinitely more prosaic on the banks of the unholy Seine.

He had married a beautiful young lady of about twenty, named Marie de Sourdis, daughter of a bogus *Marquise* (or Marchioness) de Sourdis, who claimed to represent one of the most ancient and noblest families in France, yet unfortunately was never recognized in the exclusive society of the aristocratic old *Faubourg St. Germain,* for the excellent reason—not that she had a bar sinister on her escutcheon, which might have been overlooked—but that she had, (oh! tell it not in Gath!) formerly been the proprietress of a fashionable house of ill fame in the French metropolis, one of the deadly sins that can never be forgiven even in good French society.

Lefevre had previously got rid of his housekeeper and mistress, Mathilde Cappon, by settling on her $2,500, or £500 a year for life, and marrying her to the son of the honored *Procureur Impérial of Lille* (!)—a very good match from his own peculiar point of view, though somewhat out of the order of social conventionalities. This remarkable matrimonial transaction will be duly recorded in another chapter.

Lefevre's marriage with Mademoiselle Marie de Sourdis was celebrated in Paris with great *éclat,* being solemnized with all the imposing ritual of the Holy Roman and Apostolic Church, at the splendid *Eglise de la Trinité,* or Roman Catholic Cathedral Church of the Trinity, which stands at the end of the *Chaussée d'Antin,* at the corner of the *rues de Clichy* and *Saint Lazare.* The fact that Le-

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fevre was a Jew was not of the slightest consequence; for he could change his religion as easily as the great Napoleon, and besides every Jew is always at liberty to do this when expedient, and is, in fact, authorized to do so by the *Talmud.*

After his honeymoon, he returned to London, where he had rented a fine house in Piccadilly. He used to ride a splendid black horse in the Park, and drive a barouche and four in Rotten Row, *pour amuser les badauds,* and astonish London by his magnificence. He resembled a Hindoo "Bahadoor," or grand, magnificent lord. His presence in the British metropolis was absolutely necessary, as there were still for several years to come enormous profits to be derived from the Honduras loans for himself personally, and also a large amount of plunder to be divided amongst his associate gang of licensed Hebrew and Gentile plunderers. But in March, 1870, he again returned with his young bride to Paris, where the unfortunate Blank was summoned to follow him.

Mr. Blank was still in the most blissful ignorance of the shameful antecedents of the mother of his employer's bride; nor had he as yet any cognizance of those of Mathilde Cappon, or of her history. He had merely heard of Mathilde's marriage, without knowing the name of her husband, from overhearing Lefevre speak of it one day to a friend in his office, and express the pious hope that she might have many children.

On his arrival in Paris, he found the well matched couple of this happy marriage *à la mode,* Monsieur and Madame Lefevre, the *blasé roué* of fifty-two and his young bride of twenty, domiciled in a magnificently furnished hôtel in the *rue du Cardinal Fesch.* They lived in grand style: the furniture, mirrors, etc., were palatial, and their retinue included a *chef,* valet, coachman, etc. Mr. Blank, it need scarcely be added, had little time for admiration of the wealth and luxury of his new surroundings, as he was kept far too busily occupied with correspondence and

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transcriptions, or translations of contracts and other voluminous documents, to notice much outside of his normal drudgery. In the solitary room in which he worked, he could sometimes hear, through the closed folding doors, young Madam Lefevre playing on the piano, or singing to her own accompaniment in the adjoining room, to the plaudits and hand clapping of some of her female friends, of whom *"plaudite omnes"* seemed to be the motto as much as it is that of the *"claque"* at any French theater; but he saw very little of that pretty young woman herself, who had been bought and sold like a Circassian girl in the slave market of Stamboul. *En revanche,* he caught frequent transient glimpses at times of her homely old mother, who seemed, even to his unsophisticated gaze, a very unaristocratic looking person, engaged in the plebeian occupation of sewing or knitting stockings, and as silent as the Sphinx, who did not at all remind him of the titled ladies he had formerly known in his childhood and his teens in England. If, however, knitting stockings be not the usual occupation of ladies of rank, it is an appropriate one for Procuresses, who thus combine the *utile dulci.* But his visit to Paris was of brief duration, and did not in the least resemble his previous pleasure trips in better days to the gay French capital. It only lasted four weeks, after which Lefevre returned to London; Mr. Blank preceding him the day before, travelling of course second class and by the cheapest and slowest route via Dieppe and Newhaven; while his noble employer and his noble wife travelled first class by the most expensive and quickest route via Calais and Dover. Three months afterwards the fatal war was declared with Prussia.

The Jews foresaw the war, and of course, made their arrangements for the fall on the *Bourse* accordingly; and Lefevre had too much regard for his own vile carcase to remain in Paris any longer than necessary. He had succeeded in interesting a real live Senator of the Empire, the late Admiral Vicomte de Chabannes, in a scheme for the

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construction of a *port de guerre,* or vast harbour with arsenals and fortifications like Brest or Cherbourg, at Port Grinez on the French side of the English channel, in prevision of a war with Prussia; but the war unfortunately broke out sooner than was expected, and the whole scheme, by which Lefevre hoped to soak the French public and scoop plunder, collapsed.

He used often to call on the Admiral at his house in the *rue Greffuhle,* where he sometimes saw the Vicomtesse de Chabannes, an English lady, the daughter of a Mr. Maitland connected with the English stage, who, like a true daughter of Britannia, had accompanied her husband on some of his long voyages to distant parts of the world. The walls of the rooms were appropriately adorned with nautical pictures, frigates and men of war in a storm, etc., which Mr. Blank had on several occasions the opportunity to inspect, as well as to talk with the Viscountess, who, he could see at a glance, was a very different type of lady indeed from the silent, *soi-disant* Marchioness de Sourdis.

It was wonderful how Lefevre managed, thanks to the influence of the "Israelitish Alliance," to be received in the *salons* of some of the noblest families of France. As the Viscountess herself told Mr. Blank, an ancestor of her husband—the Admiral Viscount *de Chabannes la Palie*—had been ennobled by Francis I. on the historically disastrous field of Pavia, when that witty French monarch said:

"Tout fut perdu a Pavie,
Fors l'honneur et la Palie."

Yet this descendant of a *preux chevalier sans peur et sans reproche,* who would have scouted the very notion of recognizing an accursed Jew, fearlessly admitted Lefevre to his intimacy. The times have changed but not the Jews! But then, as Lefevre used to say truly: *On peut tout faire avec de l'argent!"*

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On his return to the office, Mr. Blank had naturally some conversation with the astute Mr. Dennie, to whom he imparted some of his experiences in the French Capital, and in particular the impression which the noble Marchioness de Sourdis had conveyed to him of being a very common sort of person.

"I don't believe she is a Marchioness at all," said that observant young man *sotto voce.* "She looks much more like a brothel keeper or a procuress than a Marchioness, to my thinking."

Now if Dennie had formed this opinion of that titled lady solely from his own personal inspiration, like the German's camel, without benefit of clergy, or other secret sources of information, the above declaration denoted the most wonderful perspicacity on his part. All this time this Machiavellian young man literally grovelled before Lefevre, whom he treated outwardly with the utmost deference as a worthy and highly respected employer, whom he always addressed as "Sir." The artful dodger knew admirably how to play his double game.

"Come, come Dennie!" replied Blank, "That is too strong! You are too severe, I think. She may not, perhaps, be entitled to her title; but that seems going too far!"

"Well!" rejoined the imperturbable Dennie, "I have my opinion, but keep this to yourself, mind!"

And sure enough the perspicacious Dennie was right! And Mr. Blank only found out many years afterwards that she had, in reality, been the proprietress of a fashionable house of resort, or "*maison d'assignation*" in Paris, and was even less entitled to her impudently assumed title of nobility than the humblest *blanchisseuse* or laundry-woman. The brazen impudence, however, of this procuress rivalled that of the Jew of Chamant; both evidently believing in the *mot* of Danton: "*de l'audace et toujours de l'audace;*" and in truth it needed a large stock of audacity to foist the disreputable mother-in-law of a felon

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Jew on society as a Marchioness of the blue blood of French nobility.

Time flew on with rapid wings, and Christmas of the fateful year of 1870 was approaching. Things went on as usual in the office, except that Lefevre was now often absent; the management of the business of his bucket shop being entrusted to the little snob, Evans, who resembled every beggar on horseback in being offensively overbearing, and especially so to Mr. Blank, to whom he made himself very obnoxious; for every blackguard, cad or snob, in his heart, cordially hates a poor gentleman, whom he invariably tries to drag down to his own miserable level. There was little to vary the office routine of daily misery beyond a few exceptional occurrences that attracted his attention.

One day Lefevre sent Dennie to get a check for £20, or $100, cashed at the bank to defray the daily cost of his extravagances or orgies. Dennie placed the money, mostly in gold, on the Trustees' table: and as Lefevre, who was seated at the table, languidly picked up the sovereigns and put them in his purse and his waistcoat pockets, he said nonchalantly, addressing Evans and Dennie, who stood close by in their usual sycophantic attitude:

"Is it not nice to have so much money?"

Strange that vice and infamy have ever their well merited rewards in the shape of wealth, luxury and the consideration and respect of modern society, according to our Occidental civilization that sends out missionaries at enormous expense to try to convert the honest, God fearing Turk and the innocent South Sea islanders to drunkenness and debauchery; while it complacently leaves hundreds of thousands of Christians to starve to death at home.

To the foregoing question neither made reply; but both tacitly acquiesced; Dennie, with a leering grin, as much as to say he would like to have a little of it.

To add to Mr. Blank's miseries, during his absence in

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Paris, the seats in the office had been changed by order of Evans, and the unhappy Blank had been obliged to occupy an office stool close to a huge, raging fire—big enough to roast an ox,—while Dennie sat farther away from the blazing, fiery furnace, from which he was sheltered to some extent by the half roasted body of the unhappy Blank, and Mori, of course, had a desk as far away from the fire as possible. Thus was the torture of the *auto da fe* renewed under reversed conditions in Lefevre's office; the Jew, Mori, being exempt from cremation, while a Christian was slowly roasted alive. Owing to this infernal arrangement, the unhappy Blank underwent one of the tortures of the damned or of the Holy Inquisition, being kept constantly in a profuse perspiration or perpetual Turkish bath; so that when he went out in the bitter cold, he was bound to catch cold and bronchitis, as, he nearly always did. Evans's double sweating system was worse than that of the Jew tailors in New York.

As explained in our last chapter, it was Lefevre's interesting custom or practice to make presents always of $20,000 or a hundred thousand francs, or four thousand pounds, to persons who were useful to him; but there is no rule without an exception.

A few days before Christmas, Lefevre, by a sudden general impulse, told Mori to write out a check for only $15,000, or £3,000, payable to a certain Mr. Sharp, a lawyer, thus appropriately named, in old Broad street, who was Bischoffsheim's attorney, and had drawn up the various rascally contracts relating to the Honduras loans in favor of Lefevre and Bischoffsheim. This explanation is necessary to explain the noble generosity of the Jew of Chamant on this occasion.

Mr. Sharp, of course, was a sharp lawyer; and to reward him for his smartness, Lefevre deemed fit to make him a Christmas box of $15,000, in order to enable him to properly and religiously enjoy the celebration of this gay and festive season. Mr. Blank was told to write from

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dictation the letter from Lefevre to Sharp, enclosing the check aforesaid; and then, as a mark of Lefevre's special favor, was directed to take it to Sharp's office, and there deliver it personally to Sharp himself.

As he mournfully wended his way in the cold fog to Sharp's office, Blank reflected that there was not another lawyer like Sharp in all the length and breadth of merrie England, aye or even of bonnie Scotland, from Clackmannan to Caithness, to receive a Christmas box of $15,000 from a French Jew; and, on his return, his spirits rose; for he naturally thought that as he had been selected as the *"Edsouadsibe,"* or bearer of good things—to wit this splendid Christmas present to Bischoffsheim's attorney at law, he himself would also receive a nice little Christmas box after his long years of faithful service and weary drudgery and toil; for there is said to be no cloud without a silver lining, as the late Agnes Strickland had once told Blank to console him for his misfortunes. But there is unfortunately nothing more false than a proverb; for sad to relate, on the following day Mr. Mori informed Dennie, in Blank's hearing, that Mr. Lefevre had kindly given him (Mori) a Christmas box of £100, or $500, waving aloft in joyous exultation his check for that amount.

"That's a nice Christmas box anyway," said Dennie.

Mori seemed to think so too; for he replied:

"Yes! It *is* very nice to have £100. And Mr. Lefevre has authorized me to write out a check for $125 (£25—what is called a "poney" in London slang)—and hand you also as a Christmas box, Mr. Dennie."

"Oh! I am glad of that indeed! I did not expect so much for my humble service."

Like *Uriah Heep,* Dennie was "umble," "very umble," as long as it suited his purpose. He knew well enough that the diamond affair had earned him this $125—otherwise he would have had only $5.00 probably, or at best $25.00.

Blank now felt joyous in his turn, expecting that he

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would get a Christmas box of at least the same amount as Dennie's; but, to his surprise and disappointment, Mr. Mori made no further announcement. The poor fellow did not know that there was a wide difference between bearing a present of diamonds to a Minister's wife and one of a check to a Jew's attorney.

"Is there no Christmas box for me, Mr Mori?" he anxiously queried.

"Mr. Lefevre has not instructed me to write out a check for any Christmas box for you," replied Mori. "Perhaps you had best speak to him on the matter," he sarcastically added with a glance of malevolent hate—of the hatred the Jew always feels for the Christian.

Mr. Blank, however, did not care to follow this perfidious suggestion. This was the last straw that breaks the camel's back: his cup of bitterness had long been full, and he had now to drink it to the very dregs. The only compensation he got for being thus left out in the cold was a severe cold, which he had caught when he took the check for $15,000 to Sharp, the lawyer, as his Christmas box. In this respect, he resembled the unfortunate Mr. Godsell, the Honduras bondholder, whose only satisfaction for the loss of all his money was the sweet consolation of having to pay the heavy costs of the lawsuit against Bischoffsheim & Co., into the bargain.

His health had been greatly impaired by six years of irksome confinement, ceaseless drudgery and starvation on a wretched pittance of a salary, and he foresaw no prospect whatever of any amelioration of his position on account of his miserable employer's almost incredible meanness. And to think that *he* had no Christmas box when Lefevre had repeatedly promised him $500 as his hardly earned remuneration for extra work done for years out of office hours and on Sundays under high pressure, by which he had injured his eyesight, but of which honestly earned money, the vile Jew had hitherto withheld the payment, although often applied to for it! And yet Lefevre at this

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very time used to take baths of *eau de cologne* and champagne, and never wore the same pair of kid gloves twice on his fat, greasy hands. *Incredibile sed verum!* The *luxuria* of Juvenal was repeated by Lefevre. *Alieni appetens sui profusus* might well have been his motto.

Mr. Blank felt angry and indignant, as well he might, poor devil; so a few weeks afterwards he wrote a letter to Lefevre, resigning his situation, and a few days later he received a letter from Mori enclosing a check for only $250, or half the amount Lefevre legally owed him and had promised him years before. He acknowledged the receipt of this sum, but claimed that a balance of $250 was still due to him. As, however, Lefevre paid no attention to his letters, he put the matter into the hands of a lawyer, who, after months of delay, as is usual with all lawyers, recovered the balance. And thus ended his lamentable connection with the Jew of Chamant, at any rate, his durance vile in the Lombard street bucket shop. It only remains to be added that his lawyer was a scoundrel, who managed to get $750, instead of $250, out of Lefevre, but pocketed $500 and only gave Blank $250 of the amount he recovered; and, as Blank paid him $50 for his fees, he thus paid $50 for the pleasure of being robbed of $500, or ten times that amount. In order to explain this extraordinary transaction, it is necessary to mention that Lefevre had offered him $500, or £100 to go; and, as in law, this was without prejudice to the balance of $250 still legally due to Blank, his lawyer was thus enabled to extort $500 more from the Jew than Blank supposed could be got. Blank's lawyer had deceived him by telling him that as he had only claimed $250 instead of $750 legally due to him, he could only recover the former amount, and it was only eight years afterward that Mori, whom he accidentally met in Paris after Mori's quarrel with the Jew of Chamant, informed him, to his amazement that the check given to Blank's lawyer by Lefevre was for $750 and that he (Mori) had himself written it, so that once

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more Mr. Blank marvelously resembled the unhappy bondholder—Godsell. This is what the French call *le comble* or a *vrai bouquet de fleurs.*

Mr. Blank lived in a modest but withal neatly furnished little house in North London, an unaristocratic suburb like Tufnell Park, not very far from the residence of His Excellency Don Carlos Gutierrez in the last named district. Not very long after his resignation of his intolerable and unprofitable employment in the office of the Jew of Chamant, of whose criminal antecedents he was still in the most blissful ignorance, he was startled one evening while reading a newspaper, by a loud ring at the front door bell. It was after dusk, and he was not accustomed to receive visitors, especially so late in the day. He went to answer the bell himself; for his wife was unwell and in bed, and the housemaid happened to be out, and he was naturally curious to know who his unusual visitor could be.

To his intense surprise he found himself in presence of Señor Don Carlos Gutierrez and Madam Gutierrez, who said they had called to see him on a matter that might interest him; so Mr. Blank deferentially showed the august couple into his little parlour, the walls of which were ornamented by the portraits in oils of several of his wealthy relatives who had unhappily forgotten to leave him any money; for Mr. Blank was an unlucky man born under an unlucky star. There was a solitary exception to this rule, however, as a rich aunt, who idolized him, but unluckily died when he was only a little boy, *had* left him $50,000, as he subsequently ascertained nineteen years after her decease, when too late to recover his rights; an honest blacksmith, the husband of his nurse having informed him that she had left him well provided for, but that her will in his favor had been burnt two hours after her death by a cousin, whom he solemnly accused of the crime. Needless to add that as he was a poor man he was never able to recover his rights; the enormous law costs, ac-

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cording to the good old laws of England, rendering this as impossible as to obtain a divorce. Only the rich can ever obtain justice or divorces in that blessed country.

Mr. Blank's little parlour did not resemble that of the spider who invited the fly. On the contrary, Gutierrez was the spider that walked into the parlour of the fly.

The visit of the worthy couple was made solely with the highly laudable object of "pumping" the simple minded Mr. Blank, and obtaining from him all the information possible regarding the doings of his quondam employer in connection with the loans and other matters, not by any means from any philanthropic motives, nor from any interest in Mr. Blank's personal welfare, but because they both felt very curious and also anxious as to whether *he* had any cognizance of the affair of the diamond necklace.

Madame Gutierrez was extremely nervous on this score, as she shrewdly opined that it might have leaked out somehow or other through Dennie, notwithstanding the apparently confidential and secret nature of the visit of that awkward looking but cunning individual already narrated in our preceding chapter. Presents of twenty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, she knew, were not made every day by Jews to poor Ministers' wives; but she had not even the shadow of a suspicion that her diamonds had been openly exhibited on the sacred table of the Trustees in Lefevre's office, or that both Blank and Mori knew all about the queer transaction. Had she suspected this, she would never have dreamed of asking her husband to accompany her to call on such an obscure and humble personage as Mr. Blank. In her case, where ignorance was bliss t'was folly to be wise. Moreover, the benevolent couple had no idea of giving Mr. Blank a permanent situation: they merely purposed to delude him with the *ignis fatuus* of such an engagement, by "promising" him it in case he should decline temporary employment, and, as soon as they had sufficiently "pumped" him, to turn him adrift; for Madame Gutierrez was thoroughly inoculated

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with the sound diplomatic principles of her worthy spouse. They knew that he was poor, but were unaware that he was now rather better off than he had been in the Jew's employ, having, since he resigned his position with Lefevre, obtained equally remunerative work with far less expenditure of time and labor.

Mr. Blank asked them to be seated, when His Excellency at once opened the ball on the Spanish principle of

*"El que no baila, lo bailan"**

as follows:

"I have called on you, Mr. Blank, on my return rather late from Piccadilly, where I and Madam Gutierrez have been shopping together, to make a certain proposal to you. I have been sorry to hear that you have left Mr. Lefevre's office and I thought it just possible that you might feel disposed to accept the offer I desire to make to you. I have a great deal of foreign correspondence at present, and knowing your proficiency as a translator of the French and Spanish languages, I thought you might be inclined to accept my offer. I am glad to see you have such a comfortable little home," added His Excellency, as he glanced around the room at the modest furniture, the cottage piano and the pictures on the walls of Mr. Blank's neat little front parlour—the *Lares* and *Penates,* so to speak, of his little home.

"I feel pleased and honored to receive your unexpected visit," replied Blank; "but what is the nature of the employment? Is it temporary only or permanent?"

"Oh! whichever you choose, Mr. Blank," hastily interposed Madam Gutierrez, who was eager to engage his services for the reasons above specified, and fearful lest her spouse's over cautious diplomacy might wreck the whole scheme of "pumping" Blank (for here it may be parenthetically remarked that he had already seen and spoken to Madam Gutierrez when sent by Lefevre to

*He who don't dance, must be made to dance."

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"Warren House" with translations of documents for His Excellency). "You can do the work, if you care to accept it, either at the Legation or at home if you prefer it."

"I would prefer a permanent engagement," replied Blank, "for many reasons. My health is not very good, and I desire a certainty above all things. My late employer treated me very shabbily, and I actually had to employ a lawyer against him to recover a small balance of fifty pounds he owed me for extra work done out of office hours and at his house on Sundays."

"I am so sorry to hear of this," responded Gutierrez with mock sympathy. "Mr. Lefevre ought to have compensated you for your long and faithful services. Poor Mr. Lefevre! He has no moral sense! But I can offer you permanent employment as my private secretary at a salary of £150 ($750) a year. You need only come to my house daily every morning at 10 o'clock, and be engaged till 4 P. M. with an interval for luncheon which I can offer you."

Mr. Blank pondered a while before replying. He was as nonplussed at His Excellency's pity for "poor Mr. Lefevre," who owned millions, as by his declaration that he had no moral sense. He reflected that if he had none of that description of dry goods in his office, he had, at any rate, always a large surplus stock of immoral sense in that establishment by way of compensation; for if there is no cloud without a silver lining, there is assuredly no rose—not even the "Blessed Rose of Honduras"—without its thorns.

He figured it up that $750 a year with luncheons was better pay than he had been receiving from the unspeakable Jew without any, but with any amount of contumely and insolence to make up for the lack of that necessary meal, from Lefevre and his hateful, vulgar *entourage*. He knew that he would, at any rate, not have the latter disagreeable perquisites at the Honduras Legation; for Gutierrez at least had the manners of a courtier,—and a

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courtier was His Excellency's avowed *beau idéal*—even if the work should prove as hard, which seemed unlikely. Apart from these considerations, his curiosity was tickled to know a little more about His Excellency and the mysterious intricacies of Hondurean diplomacy; so after some reflection he made up his mind to accept the offer.

"Well! Your Excellency, I will accept your kind offer on the understanding that my engagement is to be a permanent one. I do not care for temporary employment."

Poor Mr. Blank did not know that Gutierrez's diplomatic immunities, which subsequently shielded him from punishment for his participation in, and his signature of, the scandalous contracts relating to the loan in favor of Lefevre, rendered any verbal promise or agreement by him null and void; or that so many other unscrupulous foreign or oriental diplomatists, who are not legally bound to pay their debts to the unlucky tradesmen, whom they honor with their high patronage, sometimes do not pay them or even dream of paying them, or he would not have so readily accepted Gutierrez's offer and fallen into the trap so cunningly laid for him. For, as usual, his mind, like his name, was a perfect blank. He did not know, as he subsequently found out to his cost, that the promises of a Jesuit and a diplomatist resemble dicers' oaths, or piecrusts that are only made to be broken.

"You understand, Mr. Blank," His Excellency continued, "your work will be very light. The duties you will have to perform are by no means arduous. As you write an excellent hand, I shall require you chiefly to make copies of rough drafts of letters for my signature, and accurate translations of contracts and other documents from and into Spanish, French or English. You will, in short, be my *secretario privado,* you understand. The hours are not long—from 10 to 4 daily—and I know that you often worked for Mr. Lefevre till late at night.

Mr. Blank only knew this too well—another considera-

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tion that induced him to accept the position. So it was finally settled that he should present himself at the Legation at "Warren House" in a couple of days to enter upon his new functions; and, after shaking hands with him in a condescendingly polite manner, and receiving Mr. Blank's cordial thanks for their kindness in thinking of him, the worthy, kindhearted couple took their leave.

Two days afterwards, Mr. Blank duly presented himself at the Honduras Legation, and was formally installed in his secretarial position. New brooms usually sweep clean; and all went smoothly at first, as things usually do under similar circumstances. But he soon found, to his astonishment, that his post was by no means a sinecure, and that His Excellency did not pay him $750 a year for nothing. He was, in fact, a mere literary hack, or ill paid amanuensis or man of all work. He had, in addition to the translations and voluminous correspondence relating to the Honduras and Costa Rica loans, to carry on an enormous correspondence on ecclesiastical matters with the Archbishop of Comayagua in Honduras; with Su Eminencia Reverendisima Monseñor el Cardinal Antonelli at Rome; with the late Monsignor Fianchi, who was said to have afterwards been poisoned *à la Rodin* in the true wandering Jew style of *Eugène Suc,* (for, as Voltaire says, "these priests are implacable"), as also with His Excellency President Medina and other exalted personages in Rome and Madrid as well as Honduras, whose ever verdant plains have since been so well and so appropriately irrigated by the tears of English and French bondholders. For His Excellency was a zealous son of the church, and thus he was kept continually busy and had little time for reflection—far less for inspection of the works in the Library where he worked. Having literary tastes, this was a sad disappointment to him.

To his artless, unsophisticated mind, there was, perhaps, nothing after all so reprehensible in the present of the diamonds. What more natural than that Lefevre, as con-

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tractor for the loan, and agent of Bischoffsheim & Goldschmidt, should make such a present to Madam Gutierrez in recognition of her husband's services in connection with the great Inter-oceanic Railroad, which, Mr. Blank still naively believed, would soon be completed? Moreover, he was deeply impressed by the highly moral and religious tone of his employer's conversation; for Gutierrez, unlike the coarse and brutal Jew, Lefevre, was courtly and urbane in manner, and used occasionally to engage in conversation with his simple minded secretary, whom he artfully contrived to pump whenever the opportunity presented itself.

Poor Mr. Blank, moreover, was equally impressed by His Excellency's high ecclesiastical connections, and used to look at the portraits of Pope Pius and Cardinal Antonelli, which faced each other over the Library mantelpiece, with feelings of the deepest respect and awe struck veneration. Had he been better acquainted with the history of the Jesuits, their denunciation by Carlyle, or the precepts of the *Talmud,* so scrupulously obeyed by the Jew Cardinal Antonelli, his respect and veneration for those eminent ecclesiastics would probably have been considerably lessened; but, as it was, he felt himself highly honored by his position amid such grand religious surroundings, and at being introduced by His Excellency as "my private secretary" to Captain Bedford Pim, or, as *"mi secretario privado"* to certain high placed Central American personages. His vanity was flattered, and he was weak enough to imagine that "he" also might some day aspire to the honor of wearing or possessing the insignia of the noble order of the "Holy Rose of Honduras."

Notwithstanding the teachings of Voltaire, of Carlyle, of Sue and of Garabaldi, who says: "there can be no peace in the world until the last King is strangled with the bowels of the last priest" and "that every priest knows that he is an impostor, unless he is a fool, or has been taught to lie from his boyhood," he stupidly respected his employer

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on account of his exalted ecclesiastical connections and his learning, not knowing that Jesuits are always erudite and polished, as well as for his high diplomatic *status* as senior member of the *Corps diplomatique* at the Court of St. James', and the apparent sincerity of his religious professions. He could not yet, in the innocence of his heart, believe him to be a monster of hypocrisy, duplicity and deceit.

Reference has already been made to the departed Don Leon Alvarado, the nigger Commissioner of the Honduras Government, to whom Gutierrez in his sanctimonious introduction to the book mentioned in our last chapter, regretfully refers in terms of the most respectful and glowing eulogy, as an unselfish, patriotic, unworldly man, actuated solely by the most noble and disinterested of motives. Not many such men are to be found even in the United States.

Now Don Leon Alvarado had died some time before Mr. Blank had entered on his secretarial duties. Sometimes His Excellency could not restrain his pent up feelings, and would give them full vent, when alone with his secretary, in an access of sham enthusiasm and mock religious fervour, to be compared to the antics of the Salvation army fanatics, or like an actor, who makes a rehearsal for a comedy.

"Poor Mr. Alvarado!" he suddenly exclaimed one day in a dramatic pose suitable to the occasion, with uplifted hand and finger pointing heavenwards, like the statue of Captain Cook overlooking Sydney harbour, or rather to the ceiling of the library:

"He has gone to heaven! His body was black, but his soul was white. A more honest, worthy, unworldly and disinterested man never existed! He only lived for others, not for himself, for his country and his country's good. Honduras has sustained a great—nay an irreparable loss. I deeply lament his death. Yes, Mr. Blank, we should imitate him and his noble example! We should

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live for others—not for ourselves! We should above all things be unselfish and never actuated by mercenary motives. These are the teachings of Christianity and the church! We should endeavor to emulate the noble example of poor Mr. Alvarado!"

At this pathetic allusion to the late Señor Alvarado, who was a full blooded nigger, whom Mr. Blank had often seen at Lefevre's office, and who had special objections, on moral and religious grounds, to authorizing the signature and ratification of any contracts relating to the loans or the working of certain opal mines in Honduras, in which he was pecuniarily interested, proposed by Lefevre to Gutierrez (to which contracts Alvarado's consent and signature were as necessary and indispensable as the sanction and signature of Gutierrez himself, inasmuch as Alvarado was the special commissioner of the Honduras Government entrusted with the official supervision or surveillance of the contracts), until his black paw had been well greased either by Gutierrez or the Jew of Chamant—in other words until the pious, worthy man had received a handsome pecuniary solatium or *bonus* for himself, Mr. Blank was almost moved to tears, which he could with difficulty repress. Like the Scotch shepherd at the funeral of *Jock McDonald's* wife, he sadly needed some whiskey "to keep him fra greetin."

What noble self abnegation and disinterestedness! There were not many pure souls like Don Leon Alvarado in the city of London—in the purlieus of Lothbury, Lombard street and the Stock Exchange, he reflected. Few city men indeed resembled the Egyptian, who, in the "Book of the Dead," says: "I am pure, pure, pure!"

"Indeed Your Excellency must feel grieved at the untimely death of so worthy and disinterested a man—your colleague, so to speak, if I understand aright, in the great work of the Honduras Inter-oceanic Railway," he replied,

"Yes, Mr. Blank, I mourn his loss; but it has been so decreed by God. But we have some consolation; for the

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Almighty, in his infinite goodness, has manifestly watched over us and favored our great undertaking, which will prove of inestimable benefit, not only to my beloved country but also to the commerce of the whole world. His name will be handed down with a halo of glory to posterity, and I feel therefore resigned to his loss; for we must ever submit to the inscrutable decrees of an all-wise and beneficent Providence."

On this grandiloquent effusion, debited *ore rotundo* in a stately, dignified and impressive manner, Mr. Blank felt that he could make no comment; for he had heard the same song sung once before in a different key in Lefevre's office; so he modestly hung his head in token of mute acquiescence in the sentiments of his ultra-religious employer, and of admiration, at the same time for the exalted patriotism and many other virtues of the lamented negro defunct.

Gutierrez's piety was as truly exemplary as his solicitude for his poor secretary's salvation. So he continued:

"Yes! In order to insure our salvation in the next world, we must be unselfish and self denying like poor Mr. Alvarado in this one. His salvation is assured: he is saved. But are *you* saved, Mr. Blank? Do *you* feel sure of your eternal salvation?"

This point blank question anent the insurance of his eternal salvation was a staggerer. It was not only altogether unexpected, but was also so completely at variance with the sentiments Blank had so often heard expressed in Lefevre's office, that it took him quite by surprise. In fact, it almost took his breath away, so that he was only able to stammer nervously in reply:

"Yes, Your Excellency! I hope so. But . . . I have had a very narrow squeak, . . . and, . . . er, . . . would rather not talk about the matter; for, to tell the truth . . . er . . . I have lately been reading Voltaire."

"Oh! how unfortunate! Voltaire was a bad man and a

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Frenchman. But the minds of the French are as corrupt as their bodies are diseased! I hope you will not read any more of the works of that wicked man. You, of course, know how he recanted his errors before he died."*

"I have heard that denied, Your Excellency," said Blank.

"Oh! But the French are so wicked: they will deny anything," rejoined Gutierrez. Then, his anxiety about the eternal life insurance of Mr. Blank's salvation being apparently relieved, and deeming the opportunity propitious for again commencing "pumping" operations, His Excellency, adroitly changing the subject, continued:

"But you are mistaken, Mr. Blank, in supposing Mr. Alvarado to have been my colleague. Mr. Herran, the Honduras Minister in Paris, is my colleague as far as the emission of the three Honduras loans in Paris and London are concerned; or, at any rate, as far as the French loan of 1869 is concerned. And I greatly regret to say that Mr. Herran, who is a very rich man, has not cooperated with me as cordially as I could have wished in some respects. You have seen Mr. Herran, have you not?" he adroitly queried in an offhand tone, so as not to let his secretary suspect what he was driving at.

"Oh, yes! Your Excellency, on several occasions! And I well remember taking certain important contracts or agreements relating to the English loan of 1867 or the French loan of 1869, issued by Dreyfus & Scheyer in Paris, to him to sign when he was staying in London at Morley's hôtel, Charing Cross, and Mr. Lefevre telling me they were of great importance."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Blank now recollected a visit of the Jew, Martin Scheyer, in 1869, subsequent to the

*It is well known that Voltaire never recanted, and that the assertion that he did so is merely a lie invented by the priests, who always endeavor to extort so-called confessions or recantations from eminent freethinkers, when dying and not in full possession of their mental faculties.

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issue of the Paris loan for sixty odd millions of francs, shortly after which Lefevre began to buy racehorses and live in grand style.

"Do you happen to remember anything about these contracts, Mr. Blank? I mean whether it was stipulated in any of them that Mr. Herran should receive any sums of money at any time out of the proceeds of the French loan or otherwise?"

"I did not pay much attention to them at the time, Your Excellency, although I copied or made translations of these agreements; but now you remind me, I think I do recollect that Mr. Herran, by one of the clauses was to receive ten thousand pounds—otherwise the matter would most likely have escaped my recollection."*

A sinister smile of satisfaction flitted across His Excellency's face at having elicited this important revelation; for Herran and himself were rivals and deadly enemies, although both were Jesuits. But such animosity and jealous hate often exist in the bosom of the Sacred College, amongst the members of the order of Jesus so vigorously denounced by Thomas Carlyle, the sage of Chelsea. In fact, Gutierrez subsequently wrote a letter, which

*Truth is ever stranger than fiction. Mr. Blank's statement was subsequently corroborated and publicly confirmed in a startling manner by the late Admiral (then Captain) Bedford Pim, who, in his sworn evidence in 1875 before the "Committee of Inquiry into the Management of Foreign Loans" of the House of Commons, deposed on oath that Mr. Herran had objected to consent to the issue of another Honduras loan in Paris, unless ten thousand pounds were paid to him and his (Herran's) son-in-law a certain Pelletier, and that he (Captain Pim) had declined to accede to this condition on the ground that it was not in accordance with the habits of English sailors. In consequence of Captain Pim having imprudently endeavored to float this loan in Paris, under the authority of Gutierrez but without Herran's sanction, Herran had him arrested and dragged handcuffed through the streets of Paris and flung in prison along with the vilest malefactors—the scum of Paris—until he was released, owing to the energetic intervention of Lord Lyons, the British Ambassador in Paris, *(vide* "Blue Book"). Incredible but true!

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Mr. Blank copied, to a friend in Honduras, in which he piously but truthfully declared "that all Mr. Herran's statements were simply a pack of lies." He wrote this in Spanish: *"En cuanto á lo que dice el Senor Herran, todo es mentira!"* and for once anyway His Excellency spoke the truth.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "Mr. Herran, alas! is not so disinterested and noble as poor Mr. Alvarado! What a contrast, too, between Mr. Alvarado and Mr. Lefevre! Poor Mr. Lefevre! He has no moral sense!" Mr. Blank again tacitly acquiesced (and curiously enough, he was destined four years afterwards to find out to his cost that Herran was one of the champion liars of the universe); so Gutierrez took the opportunity to refer to Lefevre's recent marriage and to his handsome young bride, Mademoiselle Marie de Sourdis, the daughter of a *soi-disant Marquise,* or Marchioness, *de Sourdis* of averred high rank and very ancient and noble descent—of the *fine fleur* or flower of French nobility, or what the French term *"une Marquise de vieille roche,"* but who, in reality, as has been already explained, had unhappily been the proprietress of a fashionable house of ill fame. Mr. Blank, of course, knew nothing of this at the time beyond Dennie's avowed opinion that the noble dame looked much more like a procuress or a brothel keeper than a Marchioness, though His Jesuitical Excellency had evidently his suspicions as to the genuineness of her title.

"Have you ever met the Marchioness?" queried Gutierrez in an off hand way.

"Yes, Your Excellency! I have met her on several occasions at Mr. Lefevre's house in Paris in the *Rue du Cardinal Fesch;** that is to say, I have seen her there; but

*So named after an uncle of the great Napoleon, who accused him of making usually a muddle of matters—amongst other strange inconsistencies, of sending the atheist Doctor (Antomarchi) to him to St. Helena to alleviate his physical, but not his spiritual ailments. *"N' est pas athée qui vent,"* said Napoleon on one occasion to Antomarchi.

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I never had any conversation with her, nor was I ever introduced to her." This was in March, 1870,—a couple of months only before the outbreak of the Franco-German war—and, as a German would say, was quite *natürlich,* because the noble Marchioness was very guarded, owing to her poverty of expression and want of command of her native language as well as to the fear of divulging her real character and title. Her vocabulary was necessarily limited, as is always the case with ignorant persons like herself in all countries.

"Mr. Bischoffsheim does not believe she is a Marchioness," said His Excellency with a sardonic smile. "Have you ever heard any rumors to that effect?"

Of course, Bischoffsheim, as an unbelieving Jew, was not likely to believe in the authenticity of the high and lofty title assumed by the worthy mother-in-law of his brother Jew and confederate; for he knew well enough that marriages between Jew ex-convicts and Christian daughters of *bonâ fide* Marchionesses were of extremely rare occurrence in *la belle France.*

"I know absolutely nothing about her," replied Blank, who, for once, had the inspiration to hold his asinine tongue anent the opinion of the astute Dennie concerning that titled lady of high degree.

A disappointed, baffled expression flitted across His Excellency's cunning face; for the School for Scandal is not without its attractions everywhere.

"Is it not sad," he continued in a doleful tone of voice, "to see so young and charming creature married to an old man like Mr. Lefevre?"

Blank thought so, too; so philosophically replied:

"But one sees such things every day, Your Excellency. Beautiful young ladies constantly marry, or are compelled to marry, rich old men for their money; and besides Mr. Lefevre is not much over fifty!"

"True! Too true, alas!" responded Gutierrez in his usual sanctimonious tone, though somewhat surprised at

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the profundity of Mr. Blank's philosophy, for which he would have hardly given him credit. He began, in fact, to fear that after all Blank might not be such a fool as he looked, and as he took him for.

"But it is very sad and shocking all the same! Oh! Mr. Blank, this is a wicked world! How few people there are like poor Mr. Alvarado, pure and spotless, poor in this world, but rich in heaven!"

Mr. Blank again tacitly concurred, though even he, simple minded as he was, could not repress certain well founded misgivings as to the spotless purity and whiteness of soul of the colored Special Commissioner, whose oily, black hide emitted a rather too malodorous effluvium on a hot summer's day, he thought, for so suddenly triumphant an entry into Paradise. As it so happened, he had heard a good deal more than Gutierrez suspected about the doings of the late lamented Señor Alvarado, whom he had often seen at Lefevre's office, but deemed it best to conceal his knowledge of these matters as well as of the affair of the diamond necklace for obvious reasons; for he felt he was treading on very dangerous ground, as deeply undermined by volcanoes as British rule in India or Egypt.

But this kind of unctuous, hypocritical cant anent the spotless whiteness of soul of a dead nigger, of the black variety of biped carnivora, as a scientist would say, although it would not do "down south," goes down well in English high toned society and London drawing rooms, where generous natures find it so difficult to breathe freely.* It was, in fact, part of His Excellency's stock in trade; and as he himself corresponded with Sydney Smith's accurate definition of a Bishop as "a fat, oily man of God" in every respect save one, viz., that he was thin instead of fat, he naturally thought his humble, unworldly secretary would swallow any amount of it. But, although the latter resembled many other men of a

*John Stuart Mill.

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scholarly, studious, stargazing turn of mind, which renders them oblivious of things terrestrial, in being simple minded and unworldly wise almost beyond belief, he was somewhat curious and inquisitive. Like Pope, the little crooked thing that was always asking questions, he was always seeking for information where none could be had. His intervals of leisure were few and far between as angels' visits, and he had therefore long been unable to satisfy his ardent longing to inspect some of the handsomely bound volumes in His Excellency's library; for whenever he *did* happen to have a few minutes spare time, it was usually devoted to listening to an impressive sermon on religion and morality from his pious employer.

Now it so happened one afternoon, as fate would have it, soon after the above conversation, that the long hoped for opportunity at last presented itself; *"car tout vient à point à celui qui sait attendre;"* and, as an opportunity once missed never returns, and such opportunities, for Mr. Blank, were so extremely rare, and he had for a wonder for once got through with his tedious translations and correspondence for the day, he opened one of the glass covered bookcases to examine the first book that his eye happened to light upon. His astonishment may be better imagined than described at finding it to be a work in French, detailing the thrilling adventures of an amorous young Frenchman in the land of Egypt, and his miraculous escape from death at one of the harems on the banks of the sacred Nile. Mr. Blank could hardly believe his eyes.

There—directly in front of the portraits of Pope Pius and Cardinal Antonelli—in the library of so fervently religious and pious a man as His Excellency—the pride of the diplomatic body—he had naturally expected to find theological works by learned and eminent divines—such as Cardinal Wiseman's book on the doctrine of transubstantiation, or that of his opponent Dr. Turton, Protestant Bishop of Ely—in reply thereto, entitled "Turton on the

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Eucharist," which he had formerly read at the house of a poor, religious old aunt living in the famous county of *Dotheboys Hall* and *Wackford Squeers*, to whom it had been presented by its mitred author. In the work in question, that eminent English divine and mathematician, who was Lucasian Professor of Divinity and Senior Wrangler at the University of Cambridge, and who appropriately bequeathed all his vast wealth and his rich collection of works of art to charities, and nothing to his poor relations and friends: that good English Bishop, to whom the *Times*, in its obituary notice, justly alluded as "that great and good man,"—that excellent and worthy English Bishop appropriately quotes the calculation of a hard headed Scotch mathematician "that in ten thousand years Christianity (which he proves by a plus b to be a mere transitory religion), will have fallen into an oblivion as eternal as that of the early Pharaohs," or as that predicted by Voltaire for all things mundane.

But a work of this description in the library of a man of such lofty moral sentiments as His Excellency Don Carlos Gutierrez—a paragon of virtue—who had been decorated by *Pio Nono* himself with a Papal order, and was the intimate friend and confidential correspondent of Cardinals and Archbishops—the very highest dignitaries of the infallible Romish Church! *C'était à ne pas y croire!*

It is true that he was a man of humble comprehension, which lamentable fact alone sufficiently accounted for his inability to make head or tail of Dr. Turton's abstruse work, any more than of those of Cardinal Wiseman, or of Whateley, or of Paley, which keener intellects than his had no difficulty in understanding. Paley's "Evidences of Christianity" had only produced on him the same impressions as those of the Irishman, who defined "metaphysics" as "one man talking about what he does not understand to another who does not understand him;" but then he reflected that every one is not permitted to go to Corinth. As he glanced at the next shelf, he saw a row of well

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bound Ecclesiastical Records, or treatises on abstruse theological questions in Spanish and Italian, in incongruous juxtaposition with the book he held in his hand, which seemed to his obfuscated mind as much out of place as a blind horse in a China shop. His astonishment could only be compared to that of the young Frenchman from the country mentioned in Voltaire's *Encyclopédie,* or "Philosophical Dictionary," at being informed by the lackey of his relative, the Archbishop, "that a certain lady, whom he saw at his Eminence's palace, was the mistress of the Archbishop." Like that simple young Frenchman, Mr. Blank found that he also had yet indeed much to learn.

He rubbed his eyes in blank amazement to make sure he was not dreaming. No! He was wide awake—so wide awake in fact, that he became at once absorbed in the perusal of the following love story on the banks of the sacred Nile, where, although Isis now no longer wandering weeps, searching for the lost Osiris, handsome young foreigners, who have the misfortune to attract the admiration and gratify the sensual caprices of Egyptian Princesses, only too often become food for the fishes in that hallowed river. If it was with a feeling of amazement that he had read the title page and a few pages of the book, a further perusal of its contents tended in no way to diminish that feeling:

THE FRENCHMAN'S STORY.

"Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
  Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle
  Now melt unto sorrow, now madden to crime!

Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
Where the light wings of Zephyr oppress'd with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all save the spirit of man is divine?

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'Tis the clime of the East, 'tis the land of the Sun!
Can he smile on the deeds that his children have done?
Oh! Wild as the accents of lover's farewell,
Are the hearts which they bear and the tales which they tell!
—*Bride of Abydos.*

"I had been for about six months in Egypt, that land of mystery and romance, of the Sphinx and the Pyramids; of the Pharaohs, mummies and sacred cats; of Ammon-Ra, Cleopatra and Karnak; of *Ali Cogia, Haroun-al-Raschid* and *Giaffir,* his vizier. At the time of the occurrences I am about to relate, I was in Cairo, the picturesque city of dômes and minarets, bazaars, mosques, narrow streets, veiled women, Jews, Greeks and Italians in the *Abbasiyeh* districts, Armenians and negroes, beggars and fellah-women soliciting baksheesh; the latter sometimes covered with jewelry (for begging is as honorable and lucrative a profession in Egypt as at Naples, where mendicant friars in priestly garb openly solicit alms in the streets); unveiled Nubian women and Jewesses, Arabs, camels, starving dogs and all the other strange accessories that make up the curious, daily picture of Oriental life.

"I used to take a daily ride of several miles on the roads outside the city, partly for exercise, partly out of curiosity, to study these varied types of humanity and strange phases of Eastern life, differing so widely in every respect from those of occidental Europe. It had become a habit with me in the cooler season of October, when the north breeze tempers the heat—sometimes about sunrise, sometimes before sunset or earlier in the afternoon; and, as habit is second nature, this daily excursion had become, so to speak, a part of my existence almost as essential to me as meat or drink.

"One day as I was riding back to Cairo in my customary leisurely way, and when about a couple of miles from the outskirts of the city, I espied in the distance what seemed to be a slowly moving procession of fezzed or turbaned people in white dresses. My curiosity was aroused; so

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spurring my horse, I cantered ahead to see what this unusual spectacle could be; for the road was one of the quietest and least frequented by caravans around Cairo.

"As I approached nearer, I found what I had mistaken for a procession to be merely a retinue of slaves, eunuchs and *tutti quanti* escorting a lady evidently of high rank—probably some Princess—home to her suburban residence somewhere in the country.

"She was alone in her carriage, languidly reclining on the cushions; and, as the horses were being driven at a walk, I was able to get a good view of her as I passed, *i. e.* as good a view as it was possible to get of a veiled lady, whose eyes only could be seen, but whose features were carefully concealed from view. She was richly dressed *à l'Egyptienne,* and in spite of her veil, I could discern that she was young by the graceful contour of her figure and her flashing dark eyes.

"As I slowly rode by her carriage, her interest seemed to be suddenly excited. She had evidently noticed me, and, as I fancied, gave me a slight nod of recognition, imperceptible to her attendants, seeming to beckon to me simultaneously with her finger. At the risk of being considered vain, I may here say parenthetically that, at the time of this never to be forgotten adventure I was only twenty-seven and not altogether unattractive to womankind.

"I need scarcely observe that I durst not respond to these amorous advances, made, as they were, only by signs and with lightning rapidity, inasmuch as my doing so, even by a gesture, would have almost certainly attracted the attention of some one or other of her watchful retinue, with possibly dire consequences to the lady, if not to myself; so I merely darted back at her a quick responsive glance of mute acknowledgment and admiration.

"But as I rode on, my cheeks flushed with pleasurable excitement. I felt piqued by curiosity, stimulated also by *amour propre*— by curiosity, to know who my fair Prin-

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cess could be, by self esteem and complacent self satisfaction at her having deigned to cast such a favorable glance of encouragement on myself. So I mentally resolved to fathom the mystery and solve the pleasing enigma, if possible, by riding out daily in future at the same hour, on the same road, so as not to miss an opportunity of again encountering my noble and probably handsome inamorata. So the next day, and the day following that one found me again on the same road at the same time and the same spot returning to Cairo on horseback.

"But alas! She was not there! I determined, however, to persevere, and, on the fourth day, my perseverance was rewarded. This time I remarked with satisfaction that she had a less numerous escort, no doubt with the idea of her gestures or signs to myself being less likely to be observed than if she had a larger retinue.

"Again she made unmistakable signs of encouragement, unseen by the coachman, whose back was turned towards her, or by the slaves and eunuchs following; for the hood of her carriage being raised, nothing within could be seen by those behind. This time there could be no mistake; for she momentarily raised her *yashmak* to display to my admiring gaze a face of surpassing beauty—of a beauty that only poets and lovers dream of. There is a dumb language in the eyes, and ours met in one deep glance of love. But beyond this eager, ardent responsive glance on my part, my face became in a second as impassible and emotionless as the Sphinx.

"When, however, I deemed myself at a safe distance, and her *cortège* was nearly out of sight, I turned my horse's head to slowly follow in its wake, keeping sufficiently far off to avoid attracting attention, should any of the ever vigilant eunuchs happen to look back, but never losing sight of my siren's carriage in the distance. I thus retraced my steps, or rather those of my dissatisfied horse, hungry for his feed, for over a mile beyond the limits of my usual daily ride.

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"The minarets and gilded dômes of Cairo had faded out of sight in the distance; and as the sun was now sinking on the horizon, and night was near, I quickened my reluctant steed's pace somewhat. The dying fire of the sun god of old glowed in purple richness against the dark bars of the palms, as I saw my lady's escort suddenly turn a curve of the road to the right and disappear amid a thick grove of palm trees, in what seemed to be the grounds of a palatial residence about half a mile off.

"Deeming discretion still the better part of valor, I rode on at a leisurely pace, finally reined up my horse, and stationed myself *en vedette* a few hundred yards off the gateway, in the most obscure part of the road I could find to await the upshot. I felt sure she knew I would follow her, and that she would devise some means of communicating with me.

"But I knew also that I was in danger, and that no one except the Prince or proprietor can enter an Egyptian palace where women are, as no one must look on their face. I knew, too, that inevitable death awaits the stranger or *giaour* who attempts to introduce himself into the sacred apartments of the harem.

"This consciousness of danger kept me on the alert. But I was young, rash, headstrong and foolhardy, and bent on following up this amorous adventure in a land whose fierce climate communicates its fires to hearts so fruitlessly disposed to tenderness, to the end, regardless of the consequences. Few young men with any courage in them, and especially those of my nationality, hailing from *la belle France,*—

> The land of arms and arts,
> Of glory, love, romance,

would have acted otherwise. The temptation of such luscious forbidden fruit was irresistible. Even St. Anthony might have yielded to it. I was goaded on, too, by the powerful incentive of curiosity and also by the novelty

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and the romantic character of my adventure, to risk even life itself for a secret interview, no matter how brief, with this adorable young Princess, and for the opportunity of declaring to her my love. I remained therefore motionless to await the issue.

"It was now night; not the pale, poor light of cold northern climes, but the glorious night of Egypt. The scene was beyond compare lovely, as the moon rose in all her splendour to soar upwards in the heavens amid countless lustrous stars in cloudless skies, and shed her soft rays on the gilded dômes and cupolas of this sequestered palace of enchantment, and the palms and the long shooting stalks of the date trees. I durst not light a cigarette for fear of the lighted match attracting observation; and, as my greatest alarm was lest my horse should neigh and thus disturb the stillness of the night, I rode quietly back a couple of hundred yards further away to await the *dénoûment*. I looked at my watch by the moonlight and found it was after nine o'clock.

"How slowly the time seemed to pass! Another weary hour passed; when just as my patience was becoming exhausted, and I was about to canter away from the place in disgust, cursing my stupidity at putting trust in any woman, as the well known lines of that gay, royal rhymster Francis I:—

> "Souvent femme varie,
> Bien fol qui s'y fie,"

recurred to me, I suddenly descried a small, dark form emerge from a thicket of shrubs, and advance steadily towards me from the opposite side of the road.

"My curiosity was now excited to the utmost pitch. The mysterious form presently drew near, and turned out to be a little black slave—a mute—who, by signs and gestures, pointed to the palace concealed by the palm groves and to the spot where my horse stood; then, suddenly slipping a piece of paper into my hand, silently vanished like a ghost in the darkness,

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"As I had mastered the ordinary colloquial phraseology of the country to a certain limited extent, I had little difficulty in deciphering by the moonlight the two Egyptian words legibly written on the paper handed me by the little mute—"To-morrow, midnight!"

"I at once started slowly homewards, and as soon as I thought myself out of hearing distance; for I was fearful lest the clatter of my horse's hoofs on the lonely road might attract attention in the silence of the night, I spurred him up, and about half an hour's hard riding brought me back to my hôtel in Cairo.

"The excitement of my romantic adventure overcame hunger and fatigue; so, after seeing to my horse being fed and stabled for the night, little dreaming that the poor animal would only carry me once more again on that fatal road of death for him, I hastily ate a scanty supper and retired to rest; but it was long before nature asserted her prerogative and I fell into a sound sleep.

"I need hardly add that I was punctual to the rendezvous the following night. I passed the day in a feverish condition, but reached the spot indicated by the little colored mute somewhat before the time appointed; for I was nervous and restless, and, in my impatience, had ridden my poor horse faster than usual for fear of the remote possibility of being late at the rendezvous. Little indeed did I dream that I had ridden him for the last time!

"I had not long, however, to wait this time. Just before midnight, two tall burly figures turned a curve in the road, and noiselessly approached me. They wore soft slippers and their panther-like tread, under their long robes, was inaudible. Both were eunuchs and mutes; their tongues having been cut out, in accordance with the time-honored, immemorial custom on the banks of the sacred Nile and the enchanting shores of the Bosphorus, as a simple precautionary measure to insure their secrecy as far as possible, it being hardly necessary to add that they are not taught the deaf and dumb alphabet.

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"They made signs to me to follow them, placing their fingers repeatedly on their lips to enjoin silence on my part. I tied my horse to a tree with a halter I had brought with me for the purpose, and accompanied them for a considerable distance to a side entrance by a narrow, stone gateway to the grounds of the palace, whence they wended their way silently by winding, obscure paths, past bowers and fountains, through parterres and dark groves of cypresses, palms and myrtles, to a remote wing of this palace of enchantment, or rather of disenchantment, as it eventually turned out to be for me.

"Weird and strange indeed were my surroundings, as my mute, mysterious conductors glided noiselessly, like phantom ghouls, across the velvet sward of the lawns or through the shrubs and bushes!

"Not a light was visible in the few bay-windows of *mousharabieh,* or lattice work, or the more numerous modern windows of the vast, gloomy building, from the side by which we approached it; but two or three dim lights glimmered feebly and, as it seemed, surreptitiously, through the blinds or interstices of those over a balcony in the upper part of the wing or annex, to which my black guides of evil omen now silently conducted me. An indefinable impression of mystery and crime suddenly came upon me as we neared its threatening walls. Only the pen of a Dante and the pencil of a Gustave Doré could have adequately interpreted my surroundings and the sensations inspired by them.

"Pushing open a narrow, unlocked door, they traversed a long, dark passage leading to the foot of a richly carpeted staircase, on which the feeble light of gilded lamps turned low sufficed to reveal the gorgeous, oriental ornamentation of the walls—Arabesques, painted wainscotings and semi-barbaric gold decorations of old Arabian tapestries. This staircase the eunuchs ascended, beckoning me to follow; then, crossing another long corridor, we mounted a second flight of stairs and passed through an-

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other passage, when they touched me lightly on the shoulder, and pointing to the half opened curtains at the entrance to a room at the end of a side corridor, made signs to me to enter. Then leaving me, they descended the staircase as noislessly and stealthily as they had mounted it.

"Left thus alone in such a strange situation, my heart throbbed wildly with excitement. I could hear its hurried pulsations as I timidly pushed aside the massive, overhanging curtains and found myself in a kind of antechamber leading to another room, in which a lamp was dimly burning, whose light penetrated through other parted curtains opposite. Peeping through, I beheld a sumptuous apartment, or *boudoir,* furnished with all the gorgeousness and oriental magnificence of the Arabian Nights—splendid mirrors, velvet and silken cushioned sofas, divans and footstools; tables on which were scattered in profusion all the various accessories of an Eastern lady's toilet—perfumery, henna, dyes, pommades, etc. There, in the midst of this *embarras de richesses,* languidly reclining on a pale, blue, velvet divan and completely unveiled, sat the most beautiful and voluptuous woman I had ever set eyes on—a veritable reproduction of the marvels of *Aladdin's* fairy lamp.

"As I parted the curtains, she gave a momentary start of surprise; for she evidently had not heard my cat-like step on the carpet. She was pressing to her rosy lips the amber mouthpiece of a *narghileh* pipe to gently respire the fragment fumes of Syrian tobacco, embalmed with those of aloes, in the fashion in which Egyptian ladies smoke. Her complexion was adorable, owing partly, no doubt, to the fact that her face, being completely covered when out of doors, the sun could impress no blemish on its freshness and coloring. Like most Egyptian ladies, she was plump without being stout. She wore a Turkish jacket of red silk, richly embroidered with gold lace, that suited her admirably as she was a *brune,* and served to enhance her almost matchless charms and ravishing beauty;

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while, at the same time, it displayed her exquisite figure, taper waist and voluptuous bust to perfection. The tresses of her jet black hair were retained by a *bandeau* of golden filagree work of exquisite workmanship such as is sometimes to be found on the disentombed mummies of Egyptian Princesses of some long forgotten dynasty, brought to daylight by the excavations of skilled French Egyptologists, the art of making which, like the hieroglyphics on the curiously sculptured stone of the tombs of these mummies, sleeps in the mystery of a language long since lost and dead. Bracelets of gold, incrusted with priceless rubies and pearls, adorned her wrists, and her fingers sparkled with diamonds. She wore embroidered slippers, and her short, wide Turkish trousers revealed a tiny foot and shapely ankle. I was in presence of the "Light of the Harem"—of an Egyptian Sultana, whose irresistible charms rivalled those of the goddess *Hathor,* the Egyptian Venus.

"Her large, black, lustrous eyes flashed with mingled surprise and satisfaction as I entered her boudoir. She smiled, and laying aside the *narghileh* she had been smoking, motioned me to seat myself beside her with all the grace and dignity of an Empress or Queen, accustomed to command and to the immediate gratification of her slightest whim or momentary caprice. Hers was not, by any means an angelic type of beauty, but rather that of a Cleopatra, who used to try experiments of the effect of different deadly poisons on her slaves, in order to find out which produced the most rapid and painless death.

"As she spoke a few words of welcome in Egyptian in a sweet, soft voice, little above a whisper, and I knelt before her to kiss her hand, she raised me gently to her side to offer me her forehead instead, on which I impressed a passionate kiss. I was but a poor Coptic or Arabic scholar, and spoke and understood the language of the country very imperfectly; for I had not been long enough in Cairo to master it; so that although I could understand

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a few short sentences, our conversation was carried on mostly by signs. But lovers need no language to understand each other: that of their eyes suffices. Enthralled by her beauty and its magic spell, my whole soul was centered in her and her alone. I remembered the line over the entrance to the *Taj-Mehal:*

" 'If there be a heaven on earth, it is here;' and thought the earthly paradise for me, at any rate, was in Egypt—not in India.

"She offered me refreshments—coffee, sherbet, cakes, cigarettes, etc., brought by a mute slave; but I merely sipped a cup of coffee, more for form's sake than to recuperate myself from the fatigue and excitement of my long ride, being too much fascinated by the matchless charms of my *angiol d'amor* to care for material comforts.

"I can never forget that night. But joys are fleeting; and at early dawn, before sunrise, my beautiful charmer made me understand, both by words and signs, that the time had arrived for us to part, and that there would be danger to us both if I remained longer with her. She intimated plainly also that she did not intend this to be our last meeting, and that I had only to put in an appearance at the same place and hour, and under the same escort to again enjoy her favors on that day week writing the words to that effect herself on a slip of paper for me to read; and, as I signified my eager assent, she lighted a match and burnt the tell-tale paper; then lightly touching a hand-bell, the two eunuchs, of the previous night quickly responded to their mistress's summons.

"Before leaving, I loaded her with kisses and caresses, which she returned with interest. Our lips met in one last rapturous kiss before I tore myself from her with an aching heart. Miserable indeed should I have felt, had I thought we were then bidding each other an eternal adieu. But I consoled myself with the reflection that our separation would be of brief duration, and by the vain and illusory hope that in another short week I should again have

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the unspeakable joy of once more folding her to my arms in a passionate embrace.

"But the eunuchs were awaiting me on the landing; and as I joined them, I noticed with surprise and a sudden apprehension of danger, that they seemed restless and impatient. Their dark eyes rolled in their sockets, and their ugly, villainous countenances betokened unmistakable alarm, as they eagerly beckoned me to follow them, descending the staircases much more hurriedly and with infinitely less precaution than they had displayed on the previous evening.

"Their obvious trepidation and anxious haste to get me out of the place showed their dread of discovery and told me plainly enough that discovery was nigh. It was still almost dark; but although the sun had not yet risen, the light was sufficient to discern objects at a short distance; and, as they hurried me along between them, each holding me tightly by the arm, through the spacious grounds of the demesne, I perceived with anger and alarm that they were taking me in quite a different direction from the side-gate, by which we had entered and from the place where I left my horse tethered the previous night.

"It suddenly flashed upon me that these wretches might contemplate foul play, solely in order to insure the safety of their own vile carcasses from even the remote risk of discovery; for I never suspected treachery on the part of their mistress, whom I so madly idolized that I would gladly have sacrificed my own life to save hers.

"Instinctively I felt my coat pocket for my revolver, which I always carried loaded on my daily rides round Cairo in view of any emergency, and, to my intense relief, found it was still there. By a sudden jerk, I shook off my guides, drew my pistol, and presenting it at their heads, made signs to them to take me back to my horse.

"But they merely made excited gestures to me to follow them, as they turned off to the right in the direction I in-

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dicated; and, as it was impossible to argue with mutes, I imperiously signed to them to precede me a dozen yards further ahead; for my worst suspicions were now thoroughly aroused, as they wended their way through tortuous paths, in circuitous zig-zag fashion, seeming bent on confusing me as to the direction in which they were going, by taking these sinuous, labyrinthine paths.

"As we hurriedly glided thus in silence through groves of palms, I could distinctly hear the ominous roar of the Nile in the direction we were now going: this only confirmed my worst surmises, and at last we emerged on a long, open road or carriage drive, fringed with trees or shrubs on either side.

"The sun was now gilding the horizon with its golden beams, as my sable, unspeakable guides suddenly halted to point out to me a lofty, massive archway in the distance, which seemed to lead out of the palace grounds on to a high road, and by their mute signs and gestures, indicated it to be the *route* I should take, at the same time intimating their desire to leave me and return to the palace. They seemed baffled and disappointed, no doubt, as subsequent events showed, at my not having reached the gate-way now in sight before daybreak, when objects were less clearly visible, owing to my having made them lose time by compelling them at the muzzle of my revolver to take a circuitous *route,* in order to mislead me as to the real direction in which I was going.

"As they hastily passed me, I again covered them with my revolver, lest they should attempt to suddenly grapple with me and overpower me when off my guard; but they hurried along, never looking to the right or left, or turning round to see what I was doing. Their mission was apparently fulfilled, and they only seemed bent on returning to the palace.

"Still I did not feel at ease or out of danger; for I dreaded an ambush. The proximity of the Nile, too, was by no means reassuring; and, as I listened to its ominous

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roar, I suddenly remembered the mysterious disappearance of several young foreigners, whose mutilated bodies, covered with gashes from sword cuts and dagger thrusts, had afterwards been fished out of the river by boatmen and brought to Cairo, where they had been identified. I had heard these mysterious murders discussed at my hôtel and in the European clubs and social circles of Cairo, where the comparatively recent disappearance of a handsome young Swiss, whose mangled body was subsequently found floating in the Nile, had formed a leading topic of conversation.

"Was it possible that I was doomed to a similar fate? Was the adorable creature, whom I so idolized and had just so fondly embraced, a female fiend, a monster in human form, like the Empress Catherine II, of Russia, so mockingly styled by historians "The Great," who, after according her favors to handsome young soldiers of her Guard, had them strangled immediately afterwards on the principle that dead men tell no tales, in order to save her "honor."*

"No! It was impossible! I dismissed the base suspicion. All my fears were groundless, and I mentally reproached myself for ever entertaining them. The eunuchs had probably merely taken me by a more secluded *route,* in order to avoid the possibility of our being seen from the windows of the other side of the palace.

"There was the open archway before me, apparently leading to the high road only a few hundred yards off. And I had most likely only to walk through it to find my horse, that I had left barely half a dozen hours before, on the other side of the palace, tethered and awaiting my coming. These thoughts flashed through my agitated

*The beautiful Queen Hortense was not so cruel as the vicious Princess of Anhalt-Zerbst. Her indiscreet young lovers, who had not the wit to hold their tongues, were quietly placed incomunicados in lunatic asylums or prisons, and thus silenced forever. The fools richly deserved their fate.

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mind in less time than it has taken to relate them, as I stood hesitating what to do.

"I thought, however, I would not trust to Providence, so I examined my revolver: all the chambers were loaded. I took out one of the cartridges to see if they had been tampered with during my sleep, or wetted to make them miss fire; or if, lastly by any unlikely possibility, blank cartridges had been substituted for the loaded ones; but they were all right and perfectly dry. I was considered a crack pistol shot in the French army, in Algeria, where I had formerly served and had had two successful affairs of honor.

"So my suspicions almost disappeared as I walked at a leisurely pace towards the archway. All my previous fears had been purely imaginary. There *could be* no danger, and I already repented of my base suspicions of treachery on the part of my beloved and adorable Princess, and mentally blamed myself for ever even entertaining them for a moment.

"But, as I walked on in this happier frame of mind, when only within a hundred feet from the archway, and when I had just so comfortably dismissed all my fears as ridiculous and cowardly, to my horror and consternation, three huge eunuchs, brandishing long swords over their heads, and uttering hideous, inarticulate cries, suddenly emerged from a hidden recess and came running towards me.

"Lucky indeed was it that I had my trusty revolver, else I had never lived to write this adventure. Lucky indeed was it that, like the great Napoleon, I placed more implicit faith in the "big battalions," represented by my pistol, than in the intervention of Providence on my behalf. God helps only those who help themselves.

"At first I gave myself up for lost, as I did not know whether other assailants might not attack me or be lying in ambuscade for me in the archway; but I had little time for reflection.

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"On they came! I cocked my revolver and awaited their onset coolly, well knowing that I should need all my *sang-froid* to have even a chance of escape, and that he odds were terribly against me, but determined, at any rate, to sell my life as dearly as possible.

"In a few seconds they were upon me. Fortunately, the leader was about a dozen feet in advance of his comrades. I waited till he was close up to me; then, taking deliberate aim, I sent a bullet through his brain. As he fell dead in his tracks, I fired at the next one, hitting him in the right shoulder; and, as he fell, his sword dropped from his hand. The third made a desperate slash at my head which I only dodged just in time; the sharp blade, in its descent, missing my ear by a hair's breadth, grazing my left fore arm and cutting away a piece of the sleeve of my coat.

"Recovering myself quickly before he could again raise his sword, I fired a third time; but whether in the excitement I missed him or only slightly wounded him, I never knew; for he turned tail and ran away in the direction of the palace as fast as his legs could carry him. In the meantime the eunuch, whom I had disabled with my second shot, was trying to raise himself from the ground, so I aided him by blowing his brains out.

"I had still three chambers of my revolver loaded as I cautiously approached the murderous archway, peering to right and left to see if it contained other enemies; but the coast being apparently clear, I ran through at my topmost speed—and found myself, to my intense relief, on an open high road, on which I descried in the distance men and women with camels and donkeys, such as are to be seen daily on the tow-path of the Nile. Needless to add that I saw nothing of my horse! What became of the poor animal I never knew, nor did I deem it advisable to make inquiry. He was no doube killed, and his carcase flung into the Nile, where his rider was expected to follow him after the corpses of the other victims of my sen-

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sual but pitiless siren. *Sed Diis aliter visum!* My escape had been miraculous.

"I walked rapidly away from the accursed spot, looking back continually to see if I was pursued; but no one appeared in sight, and I soon came up with some of the donkey drivers, in whose company I felt out of danger. Hiring a donkey of a party of these Arabs returning to Cairo, I at last reached my hotel again safe and sound, contrary to my expectations a couple of hours before.

"In the course of the day I called on a fellow countryman named Dubois, an old resident of Cairo, to whom I related my thrilling adventures, and narrow escape, and whom I consulted as to what I should do under the circumstances. At first I had some thoughts of lodging a complaint with the French Consul for this outrage on a French subject; but my friend strongly dissuaded me from taking such a step, pointing out to me that I had knowingly violated the customs as well as the unwritten code of the country, and wilfully, with my eyes open, risked my life in a forbidden intrigue with a native lady, and that I should only think myself fortunate to have escaped death. From my description of the locality, he concluded my bewitching seductress to be the well known Egyptian Princess Fatima, openly suspected of the murder of the young Swiss above mentioned; but as no proofs could be obtained and his blood was on his own head, nothing could be done. These "love affairs," he said, were of by no means rare occurrence in the land of Egypt, where rash lovers of high born ladies are now murdered and flung into the Nile, instead of being embalmed alive as of yore, in the days of Sesostris, King of gods and men, and of the other Pharaohs; either process being somewhat objectionable to the lovers, the former, perhaps, the least so, another modern "off the face of the earth" improvement.

"To each of the victims he cynically but appropriately applied the hackneyed Parisian *dictum—'Fallait pas qu'il y aille.'*

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"The deaths of the two eunuchs, of course, were not of the least consequence; the lives of slaves being still held of as little account in Egypt as in the palmy days of Cleopatra, or of old Rome, where 300,000 gladiators were butchered in a single year "to make a Roman holiday;" a eunuch being merely regarded as a *corpus vile,* and human life, unless it be that of an influential person, being almost as cheap as in China or Oklahoma. *"Autres pays autres moeurs!"* But taking all things into consideration, he thought it would be best for me to leave Cairo as soon as possible.

"It is hardly necessary to add that I did not keep my second appointment with my dear Princess, who had so kindly consigned me to the loving care of her faithful eunuchs as excellent food for the fishes of the sacred Nile. It would have been decidedly too risky! I followed my friend's advice, and two weeks afterwards took my passage by a French steamer for Marseilles at Alexandria, where I bade an eternal farewell to the pleasant land of the Pharaohs."

* * * * * * * *

Mr. Blank quietly replaced the book, which had told him volumes, on the shelf of the bookcase that so appropriately confronted the two portraits over the mantel-piece opposite of the illustrious Pontiff and Cardinal above mentioned, and prepared to return home; for his dreary labors were ended, and Madam Gutierrez, in the drawing room, had just begun to sing "The Maiden's Prayer" to her own accompaniment on the piano—the usual signal for his departure from the hallowed precincts of the Legation. She had a good *mezzo soprano* voice; and as this was about the only song she could sing—at any rate, Mr. Blank never heard her sing any other—and she had practiced it hundreds of times, she sang it pretty well. The repertory of English ladies of the middle class, or Tufnell Park, category, is rather limited; their favorite songs usu-

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ally being the one above mentioned, or "Abide With Me," or "Oh, Murmuring Waters," or "True Till Death," or "Weary of Earth;" the last named pathetic melody being admirably adapted to the taste of most people to be met with in English society, who have been reared in the love of Handel and the fear of God, and who do not listen to a single note, inasmuch as directly a lady seats herself at the piano, that is considered the signal for striking up a general conversation *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis,* which is usually mainly devoted to scandal or an expression of the national, insular contempt for foreign songs and music and, in fact, for everything that is not English.

As Mr. Blank walked home through the eternal rain of London, with the air of "The Maiden's Prayer" ringing so sweetly in his ears; his thoughts temporarily diverted from their usual prosaic channel by the Egyptian love story he had just read, he musingly soliloquized: "Music, romance and religion. *Deus nobis haec otia fecit.*" For Providence did not bestow many blessings on him, poor fellow, and he naturally felt thankful for small mercies.

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CHAPTER XII.

The Crime of Lille.—The Portrait of the late Lamented Admiral Capponi.—The Marriage of Mathilde.—A Strange Wedding Breakfast.—*Nunc Est Bibendum.*—The Saltatory Performances of an old Friend of the Bride.—The Climax.—"All's well that ends well."

Now, as already explained in a previous chapter, it became absolutely necessary for Lefevre, prior to his own marriage, which took place shortly before the outbreak of the fatal war of 1870 between France and Prussia, not only to cease his cohabitation with Mathilde Cappon, but also to make ample provision for her future; for Mathilde was not one of those easy-going, weak, credulous women who are to be deceived by fair promises, especially from such a man as her quondam lover. So as soon as she got wind of Lefevre's matrimonial schemes, and knew that she was to be abandoned—that Lefevre would leave her to marry a younger woman than herself, *elle jeta les hauts cris,* in other words, she resorted to tears and entreaties, which are ever a cunning woman's most effective weapons, and every other imaginable artifice or device to compel Lefevre to make a handsome settlement upon her.

She did not care one jot or iota about being separated temporarily or eternally from her *pro tem.* lover, although her *liaison* with him had been perforce of exceptionally long duration; for she had already had dozens of lovers, who were to be had for the asking—some very wealthy ones—and she wisely reasoned on sound financial calculations that there were still as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. So in this dire emergency, as she was a woman fertile in resource, and was intimate with the two

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Jews, James Phillips and Bischoffsheim, both of whom were more or less under her magic spell; the former being her constant and faithful companion in her promenades in London, and whom she utilized pretty much in the same way as her poodle; whilst the latter clandestinely patronized her;—she addressed herself to them to exert their potent influence in her favor to induce Lefevre to settle a handsome annuity upon her.

The miserable Jew, of course, was recalcitrant, as, after having enjoyed her favors, he naturally wanted, like the base reptile he was, to get rid of her for a beggarly pittance in pretty much the same way as he had got rid of his former partner, Hay, who had died in poverty, and of the unfortunate Blank, and as he had abandoned Dolores and everybody else after they had served his turn. But Mathilde was not the kind of person to be thus got rid of; so at last, after much haggling, in deference to the representations of his worthy Jewish friends aforesaid, he felt himself obliged, *malgré lui,* to allow her a life annuity of £500, or $2,500 per annum.

Mathilde was a thorough woman of business, who strikingly resembled the famous or infamous Léonide Leblanc;* inasmuch as she never allowed sentiment to enter into her calculations, and in this respect, at any rate, she marvelously resembled Ellen Bischoffsheim, her patron's daughter, who married the ugly Earl of Desart. She therefore took precious good care to have her settlement drawn up by a competent lawyer, so as to be in strict conformity with English and French law, and insure its regular payment, as she never trusted to Providence in any of her monetary transactions; her mottoes being, "Cash down on the nail," and "every one for himself and God for all;" or, as she used to tersely put it in her native French: "*Argent comptant,*" and "*Chacun pour soi et Dieu pour*

**Utrum horum mavis accipe!* Leonide Leblanc died immensely rich; the path of virtue not being precisely the royal road to fortune.

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tous," the latter of which beautiful maxims is equivalent to "The Devil take the hindmost" in plain English, as His Satanic Majesty invariably does.

When at last all these tedious, but necessary, legal formalities had been duly fulfilled through the medium of her own favorite lawyer in Paris, and the honorable firm of London Solicitors, or Attorneys at Law, Messrs. Fox, Wolf and Skinner, of Cheatem street, and she had duly and legally been converted from an ordinary *femme entretenue,* or woman of the *demi monde* of base extraction, into an independent lady of means, she at once energetically set about regularizing her social position. Naturally proud of her beauty, which had already made so many conquests—in fact Lefevre used to write to tell his friends of "the dreams of glory of which she sometimes gave herself the luxury" (a piece of gratuitous information that no doubt deeply interested them, for there were no limits to the ambition of this daughter of a man cook), she aspired to be the mistress of some *grand seigneur* or Prince of the blood, or failing that source of supreme contentment, to be the wife of a young man of ample means and high social position. She could then mix in good society, and play her customary *rôle* of the *ingénue* to perfection.

No doubt there were obstacles in the way to this practical realization of her love's young dream; but for a woman of her stamp these were mere trifles that vanished like smoke *tenues in auras.* So, in order to force herself on the matrimonial market, as an eligible partner for any nice young man desirous of entering into the bonds of holy matrimony, and sharing her joys and sorrows, she communicated her virtuous and praiseworthy ambition to be a *femme comme il faut* to her Hebrew trinity of adorers, explaining how ardently she desired to be translated from the *demi-monde* to the *monde,* and not merely to the *monde* but to the *grand monde,* notwithstanding the *immonde* nature of the translation or transfer. She did not want to become "a great improper female," as Carlyle calls

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Georges Sand: she wanted to become a *femme du monde* and to mix in good society—the dearest ambition of many a cook or daughter of a cook besides herself.* She knew that such evolutions or translations were as easy as the translation of a Bishop from one see to another, as also that they were constantly effected by the power of gold, and especially of Hebrew gold.

She was not going to be satisfied with a wretched pittance of $2,500 a year. Oh, dear no! She wanted a young and wealthy husband besides. And so, of course, she got one.

So these worthy Israelites—the Brahma, Vishnu and Siva of Mathilde's modern Judaism—cast about for a suitable husband for the invincible courtesan, whose potent charms none of the trinity had been able to resist. Their trusty agents were set to work on an organized *battue,* or system similar to that by which the rotten Honduras stock was bulled on the London Stock Exchange and the Paris *Bourse,* and the market rigged; and finally the vampires selected the son of the *Procureur Impérial* of Lille and his honorable family as their prey. Like the vultures, they scented the quarry from afar.

Lille is the chief manufacturing town of the north of France; and to it we must now, for a brief interval, direct our readers' attention in order to explain the truly extraordinary occurrences, which form the subject of the

*Witness Mrs. "Enry" Awkins, wife of the English hanging judge, who, when plain Mr. Hawkins, was counsellor for the Honduras bondholders, when Sir Henry James acted in a similar capacity for Lefevre, whom he felicitously described in his pleading for that notorious ex-convict as "a gentleman" (sic)! Lord Chief Justice Pollock had ordered Lefevre's arrest and the payment by Lefevre of the ridiculous sum of only $100,000 to the bondholders. Lefevre had then simply crossed the Channel, and Hawkins agreed to accept only $25,000 as ample compensation to his unhappy clients for the millions which Lefevre had so impudently embezzled. "Sir Enry," it is said, has since been converted to the Romish religion—another curious translation.

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present chapter, and which assuredly equal, if they do not surpass, many of the strange experiences of Vidocq, the Prince of French detectives, as they rival in infamy some of the fictional, fantastic inventions of Gaboriau.

Monsieur Dufour, the *Procureur Impérial* or *Chef du Parquet* of Lille, at the time to which we refer, just before the fall of the Empire, was one of the chief notabilities of Lille and the *Département du Nord,* or Northern Department of France. This high functionary, who was Chief Judge of the Department, occupying a position somewhat, though not altogether analogous to that of a Lord Chief Justice in England, with the additional powers of the High Sheriff or Deputy Lieutenant of a County, enjoyed universal consideration and esteem, not only in Lille and its vicinity, but also all over the north of France, and his family were highly respected. The very title of *"Procureur Impérial"* inspired the most profound respect under the Empire.

This ingenious combination, well worthy of the respected trio, succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectations. Lefevre and Bischoffsheim having met the *Procureur* and been introduced to him, had obtained the *entrée* to his house and family circle at Lille, where their ostentatious display of wealth did not fail to produce a favorable impression, not only in social circles, but also among the hotel keepers and tradesmen, whom they lavishly patronized, in order to produce effect, curry popularity, and at the same time, pave the way to the introduction of the beautiful and virtuous orphan, their *protégée,* to the family of the Judge.

Reference was casually made one day, in the course of conversation in the *Procureur's* drawing room, by a certain Madam Bordelais—one of the ladies in their pay, whom the Jews often employ as social spies and secret emissaries, in the same way as the Russian Government utilizes the services of attractive and highly educated female agents abroad, in the field of diplomacy—to the

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beauty and modesty of Mathilde, the orphan daughter of the late Admiral Capponi, living in seclusion and retirement in a little country villa only a few miles from Lille.

Madam Dufour and her son naturally became interested in the glowing account given of her charities to the poor, her extreme modesty and timidity, her aversion for society, and the fashionable world, and her love for a quiet country life—so much so in fact that Madam Dufour expressed her desire to be introduced to her.

"What a charming young person she must be!" exclaimed Madam Dufour. "From your account of her, she would be a really delightful acquaintance. I should much like to be introduced to Mademoiselle Capponi."

"I think I may be able to arrange it for you," replied Madam Bordelais; "only you must not forget, my dear Madam Dufour, that the poor girl has been so little in society and knows so little of the world, that she is exceedingly shy. You must excuse her timidity and *gaucherie,* you know."

"Oh certainly!" said Madam Dufour. "We could excuse anything to so charming a person as you describe her to be. When did the poor girl lose her father, the Admiral?"

"Ah Madam! It is so sad! Admiral Capponi died when she was only twelve years old; and, as she had had the misfortune to lose her dear mother five years before, she was thrown on the world an orphan at that early age. It was so sad—*si triste!* An old aunt, who has since died, placed her in a seminary, where she received an elementary education; but she soon left it to live with her aunt, who was a great invalid, until her death, which occurred only a few years ago. Her kind aunt left her just sufficient to live upon until she came of age, when she inherited the small fortune left her by her father. She was an only child, reserved and peculiar like most orphans, and so unworldly and kindhearted. Her greatest pleasure is to relieve the poor."

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Truth compels us to state the sad fact that the fat cook, Monsieur Cappon—Mathilde's father—was at that very time preparing that favorite Marseilles dish known as a *bouilliabaise,* consisting of fish fried in oil, garlic, etc., at a well known Parisian club, having long since left his modest situation as *Chef* at the *Hotel Christol* at *Boulogne-sur-mer* for a more remunerative post in Paris, where he had better opportunities of displaying his undeniable culinary skill than *en province.* Between him and the lamented deceased Admiral Capponi there was indeed a wide gulf fixed. As to the deceased elderly aunt, she strikingly resembled the late Admiral Capponi of the Royal Italian Navy, inasmuch as she only existed in the domain of allegory or fancy, being a purely imaginary personage, evolved, like the German's camel and the mythical benevolence of Mathilde, out of the mental consciousness of Lefevre, Madam Bordelais and her other supporters.

"What an angel she must be!" enthusiastically exclaimed Madame Dufour. As to young Monsieur Dufour, who had been a silent but attentive listener to the conversation, he thought she must be a veritable *angiol d'amor,* a *belle Lucile,* this orphan daughter of an Italian Admiral. He became greatly interested in the conversation, and could not refrain from humming the words of the well known air:

"Ah bel ange! Ah ma Lucile," as he nervously tapped the floor with his walking stick, oblivious to his immediate surroundings. "How I should like to see her!" he said to himself, "this charming *villageoise! L'amour dans un petit village!"*

"Ah Jules!" interrupted his mother, "how absent minded you are! Are you listening to what Madame Bordelais has just been telling me?"

"Yes, *ma mère;* but I am, as you say, absent minded. *Mille pardons,* Madame Bordelais! Continue, I beg of

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you! I also am getting interested in Mademoiselle Capponi."

"Oh! Monsieur Jules, you also!" rejoined Madame Bordelais, delighted at the turn things were taking. "Well! if you *must* both be introduced to her, I suppose it can be managed. Supposing we called on her at her modest little villa at *Château d'Avray!* It is only three miles off. Then we could take her by surprise. She is so timid and bashful, you know. I should have great trouble in persuading her to visit you: she is so shy and retiring."

And so it was arranged that the trio should drive over in the Judge's carriage and pay a timely visit to the interesting orphan in a couple of days; that delay being necessary for Madame Bordelais to initiate, in her new *rôle* of blushing *ingénue,* the former dancer of the *cancan* at Mabille and Asnières. So at the time appointed the trip was made. Mathilde, who in the meantime had been well drilled by her clever *chaperone,* was ready—aye ready. She wore a light muslin dress, befitting the season and the occasion, which suited her to perfection. She looked very beautiful—literally *ravissante*—the image of virginal purity.

Madame Bordelais rang the door bell; and, as prearranged between the two *coquines,* Mathilde herself answered it, but started back in well simulated surprise at seeing her friend accompanied by two strangers, although she had only the day before been duly notified of their visit by her astute *chaperone.*

Madame Bordelais threw her arms round her neck, and kissed her effusively on both cheeks, saying:

"Ah, *ma chérie!* I have brought two kind friends with me. Let me introduce them to you! Madame Dufour, of Lille; Monsieur Jules Dufour; Mademoiselle Capponi!"

Young M. Dufour, as he raised his hat, was lost in admiration. Mademoiselle Capponi, in effect, was beautiful beyond imagination: he fell madly in love with her at first sight.

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As to Madame Dufour, she, too, was equally fascinated and surprised by Mathilde's beauty, yet withal puzzled. She found her very different from what she had expected, but could at the time hardly analyze her own impression; for she found her considerably older than she had supposed her to be from Madam Bordelais's description of her; but Mathilde played her part so admirably, and feigned such bashfulness and confusion that the mother even was duped for the time; and besides Madame Bordelais did not give her time for any further too close examination or cross-examination.

"I wanted to give you a pleasant surprise, my dear! I know how timid and bashful you are, and what trouble I should have had in getting you to come with me to Lille to call on my two friends here; so I brought them to you instead. 'If the mountain won't come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain,' you know. *Entrons ma belle!* Let us go inside!"

With these words Madame Bordelais gently pushed Mathilde before her into the little parlour of the villa, ushering in at the same time Madame and young M. Dufour, whom Mathilde deferentially asked to be seated.

A full length portrait of the imaginary Admiral Capponi in naval uniform; his breast covered with medals, crosses and decorations, which had been painted to order by the conspirators, and made to resemble Mathilde as nearly as possible, hung on the wall directly in front of the chair on which Madame Dufour was seated; and it very naturally at once attracted that good lady's attention. The *mise en scène* was perfect. He was a tall, handsome man, with Italian features and physiognomy. Immediately underneath the portrait in oils of her sham father hung that of the real Mathilde herself.

As to young Monsieur Dufour, his whole attention was concentrated on the original rather than on her portrait; but as Madame Bordelais noticed his mother's gaze to be riveted on the two portraits of the father and daughter,

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she cleverly availed herself of the opportunity to allow Jules Dufour to admire Mathilde, while she herself descanted on the heroic achievements of Mathilde's pseudo, father to his mother.

"That is the portrait of Mademoiselle Capponi's father!" she said, addressing Madame Dufour. "Is he not like her?"

"Yes, indeed!" replied Madame Dufour. "The likeness is striking. What a handsome man!" Then turning to Mathilde, she said:

"You are indeed like your noble father! I never saw a greater family likeness. You remember him, I believe?"

"Oh yes, perfectly! I was twelve years old when he died," mournfully answered Mathilde.

"*Ah! pauvre chéric!* (poor darling!) How you must have felt his loss! How I can feel for you! And you also had lost your dear mother five years before your father died? My mother's heart bleeds for you."

At this pathetic allusion to her deceased parents, and especially to her dear, dead mother, who was a stout old *paysanne* in the best of health and spirits, living in a remote village in the *Pas-de-Calais,* in the enjoyment of a nice little allowance from her dutiful and virtuous daughter, Mathilde suddenly burst into tears, which, although they resembled those of the crocodile, or the widow, none the less produced their desired effect.

It was a fine theatrical *coup.* The woman, who has always at hand a plentiful stock of tears, may be safely set down as a bad woman. She is far worse than the unhappy man, who is driven to apply onions to his eyes, as a last resource, in order to obtain from his lacrymose ducts the necessary supply of this description of wet goods, to show his grief for the death of a lamented mother-in-law.

"Oh! forgive me, my dear Mademoiselle!" hastily exclaimed warm hearted Madame Dufour. "How wrong and stupid of me to revive these painful recollections! I feel so grieved at your sad bereavement. Console your-

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self, dear Mademoiselle Capponi," she added, as Madame Bordelais covered Mathilde with sympathetic kisses.

Young Monsieur Dufour, who had been an impatient spectator of this scene, felt embarrassed, annoyed and irritated.

"Ah mother! How *could* you wound Mademoiselle's feelings in this way at our first meeting!" he impetuously exclaimed, feeling more madly in love with Mathilde than ever.

But Mathilde was equal to the occasion, as she smiled on him through her tears, saying:

"Pardon me, Monsieur Dufour, my weakness! But I receive so few visitors. I have so few friends besides dear Madame Bordelais, and it is so long since any one has spoken to me of my dear parents. I can never forget them."

"You may well be proud of your father, Mademoiselle. A naval officer of the highest rank!" rejoined Madame Dufour, anxious to repair her fault and give another turn to the conversation.

"Yes, indeed!" said Madame Bordelais; "Mathilde may well be proud of her father. His breast, covered with medals and decorations so nobly won, testifies to his bravery and his exploits. He was often wounded, and he gallantly served his country."

She would have been puzzled to give a correct chronological list of the battles in which the defunct Admiral had fought outside of the scullery or the kitchen, or of the chickens and turkeys he had killed, or of the scratches he had received in these terrible encounters, which constituted his only valid claim to the medals and crosses for distinguished bravery in action he had received; but both Madame Dufour and her son were eager to change the subject.

"How lonely you must be here, Mademoiselle! Do allow me to invite you to visit us occasionally! My husband will be charmed to make your acquaintance and to let me

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introduce you to our circle of friends in Lille and the neighborhood," said Madame Dufour nervously and jerkily in *staccato* fashion.

"Oh! Madame Dufour! You are too kind. But you know, as Madame Bordelais has explained to you, how timid I am and what a secluded life I have hitherto led. I hardly feel equal to mix in society—especially in your high social circle," replied Mathilde, who had now quite recovered her self possession. In giving expression to her diffidence in the latter respect, she for once spoke the truth.

"Don't think of that for a moment! I will soon make things comfortable for you, if you will only put yourself under my guardianship, so to speak, and let me be your *duena,*" replied Madame Dufour.

And so, after much mock hesitation and blushing reluctance on the part of Mathilde, who, in reality, was only too eager to accept the invitation, she finally yielded to the insistance of her new friends and the advice of Madame Bordelais. So it was agreed that she should return Madame Dufour's call in a few days; and after some further conversation about pleasant trifles, which usually form the agreeable *pièce de résistance* of French social chat, but are so lamentably conspicuous by their absence in English society, Madame Dufour and her son rose to take their leave of the interesting and lonely orphan, reentered their carriage, and drove back to Lille.

Jules Dufour was in a state of enchantment that did not escape his mother's watchful eye.

"Why, you are in love already with Mademoiselle Capponi," she exclaimed before they had driven far from her little house. "You say nothing. *Allons!* my son; this is a bad sign, so soon."

"Can you blame me, mother? Is she not an adorable creature? So beautiful and good and noble *en même temps!* I felt for her so, when she shed tears about her father."

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"I admit she is beautiful. But *doucement,* go gently, my Jules! We shall see more of her soon, I hope. She seems rather older than I fancied her to be from Madame Bordelais' account; but Italian girls often look years older than they really are."

It may here be parenthetically observed that a *Parisienne,* no matter what her station in life, would hardly have been thus imposed on, notwithstanding the cleverness of the acting of Mathilde and her able coadjutor; but it must be remembered that Madame Dufour was a *provinciale,* accustomed to the dull *vie de province,* or country life, of provincial magnates, and quite unaccustomed to meet women of the stamp of Mathilde and Madame Bordelais, and the *mise en scène* was so perfect that she fell into the trap. As to her son, he was too inexperienced, had too little knowledge of the world, and was too infatuated by Mathilde's charms to detect the unscrupulous, cunning adventuress and brazen courtesan under the mask of the virtuous, tearful orphan. And besides, was she not under the *aegis* of the great bankers, Messrs. Lefevre and Bischoffsheim? Was not that alone a sufficient guarantee of her virtue and respectability?

And so the conversation between mother and son rolled on in a tone of playful *badinage,* until they reached home to re-enter the portals of the Procureurial mansion, and relate the various incidents of their pleasant visit to the austere head of the family.

The *Procureur Impérial* of Lille, Monsieur Dufour, resembled most other French Provincial *Procureurs.* Pompous in manner and punctilious in formality, as befitted so exalted a functionary, his august mien and magisterial aspect, the immaculate whiteness of his cravate and the austerity of his countenance seemed, in public, an infallible guarantee of his probity and honorability. In society, however, he could throw off this mask of mock austerity, which all judges have to wear, and which is a part of their

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stock in trade, and be genial and affable—charming alike in manner and conversation.

He was pleased to know this beautiful orphan daughter of a foreign Admiral, introduced to his family under the *aegis* of the two great bankers, Mr. Bischoffsheim of London and Mr. Lefevre of Paris, Montevideo, Bucharest, London, Chamant and God knows where besides. Their exalted and honorable names alone, for him, were a more than sufficient guarantee of the honor and high social standing of their interesting young *protégée,* for whom his son had manifestly formed an attachment. For unfortunately, French provincial Judges, however profound may have been their studies *en droit* of the iniquitous old Roman, or the equitable and just, old Flemish law, and the *Code Napoléon,* are usually as lamentably ignorant of the precepts of the *Talmud* as of the records and secret reports of the Parisian police; and of all persons a judge, and above all a full fledged French *Procureur Impérial,* is about the last man in the world to knowingly sanction a marriage between his son and a low born courtesan representing the very quintessence of Parisian immorality and *devergondage.* It seemed as though Lefevre was bent upon revenging himself for the numerous severe sentences that had been passed on him by other French and English judges, on the unhappy *Procureur Impérial* and *Chef du Parquet* of Lille.

Lefevre wisely kept in the background; he and his fellow conspirators leaving everything to the clever Madame Bordelais, and admirably did that worthy lady discharge her honorable functions.

When Mathilde was first introduced to Judge Dufour, she felt nervous. It was the first time in her life that she had ever spoken to a *Procureur* of the Empire, or been in the drawing room of so high an official. She assumed her most modest, timid and bashful air of the rural *ingénue,* as with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks she was presented to that solemn and august functionary—the repre-

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sentative *par excellence* of law and order and morality, in his own house, by Madame Bordelais.

It is only fair to Mathilde, however, to state that her blushes on this memorable occasion were genuine, being due, not to paint, but to suppressed excitement at finding herself in presence of the father of the young man, whom she had already entangled in the meshes of her siren's net, and whom she so eagerly hoped to marry, as also to the well founded fear of detection owing to some unforeseen contingency or unlooked for mishap. She experienced, in a word, exactly the opposite sensations to those of *Marguerite* in *La Dame aux Camélias,* when confronted with the father of *Armand.* But the heroine of Dumas possessed certain good qualities; whereas Mathilde had none. Mathilde's fears, however, for the present, at any rate, were groundless, as her blushes only served to enhance her beauty and produce a very favorable impression on the *Procureur,* who was not accustomed to see such handsome young ladies at his house every day. With his customary semi-patronizing, pompous air, and judicial tone of voice, as if he were pronouncing a decree in Court, he sententiously expressed his pleasure at making her acquaintance.

"It gives me great pleasure, Mademoiselle, to make your acquaintance and to know that you will, I hope, often visit Madame Dufour. We only regret that you should have lived so long in the neighborhood without knowing us before."

"Ah! *Monsieur le Procureur,*" interpleaded Madame Bordelais, anxious to make the most of the occasion in order to confirm the manifestly favorable impression produced on the Judge by her *protégée* "Mademoiselle Capponi has led for years such a retired life with her late aunt—a life mainly devoted to charities and relieving the distress of the poor wherever she has been since her childhood, that she has seen very little of the world and society."

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It should here be explained that, at the suggestion of Madame Bordelais herself—not from any spontaneous ebullition of almsgiving or charitable instincts of her own —Mathilde had liberally distributed alms amongst the poor in her neighborhood for some time past, in accordance with the scriptural injunction, "The poor ye have always with you" (although she hated poor people in her heart), and had thus earned her appellation or title of *"la bonne demoiselle"* by a somewhat different method to that by which the unhappy Princess Tarakanoff, the victim of Catherine II. had merited, in Tuscany, her title of *"la bonne Princesse."* This had made her extremely popular at *Château d'Avray;* the money for these charitable donations being of course provided by the Jew of Chamant, who was then winning fabulous sums of money on the English turf by bribing jockeys and other malpractices similar to those of the late Marquis of Ailesbury, in addition to the colossal fortune he was rapidly accumulating out of the Honduras loans swindles. Mathilde was, in reality, no more charitable than Emma Crouch, or Crutch, —the famous "Nana" of Zola—daughter of a London livery stableman, who was first brought over to Paris by the late Duc de Morny as one of his harem. Her morality, too, was about the same as that of "Nana," though of the three cardinal virtues, faith, hope and charity, it is only fair to her to admit that she possessed the two first in a marked degree; her faith in human credulity being only on a par with her hope to utilize it to her own benefit.

"It does you infinite credit, Mademoiselle," said the *Procureur* to Mathilde. "Charity is one of the most Christian virtues," he sententiously added, little dreaming, in the innocence of his heart, that this so-called Christian charity he so belauded was that of the cast-off mistress of an oft-convicted felon Jew, who had none of the genuine article.

"I am so fond of a country life, *Monsieur le Procureur,*" timidly chimed in Mathilde, feeling it incumbent on her

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and absolutely necessary to say something. "I love my garden and my flowers and my canaries so much. I know so little of the world or of society, and often think I shall end my days amidst my flowers, my little birds and my poor people."

"I trust not, Mademoiselle! A young and beautiful lady like yourself would be an ornament to any Parisian drawing room," gallantly replied the Judge. "I sincerely hope we shall see much more of you in future."

This hope was destined soon to be realized. The unsuspecting *Procureur* and his estimable family soon saw and knew much more of Mathilde than they had bargained for.

As time flew on, the engagement between Jules Dufour and Mathilde became an accomplished fact. Not long afterwards Madame Dufour sent Mathilde a wedding present, or rather, to speak correctly, an ante-nuptial one, of some diamonds and other jewelry, a *parure,* etc., which the modest orphan, who disdained the vanities and frivolities of this world, returned with thanks and a prudish message "that she was not accustomed to wear such things;" for, if fond of her canaries, Mathilde all the same thought the Judge *un fameux serin.*

Jules Dufour's courtship of Mathilde rolled on smoothly: it formed an exception to the general rule that "the course of true love doth n'eer run smooth." But then, in such a case there must be true love on both sides; whereas, in the present instance, although there was undoubtedly true love on his part, there was no true love on that of Mathilde. He adored, idolized, worshipped her: he was infatuated by her charms. But she did not love him in the true sense of the word: she did not dislike him, but she was not enamoured of him. She only pretended to be so. But that was sufficient. He would have sacrificed life itself for her: she would have never dreamed of such a sacrifice for him. On the contrary, had it been possible or advisable for her to do so in her own interest, or to

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gratify a sensual caprice, she would have had him assassinated or strangled in the same way as Catherine of Russia disposed of so many of her lovers, in order to replace them by others; or, as she had her husband murdered by the Orloffs, one of whom was her paramour. But she simulated love, and Jules Dufour implicitly believed that she loved him.

One fine autumn evening, the pair of lovers were strolling together in the Judge's garden. They were alone, chatting pleasantly of their future plans—of a projected tour in Italy after their wedding, and of those thousand and one castles in the air of romance and happiness, which lovers like Jules Dufour are so fond of building.

Presently, they seated themselves in a rustic arbour at the end of the grounds to discuss their pet schemes. Jules had one fixed idea, viz., to visit Italy and the scenes of Mathilde's childhood. To see the ancestral home of the Admiral Capponi, her noble father, was also one of his day dreams; and, although this was treading on very dangerous ground, Mathilde was compelled, *bon gré mal gré,* to humour his whim.

"Ah! my dearest," he said, as he kissed her passionately on both cheeks, "when we are united. I should so like to see Italy—your beautiful native land! And above all the old home of your childhood! We must visit it as soon as we are married. Do tell me more about your father, and his family and friends! I feel so interested in them, and so proud at having such a father-in-law, with such a genealogical tree, although he is dead. Would he had lived to know our happiness! Where did he live?"

"*Oh, mon Jules chéri!* I should be delighted to see sunny Italy with you; but you know how young I was when I lost my parents. My poor, dear father's home was near Piacenza; but he often traveled and used to spend months every year at *Lago Maggiore*—at least I always understood so from my poor, dear aunt. He was fond of traveling, and although I have traveled so little, I feel that

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I, too, should like to travel, and above all to revisit sunny Italy, the land of my birth. I suppose it is hereditary with me."

"Thanks, my dearest!" replied Jules. "You are charming, and anticipate my wishes, in everything, as we agree in everything. We will go through Switzerland and see Geneva, Neufchâtel, Lausanne and the beautiful lake scenery—then Isola Bella, Lago Maggiore and then take in Turin, Milan, Florence and Rome."

This delightful *tête à tête* and the plans and projects of the two lovers were suddenly ended: steps were heard on the gravel walk of the garden near the arbour, and presently the portly figure of the *Procureur* was descried by the amorous couple. He was walking up and down the long garden, enjoying the cool of the evening and soliloquizing, as was his wont, when alone.

"Yes!" he said aloud. "I am satisfied in every respect. Jules is lucky indeed to have found such a bride. She is beautiful, and, although not rich, sufficiently endowed with this world's goods. But what pleases me most of all is her noble descent and pedigree. It is something to feel proud of to have the daughter of an Italian Admiral for one's daughter-in-law. She will be able to introduce Jules to the best Italian society, and the newly wedded pair will no doubt be presented at the Italian Court"

As he thus soliloquized, Jules and Mathilde emerged from their retreat; for the conversation with her future husband was becoming very trying to Mathilde, and the loving couple joined the Judge, whose appearance was a relief to her.

"Ah, father," said Jules; "Mathilde and I have just been discussing our future movements, and have decided to take a trip to Italy as soon as possible. She is going to show me the ancestral home of her father, with all its old family associations, near Piacenza."

The Judge *se rengorgea,* as the French say, and replied;

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"Yes, my son, I cordially approve of your project. Besides the *agrément* of travel, you will have the advantage of making the acquaintance of some of the late Admiral's friends and mixing in the best Italian society. You must brush up your Italian, Jules, and begin to study it more seriously than you have hitherto done. You must not forget that if French will carry you through probably well enough in society, you will not be able to make yourself understood by vulgar people—the *ignobile vulgus*—who don't speak French.

"You are right, father. I will commence to study Italian more assiduously in future."

And thus chatting together, the adventuress and her two gullible victims, after passing through the conservatory, re-entered the house to consult Madame Dufour as to their future plans.

Need we recount how matters were smoothed over for Mathilde—how her inability to speak Italian was plausibly explained as owing to her having left her native country so young, and been reared in France? Need we dilate on the brief courtship of young M. Dufour? He was infatuated, and the conspirators were as eager as himself to expedite matters and get the vile and infamous business ended. Time flew rapidly, and it soon became known in Lille and the neighborhood that young Jules Dufour was engaged to be married to a beautiful young lady, Mademoiselle Capponi of *Château d'Avray,* the orphan daughter of an Italian Admiral.

The wedding day at last arrived. The street and quarter were *en fête* to celebrate the marriage of this strangely assorted couple—the daughter of a cook and *ex-demi-mondaine,* with the son of a respected *Procureur* of the Empire.

The *Procureur's* house in the *Place Philippe-le-Bon* was crowded with guests and visitors eager to offer their congratulations to Monsieur and Madame Dufour on this happy occasion. Amongst the merry, frank, jovial visages

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of the good citizens of Lille, who had been invited to attend the marriage ceremony and the grand wedding breakfast, were only too conspicuous the sallow, sinister faces of the four Jews—Lefevre, Phillips, Bischoffsheim and Mori, the originators, or abettors, of the infamy now about to be consummated. Their evil presence seemed to throw an indefinable gloom over the preliminaries. Veritable harbingers of death, woe and despair, these pale vampires stood for a time apart from the other *invités*. They were the representatives, in a word, of the cosmopolitan swarm of Jews, courtesans, and decorated rascals who swarmed at the Court of the Second Empire, partially controlled its policy, and represented the supreme froth of corruption of cosmopolitan blackguardism and the organized plunder of the French people. They were a component part of the depraved and dissolute society of the epoch, when vice walked proudly with head erect at the palace of the Tuileries and virtue was an object of derision. They were a logical and inevitable sequence of the unparalleled corruption of the age and of the period that immediately preceded the downfall of the Empire—that sham Napoleonism of bastardy and national disgrace—which bequeathed a legacy of eternal shame to fair France. This dismal quartette of miserable Jews, like black carrion, eyed their quarry now from near.

Shortly after the civil wedding—a customary preliminary to the religious one in the case of couples having any religion, or without any, according to French law; and after Mathilde Capponi, orphan daughter of the late Admiral Luigi Vittorio Capponi of the Royal Italian navy, had been duly, formally and legally declared, with the full consent of the parents of the happy bridegroom, the wedded wife of Jules Dufour, eldest and only son of the *Procureur Impérial* of the town of Lille, in presence of the necessary witnesses, amongst whom figured some of the leading notabilities of Lille and the department, the bridal party proceeded to the *Eglise de St. Maurice* to have the

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union solemnized in conformity with the rites and ceremonial of the Romish church; for it is scarcely necessary to add that both bride and bridegroom were fittingly religious for the occasion, and entirely free from the taint of atheism or agnosticism so unhappily prevalent, alas! both in beautiful France, the happiest and richest nation in the world, and in Germany, the most highly educated one.

A brief digression is here indispensable to explain how, in order to have a civil marriage duly legalized in France nowadays and at the period of which we write, it is necessary to produce the certificates of birth and baptism of bride and bridegroom, or, at any rate, the certificates of birth, as well as the legal or ecclesiastical record of the marriages of their respective parents.

There was, of course, no difficulty in producing those of Jules Dufour; but it will naturally occur to the reader that the production of those of Mathilde herself, as also the certificate of marriage of her lamented father, the late Admiral, must have been a somewhat difficult undertaking. But, as the French say, "one can always make arrangements with heaven;" and where a Jew like Lefevre was concerned, forged certificates did the business. Had the too confiding *Procureur* only applied to the Italian Minister in Paris for information as to the rank and naval career of the late illustrious Admiral Capponi, he would have found out in time to save the honor of his family, that Mathilde's putative father was an altogether imaginary personage—as much so as any Swiss Admiral; but he was too much impressed by the wealth and social position of her Hebrew backers, and especially by the enormous wealth of the great banker, Mr. Bischoffsheim, to deem it necessary to make any such inquiry. Incredible but true! Such is the amazing gullibility of French Judges! It rivals even that of Honduras bondholders and English Protestant Bishops!

The long wedding *cortège* of carriages containing the brilliant bridal party formed an imposing array; for the

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marriage of the son of the Chief Judge of the *Parquet* of Lille was no ordinary affair. It was a grand wedding in every sense of the word and from every point of view, alike from the high social position of the bridegroom's father and most of the *invités,* as from the imposing display made on such a notable occasion; the carriages and horses, and especially the dresses of the ladies and the magnificent bouquets of flowers and roses they carried being the best that money could buy, or the skill of the milliner and florist combined could devise

Before the procession started for the church, Lefevre, in presence of the assembled guests, with exquisite good taste, presented a splendid bouquet of "forget-me-nots," roses and violets to his former mistress, which she gracefully accepted with a bashful smile of recognition. The two Jews, Lefevre and Bischoffsheim, rode in the same carriage with the *Procureur* and one of his friends. Their cunning, vicious faces, as they peered out of the carriage windows, to gaze on the admiring crowd in the streets, displayed their satisfaction and exultation at the conclusion of the ignoble comedy, in which they had so long played leading parts—a comedy of errors which neither of them suspected would so soon evolve into tragedy.

The marriage was solemnized with all the pomp and gorgeous ceremonial of the Roman Catholic ritual; and as the aged priest pronounced the benediction, and Mathilde and her husband, like Héloïse and Abelard, knelt before the altar, the four Jews gazed admiringly on the brilliantly impressive scene. The painted windows; the antique wooden carvings and elaborately sculptured work of bygone Flemish sculptors; the statuary and all the various accessories that form the mediaeval ornamentation of an old French Cathedral church; the incense, the lighted wax candles, the white vestments of the *enfants du choeur;* the solemn strains of the organ—all the surroundings and the splendour of the Romish ritual, coupled with the gay dresses and the diamonds of the ladies, contributed to

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enhance the wondrous beauty of Mathilde in her white bridal dress. She looked divine. She wore scarcely any jewelry, as best befitted an angelic orphan of virginal purity.

As Lefevre and Phillips, looked on, they turned pale. They felt unwell; their unhealthy, sallow faces assumed a livid hue, and Lefevre had to lean against one of the massive pillars of the nave for support, or he would have fallen; for he was dazzled and dazed by the celestial beauty of Mathilde and the consciousness of the infamy now perpetrated.

Here, in God's consecrated temple, was celebrated the triumph of scheming vice and iniquity over unsuspecting honor and innocence! Now was consummated the incredible union of integrity with crime; of honor with dishonor; of purity with shame; of virtue with vice; of all that is reputed worthy and estimable with all that is considered shameful and base.

Mathilde, the incarnation of luxury and lust, the very embodiment of the *luxuria* of Juvenal, was receiving the solemn benediction of the church to consecrate her indissoluble union with the son of an honorable magistrate. As she rose a wedded bride, the other pair of Hebrews, Bischoffsheim and Mori, looked on approvingly and impassibly; the latter soliloquizing *sotto voce,* in an inaudible tone; "What fools these Christians be!"

As the joyous party emerged from the portals of the church, at the conclusion of the ceremony, as soon as he got out into the open air, he sarcastically hummed the air from *Orphée:*—

> *"Va de fleurs orner ta tête;*
> *C'est ton hymen, ton hymen qui s'apprête;*
> *Va de fleurs orner ta tête;*
> *Tu peux être heureuse encore:"*

thus disproving to a certain limited extent Shapespeare's theory that only unmusical persons, unmoved by concord

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of sweet sounds, are prone to treasons, stratagems and spoils; for Mori, as an Italian Jew, was nothing if not musical; and, at the same time, pre-eminently treacherous by nature and nationality, besides being peculiarly prone to the aforesaid treasons, stratagems and spoils—the appanage of the Jew in all countries—in the service of the ubiquitous, wandering Jew of Chamant. Both words and music, however, were well applicable to the extraordinary marriage *à la mode* he had just witnessed, which would have surprised even a Hogarth. But

"Il pericolo passato gabbato il santo."

The grand wedding breakfast, or *déjeûner de noce* of Mathilde—the courtesan, *qui avait si souvent fait la noce auparavant,*—was also an imposing spectacle as well as a merry affair. It combined the grave and the gay most strikingly. The black coats, white waistcoats, cravats, roses, flowers and red *rosettes,* representing their honorable decorations, in the button holes of many of the male guests, threw into vivid relief the light dresses, vari-colored ribbons and bouquets of the blushing bride, the bridesmaids and the other ladies, and formed a brilliant *coup d'oeil,* as they sat in rows facing each other at the long banqueting tables in the *Procureur's* grand dining room or *salle à manger.* The rarest and most costly delicacies had been procured from the most famous Parisian caterers for the festive occasion. There were truffles and *pâtés de foi gras* of Strasburgh, and *écrevisses* and *homards* from Vefour's and Bignon's, ices from Tortoni's, and the wines were of the oldest and finest *crus* or vintages; no expense having been spared to fittingly celebrate the marriage of the heir of the house of Dufour.

All that money could buy or culinary skill prepare to please the daintiest palate of a *fin gourmet* was there. The feast was Epicurean and even Anacreontic. Champagne flowed like water; the popping of corks being incessant,

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and all went merry as a marriage bell at this banquet of Lucullus. All the guests, and especially the four Jews, were in high feather. The *Procureur* was radiant: his usually austere face beamed with smiles, as toast succeeded toast to the bridegroom and his bride, and complimentary speeches to both and to the *Procureur* and his family were made, in which they were effusively congratulated on such a highly appropriate and happy marriage, that gave every promise of earthly felicity to the newly wedded couple, and satisfaction to the parents of the young bridegroom and to their relatives and friends.

Staid, elderly magnates of the Department, wearing the red *rosette* of the national decoration of the Legion of Honor in the button holes of their dresscoats, rose to make solemn, congratulatory speeches, pompously and sonorously debited *ore rotundo* in true French provincial style. One of these provincial *gros bonnets,* or big bugs—a certain M. Legrand, an ex-*Sous Préfet*—in a speech full of pompous platitudes, proposed the health of the *Procureur* as follows:

"Gentlemen and Ladies:*

I rise to congratulate our worthy and esteemed *Procureur* on this truly happy and auspicious occasion that finds us all assembled under his hospitable roof. Most of us have known him for many years, and esteemed and respected him, and therefore we may legitimately claim to share his joy. His son may indeed be deemed fortunate in having won so beautiful and charming, and at the same time, so modest and estimable a bride, whose pious benevolence and charities are only on a par with her other virtues and attractions. It is not often that one sees such a union

*The gallant French, whose train of thought differs in everything from that of the brutal Saxon, in accordance with the traditions of the Salic law, still put the cart before the horse and logically give the male sex precedence, by always addressing a meeting "*Messieurs et Mesdames*" or "Gentlemen and Ladies," instead of "Ladies and Gentlemen."

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of good qualities in the same person. Gentlemen and Ladies! I drink to the health of our estimable *Procureur,* M. Dufour."

"To the health of M. Dufour!" exclaimed all the guests in chorus, as they rose, glasses in hand, to honor the toast. At the above touching allusion to her virtue and modesty, Mathilde blushed crimson and hung her head; but her confusion passed unnoticed amid the fracas of jingling of glasses and the vociferations accompanying the drinking of her new father-in-law's health.

Lefevre turned pale, while the faces of Phillips and Bischoffsheim wore an expression of mingled uneasiness and anxiety. A sardonic smile flitted over the sinister countenance of Mori, who, as befitted Lefevre's henchman, sat at another table reserved for the humbler and less distinguished guests.

Toast succeeded toast; and the healths of that distinguished patron of the turf, Mr. Lefevre, and of his friend, M. Bischoffsheim, the great banker, were drank with enthusiasm: this served apparently to dispel their transient anxiety as to the upshot; but the Jews were not out of the wood yet.

As the Champagne and the sparkling Burgundy flowed, and many a brimming bumper was emptied, wit and repartee and merriment succeeded to the grave, sonorous and wearisome orations of the notabilities and dignitaries of the Department. Some of the younger male guests became rather boisterous, and spoke in an unnecessarily loud tone in their *inter pocula* conversation or oratory, as the Champagne mounted to their heads. The wine flush was on their cheeks, and Bacchus now presided over the nuptial banquet, which was already beginning to bear a dangerous resemblance, as far as these young men were concerned, to those of the students in the joyous Latin quarter of Paris, where the revelry of the

"De Bacchus à l'amour"

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order of the popular French *chanson:*

> *"Gais enfants de Bacchus*
> *Vrais amis de la table, etc.,"*

or rather that of the drinking song in *Lucrezia Borgia:*

> *"Non curiamo l'incerto domani,*
> *Se quest 'oggi mi e dato goder,"—*

is at its height, when the gay revelers have drank the goblets of poisoned wine, before being shown their coffins.

But over all this gaiety and festivity seemed to hover the dark shadow of the angel of death. At this feast of Belshazzar, the dread handwriting on the wall—the *"mene, mene, tekel, upharsin"*—was plainly visible to the only two clairvoyants present, represented by Mori and Mathilde.

For just as the cleverest murderers or criminals often neglect or overlook some trifling precaution necessary to prevent the discovery of their crimes, and save them from the hangman or the electric chair, which negligence on their part leads to their detection and punishment; or else carelessly leave some clue open that they might have easily covered, it so happened on this momentous occasion that Mathilde, with almost inconceivable fatuity, had the well nigh incredible temerity to invite to her wedding breakfast a former acquaintance, a certain Mademoiselle Leblanc, with whom she had been very intimate in days gone bye in the good old town of *Boulogne-sur-mer,* and subsequently in Paris. Miss Leblanc and herself had been regular frequenters of the *Raccroc de Ducasse* and other balls at *Pont-de-Briques* and the villages in the neighborhood of Boulogne, as well as in Boulogne itself, where they used to be conspicuous figures on account of the excellence of their dancing, especially of the *cancan.* In fact, Boulogne still corresponds to some extent with the description given of the neighboring town of Calais by

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an English traveler in the reign of James the First, as "monstrous dear and sluttish."

This interesting young lady had a certain hold on Mathilde, as her boon companion in the gay life they had formerly led together; their relations having been as intimate and cordial as those which now existed in business and matchmaking between Lefevre and Bischoffsheim; and, having unfortunately heard of Mathilde's approaching nuptials, had pressed her unwelcome company on her old friend, now evolved into the virtuous orphan daughter of an Italian Admiral, greatly to Mlle. Leblanc's amusement, and begged to be invited to the wedding. For she, too, had equally legitimate aspirations to marry *un homme comme il faut* and mix in good society.

Mathilde, fearing a refusal might be dangerous, as it would never do to make an enemy of her, had acceded with the utmost reluctance to her request, and only on her solemn promise to conduct herself with propriety, and be reserved and *convenable* in her manner and conversation, and as dignified as possible, as befitted her in her new *rôle* of a modest young lady friend of the virtuous bride.

But alas, for promises! And alas! especially for those of any woman—let alone one of Mademoiselle Leblanc's caliber! For "what is bred in the bone must come out in the flesh," and a "Little Egypt" is not easily evolved into a nun.

Mademoiselle Leblanc, sad to relate, notwithstanding all her fine promises, which included her "solemn word of honor," under the influence of too copious libations of Champagne, became a veritable *Iphigénie*—not *en Aulide*, but *en* Champagne, and suddenly, like the Countess de Roussillon in *Olivette*, when she joins the other dancers in the ballet, lost her dignity and gravity. She happened, as bad luck would have it, to be seated nearly opposite Mathilde, who, to her intense horror and consternation, suddenly discovered her to be in that interesting phase of

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inebriation termed "*grise*" in French, which is the immediate precursor of, or verges on, drunkenness.

In vain did the unhappy orphan, by mute glances and signs of despairing entreaty, endeavor to stem the resistless tide of Mademoiselle Leblanc's wine and noisy hilarity. In vain did she stretch her long, massive legs under the table in the desperate attempt to kick her dear friend's feet or knees, and awaken her to a sense of the terrible situation she was creating and the awful impending climax. She might as well have tried to stem the tide of the ocean. Mademoiselle Leblanc was "too far gone," and Mathilde's frantic attempts to catch her eye, or mesmerize or hypnotize her, had no more effect than those of the disarmed and defenseless hunter at bay to mesmerize or hypnotize a Bengal tiger.

At last, by a desperate lunge, she managed to kick her violently on the ancle; but the remedy proved worse than the disease; for Mathilde was a powerful young woman, and her kick, being a hard one, hurt her friend, who was now quite drunk and oblivious to her surroundings and angry into the bargain.

"*Quoi donc, Mathilde? Qu'est-ce-que tu as pour me donner un coup de pied comme ça avec tes grosses jambes? Dis-moi donc! Est-ce que tu penses que nous sommes à Bullier, ou à Mabille, et que tu y danses le cancan par hasard?*"* ("What's up, Mathilde? What's the matter with you to give me a kick like that with your big legs? I say, do you think we are at Bullier or Mabille and that you're dancing the *cancan* there by chance?") she yelled.

This drunken speech, debited in the lowest slang and most familiar and coarsest manner and tone of voice, ad-

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**Bullier*, otherwise known as the *Prado* or *Closerie des Lilas*, opposite the statue of Marshal Ney near the gardens of the *Luxembourg* palace in Paris, was formerly the famous students' ball of the Latin quarter, where Mathilde and Miss Leblanc had danced many a *cancan* together. *Mabille* and the *Château des Fleurs* were more fashionable public balls and *rendezvous* of gay women.

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dressed to the bride, fairly electrified the assemblage. The Jews, with the exception of Mori, who had foreseen the impending atrocity and was cynically laughing in his sleeve, were thunderstruck: the other guests, astonished, disgusted and revolted. Amazement, stupefaction and bewilderment were depicted on the faces of all. They seemed paralyzed by surprise. Every one was silent for a moment; and all, except the Mephistophelian Mori, looked on in speechless horror and indignation. Monsieur Legrand, the pompous ex-*Sous Préfet,* turned purple, and nearly had a fit of apoplexy. Mathilde turned ghastly pale, threw herself back in her chair, and pretended to faint, which was about the best thing she could do under the circumstances. Even Lefevre was scandalized, and it took a good deal to scandalize him.

Such a low, coarse drunken girl! Such a vile, low speech in the house of the austere Chief Judge of Lille, and at the wedding breakfast of his son! Such a flagrant violation of all decorum and propriety! They could hardly believe their ears. It was incredible, monstrous, unheard of, atrocious! What *could* it mean?

They had not long to wait for an explanation; for Mademoiselle Leblanc, who was now evolved from an improvised Bacchante into an avenging Nemesis, did not give them time for reflection.

She was now thoroughly *montée,* or "mounted," as the French say; or, as Americans put it, she had a colossal jag on. So on the *"nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero"* principle advocated by Horace, as dancing should ever follow wine, she mounted her chair, and standing erect thereon, pulled up the skirts of her dress, and displaying a shapely pair of ancles, proceeded to execute various saltatory movements illustrative of the commencement of the indecent dance of the *cancan,* which somewhat resembles that of the prohibited *danse du ventre.*

The amazement of the onlookers was now changed to indignation as the *Procureur* and Madame Dufour silently

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rose from their chairs and left the room, over which now hovered with outspread wings the angel of death. The *Procureur's* face, which had just been beaming with smiles, was now deathly pale, whilst that of his wife bore an indescribable expression of grief, anguish and horror.

For a moment not a word was spoken, as the gentleman seated next to Mademoiselle Leblanc, a certain Monsieur St. Nytouche, angrily clasped her round the waist, and forcibly dragged her off her chair and out of the room, in spite of her drunken clamour and vociferations, interspersed with curses and the vilest epithets of the lowest Parisian slang of the *Halles* or the *Faubourg du Temple;* for the creature *avait le vin mauvais,* and was ugly when intoxicated. She was mad drunk, as unconscious to her surroundings as to the fatal consequences of her abominable indiscretion to the father of the young bridegroom, who seemed paralzyed with horror and shame. As to Mathilde, she still pretended to be in a fainting fit, in order to avoid the contemplation of the awful scene, in which she played the leading part, and postpone the punishment of her perfidy and duplicity for a short interval, no matter how brief.

The departure of the *Procureur* and his distracted wife was the signal for that of all the guests. All rose simultaneously from their chairs; the brilliant wedding breakfast was summarily broken up and the guests *presto subito* dispersed in confusion. The four conspirator Jews slunk noiselessly out of the room and house to discuss the situation at an hôtel close by. As to the ignoble cause of all the trouble, the *fons et origo et teterrima causa mali,* she was roughly dragged out of the room by M. St. Nytouche and a man servant, whom he had summoned to his aid, across the street at the back of the house, where they hailed a cab and drove her to a small hotel in the vicinity, where they engaged a room and locked her up until she should have recovered from her drunken debauch. They had a tough customer to deal with; for Miss Leblanc was

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a muscular young woman, who scratched, bit and kicked her abductors like a veritable fury, and left the marks of her feline claws on their faces as an outward and visible sign of her inward and spiritual grace.

When that interesting young lady had been finally overpowered and locked up, her screams at first alarmed the neighborhood; but after some time she fell into a drunken torpor—the invariable sequence of alcoholic excess—in which she was left undisturbed until she had slept off the effects of the wine she had imbibed—an operation which the French, in their beautiful and expressive language, so full of poetic imagery, call *"cuver son vin."* That natural operation successfully performed, she was hustled off to Paris by the first train by the faithful agents of Mathilde and her Hebrew trio of adorers, not, however, without having scandalized the hotel folks and created a commotion in the quarter by her vile language and indecent behaviour.

Meanwhile the mansion of the unhappy *Procureur,* so recently the scene of festivity and enjoyment, resembled a house of the dead. The guests had flown and disappeared with the rapidity with which pigeons desert a pigeon cote invaded by rats, or rats leave an unseaworthy ship, or as friends forsake a formerly wealthy entertainer, whose ruin is suddenly announced. The servants, awestruck and scandalized by the shocking spectacle, of which they had perforce been eye witnesses, moved noiselessly to and fro, as they silently cleared away the fragments of the feast, and removed the wine and the table cloths from the tables.

The *Procureur* and Madame Dufour had retired to separate apartments upstairs. Language is inadequate to describe the intensity of their anguish and despair. Mathilde and her newly wedded husband were left alone. The former, having recovered from her fainting fit, like Niobe all tears, wept bitterly; but the tears she shed were not those of repentance or remorse, but of rage, vexation and

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shame at the awful exposure that had blighted her prospects and covered her with disgrace. Ill indeed would it have fared with Mademoiselle Leblanc, if Mathilde could now have laid hands on her! She would have strangled her!

The young husband, pale and heart-broken, maintained the silence of contempt and mortified pride. He did not indulge in anger or idle reproaches. The blow was too severe for that: it had struck home and pierced him to the heart. They had retired together to an adjoining *salon* to be left alone and free from observation, where we will now leave them for a while to relate the doings of the conspirators and the terrible occurrences of the following day in another chapter.

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CHAPTER XIII.

What followed Mathilde's wedding.

HAD Madame Bordelais not been seated at another part of the table at the wedding breakfast, the terrible mishap, related in our last chapter, would probably never have occurred; or its effects, at any rate, would have been greatly mitigated. But, as it unluckily happened, that estimable lady was located at the other end of the chief table, on the same side as Mademoiselle Leblanc, so that it was impossible for her to observe that young lady's movements—otherwise she would have, no doubt, been clever enough to avert the danger by some means or other.

It is true that she detected an expression of uneasiness on the face of Mathilde, who appeared to be on pins and needles, in her despairing glances of entreaty towards herself just before the climax of the atrocity; but she did not know to what to attribute it, and besides it was then too late to interfere or do anything to avert the impending catastrophe.

In justice, too, to Madame Bordelais, it must be stated that Mademoiselle Leblanc's baneful presence at the wedding had only been very reluctantly consented to by Mathilde almost at the last moment. Madame Bordelais, in fact, was unaware of her presence in the crowded throng of guests until shortly before the religious ceremony, when too late to make any inquiry or objection.

Mathilde herself alone was responsible for the fearful *esclandre*. Just in the same way as many frightful railroad wrecks are solely caused by human frailty, Mathilde's blunder in permitting Miss Leblanc to attend her

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wedding was simply a similar case of human weakness or frailty. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit!*

Lefevre, Phillips & Co., when they hurriedly slunk away in dismay from the *Procureur's* house, gave instructions to Mori to summon Madame Bordelais immediately; and that good lady, ever faithful to the performance of her duties, at once responded to the urgent call. Like Lola Montés, she was never idle. A solemn conclave was then held at the hôtel, where these worthy Jews were staying, in order to decide *séance tenante* as to what was the best course to take under the painful circumstances to mitigate or palliate the effects of Mademoiselle Leblanc's deplorable *faux pas.*

No sooner had Madame Bordelais entered the room than Lefevre, who was in a towering rage and unable to contain himself, screamed in his highest treble or *falsetto:*

"Ow could Mathilde ave invited zis voman?"

"I was unaware even of her existence until Mathilde presented her to me as one of her friends, just before the party started for the church; so that it was, of course, impossible for me to make any objections in the hearing of the other *invités* and onlookers; and as I naturally entertained no suspicions, I did not make any. I had never seen her before, and knew absolutely nothing of her antecedents; nor could I ever have dreamed that Mathilde would have been so rash as to invite such a person. She must have lost her senses!" replied Madame Bordelais.

"*Elle est folle!* She ees mad! She must be mad!" roared Lefevre. "It ees dreadful! Vat we must do?" he added in English, addressing Phillips and Mori, the former of whom spoke and understood French indifferently.

"I think it would be best to wait a bit till the storm blows over," replied Mori,—at any rate till we see how young M. Dufour feels about the matter," added the rascal, across whose sinister face flitted a Mephistophelian smile.

"It is not possible to hush it up with money; for too

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many people witnessed this terrible scene," sagely interjected Phillips, who resembled every other Jew in believing in the efficacy of financial arguments.

"No, ve can do nozing, but avait ze upshot," replied Lefevre testily. "Ve cannot face ze *Procureur* and Madame Dufour: zat ees saretain. But nevare mind! Ze grand zing ees done: Mathilde ees married, and it vill be vary difficult for er usband to get a deevorce. He ees tied to her now vary tight. Besides I zink ze whole familee vill try to ush up ze affair to avoid ze scandal, and zeir friends vill do so also. And if zere be a separation, vell zen Mathilde vill most likely get some money out of her usband. Zings may not be so bad aftare all," he added, with a hoarse chuckle, "but ve must soon leave Lille. It ees getting too ot for us now, I zink. But ze whole affair vill soon be forgotten, perhaps. *Tout est bien qui finit bien!* All's vell zat ends vell!"

These conclusions were unanimously *nem con,* admitted to be just; so it was finally decided between the confederates and Madame Bordelais that the whole gang should leave Lille for Paris or London by trains leaving on the following morning and afternoon; Mori being deputed in the meanwhile to perform his usual duties of a spy, keep strict watch on the *Procureur's* house, and by heavily bribing one of the servants, ascertain how matters were progressing during the interim; Lefevre intending to write a polite letter to the *Procureur* to inform him that a telegram he had just received necessitated his leaving Lille immediately for London on urgent business, and expressing his regret at the untoward incident of the day before, which, to him and his friends, was altogether inexplicable, etc., etc.

It was late in the afternoon when this solemn council terminated and the dejected *quintette* separated to retire to pack their trunks, or rather to give orders to their valets to do so, though in the case of Phillips, Mori and Madame Bordelais, the packing had to be done without the aid of a

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man servant. What did it matter after all? they reflected. *Le coup était fait:* they had succeeded in any case.

Meanwhile a black shadow like a funeral pall seemed to hover in the air over the house of the grief stricken family of the *Procureur.* It resembled a house of mourning rather than a dwelling where a joyous and brilliant wedding breakfast had taken place the day before. All was silent: the servants, with downcast eyes and 'bated breath, flitted noiselessly to and fro, as if some great calamity or death itself had suddenly visited the mansion.

Mathilde's sobs, lamentations and hysterical protests to her deceived husband alone broke the silence of the little *salon,* to which they had retired to be free from observation or interruption. In vain did she blasphemously call heaven and all the saints in paradise to witness that her friend, Mademoiselle Leblanc, had formerly been respectable; that she must, unknown to herself, have since formed bad acquaintances; that she had only met her very seldom indeed of late years, and had only reluctantly invited her, at her urgent request at the last moment, etc., etc. But all her invocations and conjurations were of no avail: her husband listened to them in moody silence. He felt himself to be a disgraced man forever, and even worse still, that his excellent father, a man of hitherto unblemished reputation, was also disgraced forever. How would "he" bear the shock, he pondered?

A more unhappy newly wedded bride and bridegroom than Mathilde Cappon and Jules Dufour on their wedding day apparently never existed. The situation was terrible for both, but especially for the weak, infatuated young man in the toils of a heartless siren.

The Judge and his agonized wife, who had left the wedding breakfast in indignation and disgust at the coarse ribaldry and impromptu saltatory performance of Mlle. Leblanc, so unexpectedly metamorphosed into a mad Bacchante, had an excitedly incoherent conversation on the

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occurrence in an upstairs sitting room, whither the elderly couple had retired to discuss the terrible situation.

Both were fully alive to its gravity. The *Procureur* was overwhelmed by grief, shame and despair. With his judicial eye, he now, when, alas, it was too late, clearly saw through the base trickery by which he and his family had been duped, and of which his unfortunate son was the innocent victim. The friend of his new daughter-in-law, a woman of evil repute, seated as an honored guest at his table in his own house, amongst notabilities of the department at his son's wedding breakfast. And his daughter-in-law—this *soi-disant* daughter of an Italian Admiral—an adventuress, an impostor and a courtesan, or, perhaps, even worse than that, if it were possible to be worse! It was enough to turn his brain.

"He, my son, married to a woman who is a friend of that vile creature! It's enough to drive me mad," he exclaimed. "I always had a secret mistrust of these accursed Jews, notwithstanding their wealth and position. Am I dreaming? Can it be possible?" he ejaculated.

Poor Madame Dufour was so bewildered and in such anguish that she could only wring her hands in helpless despair and make incoherent replies to her husband's questions. The staid, elderly couple had, in fact, almost lost their senses at this shameful, frightful *dénoûment.* The despair of the *Procureur* was heartrending: he did not know what to do or where to turn in this awful dilemma. He seemed dazed with horror.

"I must be left alone," he said finally. "I will think over this terrible affair and see what can be done. *La nuit porte conseil;* but all is lost now, esteem, reputation, honor—everything! Alas! Alas! I see no hope."

With these despairing words and a request not to be disturbed till morning, he bade good night to his distracted wife, whose agitation can be better imagined than described, and entered a separate bedroom, in which he sometimes used to sleep alone on the eve of any great trial

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at which he had to preside; and closing the door, which he feverishly double locked to prevent any interruption, he left poor Madame Dufour in a half demented condition to her own solitary cogitations.

The next morning, at 7 o'clock, when the servant took upstairs the *Procureur's* customary cup of coffee *au lait*—the invariable prelude to luncheon at eleven, no response came to his knock at the Judge's bedroom door. Supposing him therefore to be asleep, his valet did not disturb him, but took the breakfast down again. A second visit an hour later had the same result; and as the door was locked from the inside it was impossible to peep through the keyhole to see if the *Procureur* was unwell. A consultation in the kitchen with the other domestics of the establishment resulted in the unanimous conclusion that he had been over fatigued by the harrowing occurrences of the previous day combined with his judicial duties, and that he must, contrary to his wont, have overslept himself, as he was remarkably regular and methodical in his habits, and that it would be best not to disturb him.

But as hour after hour passed and the time for luncheon approached, Madame Dufour began to be alarmed at his not putting in an appearance or ringing for anything, as usual; so she went upstairs herself to find out what was the matter.

She knocked loudly and repeatedly at the door, calling her husband by name and asking whether he was ill. But no answer came from within; so her worst fears being now confirmed, and concluding that the *Procureur* must have had a fit, a servant was hurriedly sent to fetch a locksmith, who, in presence of Madame Dufour and several of the servants, burst open the lock, and all entered the apartment.

As the housemaid pushed back the curtains of the bed, she gave a loud scream, and Madame Dufour fainted.

There, with his clothes on, lay the inanimate form of the *Procureur!* Yesterday so full of life, pride, joy and

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hope—to-day a lifeless corpse! There he lay, dead to all around him—to his wife, to the servants, to his son and his accursed bride; to the world that could not now deride him—dead to everything; dead of grief, shame and despair! Another victim of the infamous Jew of Chamant!

In vain did they gently shake him by the arm and speak in his ear: their words elicited no response. They were spoken to a lifeless corpse—to the dull, cold ear of death!

A doctor was immediately sent for; but he could do nothing, and declared the *Procureur* to have been dead for many hours. This was clear, as he had not undressed. He had died in the night of a stroke of apoplexy, as the doctor said, *d'une apopléxie foudroyante:* the shock of the previous day had been too great for him.

Then it became necessary to inform his unhappy son and Mathilde of their sad bereavement—a rude awakening on their hymeneal morn; as also the relatives and friends of the family in Lille and the neighborhood by the customary *lettres de faire part.* The young bridegroom naturally was greatly shocked and distressed at his father's death, which he could not but attribute to the shock of the baneful episode of his wedding day. And yet, almost incredible to relate, the weak young man was so infatuated with his wife's beauty that he actually condoned her infamy. She had murdered his father as surely as if she had plunged a stiletto into his heart; yet he forgave her.

"You have unworthily deceived me; but I love you,"* he said to Mathilde.

The Jesuits say "that it is permissible to kill one's own father, to insure one's eternal salvation, if there be no other way of insuring it." This is one of the articles of faith of the disciples of Ignatius Loyola, and it is pre-

*His words in French are worth remembering by the recording angel: *"Vous m'avez indignement trompé, mais je vous aime!"* (Historical!)

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cisely on a par with the doctrines of the Jewish *Talmud*. There is little to choose between the Jesuit and the Jew.

The vicious creature, of course, feigned the deepest and most sincere grief at her husband's sudden bereavement. But her tears produced no impression even on him—far less on her mother-in-law, whose coldness and asperity towards her were noticeable to all; for now, when too late, alas! the veil that had blinded her was torn from her eyes, and she saw clearly what a monster of deception and infamy her beloved son had married. Even the servants looked at her askance, and regarded her with an instinctive and invincible repugnance, as a female viper, which their master had fondled in his bosom, only to be stung to death.

Mathilde felt herself as ostracised as a pariah, or a leper; but the vicious, heartless creature did not care, conscious as she was, of still holding her infatuated young husband securely bound in the meshes of her siren's net. To women like her with hearts of stone, devoid of conscience or virtue, the misery and disgrace she had caused were matters of superlative indifference in view of the attainment of her object. Like her quondam lover, Lefevre, she had the evil eye.

It is hardly necessary to add that the relatives and friends of the deceased *Procureur* in Lille and the vicinity had not to wait for the formal intimation of his death by the *lettres de faire part* from his family, to become cognizant of their sudden bereavement and of the severe loss sustained by the entire community of the Department. The news flew like wild fire, and the whole town of Lille knew of the awfully sudden death of its honored and esteemed *Procureur* before the evening. The newspapers of the following morning, in their obituary notices printed with a wide, black margin, unanimously paid homage to the virtues of the late Chief Judge of the *Parquet* of Lille and the Department of the North; to his unswerving probity and rectitude; his estimable qualities as a man, a

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husband and a father; the sincerity of his friendship; his devotion to the interests of his fellow townsmen, etc. There was not a dissentient voice, even party differences being temporarily forgotten in the universal tribute to the virtues of the lamented defunct. For curiously enough, in France as well as in "merrie" England (heaven save the mark!), a man is not usually estimated for his worth, but only for his wealth or social position, which sufficiently accounts for the fact that so many high French officials, or *Sous Préfets,* are Jews, and that so many rogues and rascals occupy high positions in England, and also that so many honest British brewers are noblemen. And the late *Procureur* was a typical representative of capital. Had he been a poor, obscure personage, his death, of course, would have passed as unnoticed as that of an old cab horse. He would have died in a garret like Cervantes, Chatterton and Columbus; our 19th century civilization, in which rich scoundrels get an apotheosis, being the same to all intents and purposes, morally speaking, as that of the 15th century, if not worse. Theosophists do not believe in our superiority to the ancients, and perhaps they are right. *Chi lo sa?*

Out of respect for the widow and son and the other relatives, the disgraceful incident at the wedding breakfast was temporarily omitted in the first reports of most of the papers; but it soon afterwards leaked out, as might have been expected, and became the common gossip of the *cafés, estaminets* and wine shops of Lille. The scandal was too great to be smothered; for scandal is meat and drink to a French journalist. It created a great sensation in Lille, and for a long time afterwards formed a topic of conversation in social circles, and even to this day is not forgotten.

It was soon after these extraordinary occurrences that Mr. Blank overheard Lefevre talking to a friend in his office about "the happy marriage of Mathilde," and express the pious hope "that she might have many children."

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Pope Urban the Seventh said on the death of the terrible Cardinal Richelieu: "If there is a God, he will have to smart for what he has done; but if there is no God, he was certainly an excellent man."

From the latter point of view, Lefevre was an excellent man on infallible Papal authority.

A further stay in Lille now became out of the question for the band of Jewish vampires; for the place had really become too hot for them, and they dreaded an exposure or a *vendetta.* Like banditti, they had made their *razzia* and now had to decamp. After sending some mock letters of condolence to the distressed widow, on whose grief they pretended not to desire to intrude, the gang left Lille to return to their vicious haunts in Paris and London, and pursue, free from molestation, their ignoble career of Stock Exchange and turf gambling to win to a certainty, and debauchery. For the Jews have no moral sense; and when Gutierrez said that Lefevre had none, he spoke truly; for even a Jesuit can speak the truth sometimes, when it is his interest to do so; and if the public could only be once convinced of this lamentable fact, the Jews would not make fortunes quite so rapidly and easily as they do, or carry on the lucrative "Firebug" business so successfully in New York, and other American cities.

The morality of the Bischoffsheim family was the same as that of Lefevre. Lefevre's notions of the sanctity of marriage and the marriage tie corresponded precisely with those of Ellen Bischoffsheim, Countess of Desart—the daughter of his bosom friend and colleague, Henry Bischoffsheim—who has only quite recently publicly expressed her cynical, mercenary views of matrimony, which are so diametrically opposed to those of Marie Corelli, in an article in the English "National Review." Her views are well worthy of the eldest daughter of the intimate associate and boon companion of the Jew of Chamant. She takes the same cold blooded view of marriage as the lawyers, who regard it merely in the light of a contract, in

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direct opposition to the teachings of the Church and Christianity, and denounces love as a ridiculous and superannuated view of matrimony. There was assuredly no more love lost between Lefevre and his handsome young bride, Marie de Sourdis, than between the noble Earl of Desart and Miss Ellen Bischoffsheim, and both marriages were on a par from a moral standpoint; for this noble Earl, shortly before his marriage with Bischoffsheim's daughter, had obtained a divorce from his first wife, who had eloped with an actor. He was hideously ugly and socially discarded, having been requested to resign his membership of several aristocratic London Clubs. Like the Earl of Desart, Lefevre was socially discredited—a *blasé,* elderly man well over fifty and an old *roué*—when he bought his beautiful young bride, Marie de Sourdis, daughter of a *soi-disant* Marchioness de Sourdis, who, instead of being a *Marquise de vieille roche,* had been a fashionable procuress and proprietress of a *maison d'assignation.* In the same way, Ellen Bischoffsheim purchased her ugly, disgraced, but titled husband and his real title for all they were worth, and thus became evolved in a twink from a low born Jewess into a real, *bonâ fide* English Countess and one of the proudest dames of dear old England.

The only difference between these two matrimonial, or real estate transactions, was that in the former case, the felon Hebrew husband bought a handsome young wife, the daughter of a disreputable mother and impostor; whereas in the latter the rich young Jewess purchased a disgraced, ugly and penniless old husband with a real title for all he was worth. Each transaction was simply a sale similar to those to be daily witnessed in the drawing rooms of Belgravia, or the slave markets of Stamboul. Each was thoroughly Oriental and preeminently and characteristically Jewish.*

*To quote *Vanity Fair*—that stern censor of English Society:—"London Society exists no longer. It simply is not; and the thing

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After Mathilde had thus been satisfactorily disposed of and her future well provided for by Lefevre, *qui l'avait lancée,* the latter, although a married man, openly kept three mistresses in London—the smallest number to satisfy his Sultanesque appetite. He rented a grand house in Piccadilly, never wore the same pair of kid gloves twice, and was declared to be his best customer by the most fashionable and expensive London tailor, Poole, who nicknamed him *Monte Cristo;* his expenditure on dress alone exceeding that of any peer, duke or millionaire—nay even,

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that does duty for it—the large, coarse substitute for what was so delicate and so refined—is merely a hideous caricature. For proof of this assertion it is unnecessary to go far. It confronts us at every step, in every one of our principal streets—*even at our royal parties!* Vulgarity, in all its hideous glory, holds high place; and ancient birth, honored titles fall down and do it homage. This is no fairy story, no result of a perfervid imagination, but a solid, unwholesome indigestible fact. The old order changeth. Where once men and women were proud of their blood and of their family, they would now lay claim to no higher honor than that of being 'smart;' where once they rejoiced in wholesome exclusiveness, they now revel in *bonhomie,* which threatens to become disastrous. They are *bourgeois gentilhommes* indeed! There are those who would have us believe that London society—that thing at once so delicate and refined, so exclusive and select—is still in existence. They have an idea that within the mansions of the *haute noblesse,* none but those who can boast of pride of birth, or even of pride of deed, can gain admittance. They even cherish the thought that those writers who have pointed out that these are the days of the snob and the plutocrat are wholly mistaken; and that save in a few instances our aristocratic families still keep more or less to themselves: that there is still a society in the true sense of the term. 'Blood' will still tell they cry, and they cry the truth. But its tale is a curious one indeed—the story of its own weakness; of how it has almost been washed away by the wave of vulgarity that has flooded our English Capital these last few years. In Rome, in Vienna, even in Republican Paris, London Society is becoming a laughing stock—a very byeword. It is looked upon as the receptacle for continental refuse, the rubbish heap on which many a dusty character can be shot. No one can deny this; for half the world knows *that men and women, of vast wealth and no antecedents, have*

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it was said, that of the heir to the throne. His life, in short, was one perpetual orgie of unbridled luxury and the gratification of his sensuality and brutal lust. Yet in spite of all this extravagance and vulgar display, he was still, as ever, true to his breeding—the low, coarse, common minded Jew; for what is bred in the bone must come out in the flesh, and *bon chien chasse de race.* His low, depraved instincts were irrepressible. But the morality of his exalted colleague, Bischoffsheim, was on a par with his own.

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been ousted from continental society, only to be received here with open arms, to be even petted and caressed and made much of. Blood, pride of race—what are these now-a-days? Money-above all; the willingness to entertain, entertain, entertain—these are the passkeys to what was once a fortress to be stormed by birth and birth alone. *Even good character is not essential;* for if the wine be good, the room handsome, and the orchids beautiful, what matter antecedents? *Women with pasts* and men with nothing but very shady presents—are they shunned? Not if they entertain, not if their table be ever ready laid, the wine always flowing. 'He *does* you so well,' that is the pass-word. A bank note will break open almost any door; the rich parvenu can gaze upon entertainments, which should be to him as hallowed mysteries, can put his vulgar feet on carpets that should fade under his tread. *Even royal gardens have become the playgrounds of Plutus and his satellites. Royal wine is taken into stomachs meant for plebeian beer;* and *pâté de foie gras* is munched by mouths created for Dutch cheese and good red herring. We write this with no feeling of spite: we merely wish to speak the truth. No longer must people delude themselves with the idea that London Society still exists, because it is obvious on the face of it that it is dead—dead as a doornail. *The hordes of ineligibles, who have been allowed within its one time sacred precincts have doomed it forever. There can be no resuscitation; indeed, we look to see it gradually decline and decline still further. The people that were not admitted last year, this year are to be found in every house. The man, who ten years ago was looked upon as a vulgar impossible, is now claimed as the very prince of good fellows.* 'Who was he or she?' is not the question that is asked now-a-days, but rather. 'Is he smart?' whatever that may imply. And the explanation of the term is usually to be found writ large in the bank book. True it is that there are still a very few who cherish the

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The *Champs Elysées* in Paris are the veritable Elysian fields or paradise of *la haute banque juive.* The very names of the streets and avenues of this world famed thoroughfare of splendid equipages innumerable are Jewish, or have a pronounced semitic ring about them. At one end, near the Triumphal Arch, in the *Rue Galilée,* was the luxurious hotel of the great Hebrew banker, the late Baron Ignaz von Kölisch, a poor devil literally without boots in the early 'sixties,' who used to earn a precarious living by playing chess for a stake of a franc a game at the *Café de la Régence* in the *Rue St. Honoré,*

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old ideas; who will not admit Mr. So-and-So on the strength of his deep levels, and to whom the champagne of Mrs. Van Pork is as rank poison in their mouths. But these are so small in number that they scarcely count; and they are compelled to suffer for their good taste by dull seasons, few parties and the jeers of even their equals. Soon they, too, may be swallowed up in the vortex; for daughters have to be married, and even sons have to be considered, and in their own diminished set there is little to be gained. They, too, will become smart; and with their fall the last foundation of society will crumble away. Then the triumph of King *Bourgeois* will be complete."

Thus writes *Vanity Fair!* The references to "Mrs. Van Pork" and "deep levels" are obviously intended for Mrs. Bischoffsheim and Mrs Waring; the triumph of King Jew being complete long ago. Mr. Blank's astonishment, therefore at reading in the columns of the ultra-fashionable *Morning Post* and other leading London dailies, including the *Times,* the long, flaming accounts of the grand dinners, garden parties, balls and dances given by Mrs. Bischoffsheim and Mr. Waring—the wife of the contractor for the bogus Honduras Inter-oceanic Railroad and boon companion of Lefevre, with the imposing lists of names of noblemen and ladies of rank who were at the said entertainments, merely denoted his simplicity and want of knowledge of the society, from which he had been so long and so rigorously excluded, solely on account of his misfortunes and his unpardonable impecuniosity.

It is well known that the "smart" Hebrew family of Bischoffsheim owes its position in English society to the "patronage" of a Duchess of Devonshire, who was formerly as Duchess of Manchester, very hard up, when Mrs. Bischoffsheim, a Viennese Jewess of low extraction, came generously to the rescue of this dis-

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and was often half-starved; but who, by the usual Hebrew methods of a fraudulent bankruptcy, the support of the "Israelitish Alliance" and the patronage of the Paris Baron Rothschild, became a millionaire and also, *mirabile dictu,* a full fledged Baron or *"Freiherr"* of the Austrian Empire, and actually entertained on one occasion at his princely *Château* in Austria the Empress of Austria and her suite. This little, ill-bred Jew, whose manners were disgusting, entertained an Empress of the proud Imperial House of Hapsburg! At the other end of the *Champs Elysées* near the *Place de la Concorde* in the *Avenue Gabriel,* not far from the palatial residence of Bischoffsheim, was the splendid hôtel of Lefevre, the Jew of Chamant. It was not surprising therefore that Mori, who had been Lefevre's *fidus Achates* for years, after an unfortunate

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tressed Christian Duchess, who, in return allowed this low born Jewess to address her familiarly by her Christian name, and is said to have actually introduced her and her family to the Prince of Wales! Oh! ye gods and goddesses! Mr. Blank's amazement at the admission of these Jews and Jewesses into the intimacy of the noble family of Devonshire was increased by two facts: (1) that an old aunt of his used often to walk at Chatsworth on the arm of a former Duke of Devonshire; (2) that the scandalous immorality of the Bischoffsheims had been often publicly and openly denounced in two French newspapers, the *Journal de la Bourse* and *L' Anti Sémitique,* with absolute impunity, no prosecution for defamation or libel ever being instituted against either of those papers. The word "patronage" above is well chosen. How are the mighty fallen! Let the reader fancy one of the old feudal Barons of William the Conqueror or King John, of the *Front-de-Bœuf* type "patronizing" a Jew; Faugh! The word "Jew" still stinks in the nostrils of all honest folks. *Vanity Fair's* strictures on the persons to be found at Royal Garden parties in England, are fully confirmed by the mere fact that at a Royal Garden party at Windsor in 1897, the guests comprised the virtuous Sir Charles Dilke, for denouncing whom at the time of the Dilke-Crawford Divorce Case, Lord Landaff is said to have been complimented by her Majesty as the eloquent defender of the English hearth and home; and that there were a number of ladies among the wives of certain members of Parliament who were invited to that same garden party, whose past history had been extremely queer, to say the least.

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and most regrettable rupture with Lefevre, owing to the latter's refusal to pay him more than $30,000 as hush money, should have exposed Madame Bischoffsheim's *liaison* with the Jew of Chamant, who was her accepted lover, according to the time-honored custom of so many Parisian ladies of all ranks in society, whether patrician or plebeian, or Jewesses or Gentiles, on the principle of the

> "*Je me suis dit bien souvent,*
> *Peut-on vivre sans amant?*"

well known French *chanson.* Both were of low extraction, so that their intrigue was peculiarly appropriate under all the circumstances of their social environment. The rich Jewess naturally found the wealthy, ex-convict Jew, Lefevre, notwithstanding his numerous crimes and condemnations—which are fully sanctioned and approved of by the *Talmud*—far more to her liking than her wretched, little deformed husband, who was of puny physique and described by the Paris *Journal de la Bourse* as "the frightful hunch-back, who openly, in the most shameless and scandalous manner, drove about Paris in an open carriage in company with the most notorious courtesans and displayed his immorality and the luxury of his ill-gotten wealth before the eyes of the astonished Parisians." In short, to point a moral and adorn a tale, Henry Bischoffsheim, his wife and Lefevre lived together in perfect amity and harmony in Paris, in the same way as Sir William and Lady Hamilton and Nelson used to live together at Naples and *faire bon ménage ensemble.* In each case, to draw an apt parallel, both men, husband and lover, loved the same woman, who simply practiced polyandry, as is still to this day the fashion in Mantchuria, in the Celestial Empire, and the blessed trio led a happy, merry life together. In London, while Lefevre courted his wife in Paris, Bischoffsheim's favorite pastime consisted in intrigues with poor, young governesses at lodgings which he rented for them in the happy hunting grounds of St.

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Martin's Lane, or in visits to Monte Carlo—the ulcer of France, as Gibraltar is that of Spain. Amongst the celebrated courtesans patronized by the Bischoffsheims' figured the late *Léonide Leblanc*—one of the many mistresses of Napoleon the Little.*

On one ever memorable occasion Lefevre thought it would be the correct thing to give a grand concert at his house in Piccadilly; so consulted his *fidus Achates*—Mori (who was a fairly good pianist and the son of the late Frank Mori),—as to the arrangements to give the affair the utmost possible *éclat.* Lefevre knew as much about music as a dancing bear, but wished to retain the famous *prima donna,* Madame Neillsen—for the occasion. This might have been done probably; but unfortunately Lefevre had got it into his head that no concert in Belgravia was ever given without a "bones," or negro minstrel, with the usual accompaniment of castanets, banjo, tambourine, huge clogs, etc. This, from his point of view, was a *sine quâ non.* Without a nigger bones no salvation! Madame Neillsen could not sing without a "Bones." Mori's father, the composer, was accordingly called in. In vain did the unlucky *impresario* remonstrate with his son's employer, and point out that the famous *prima donna* would never consent to sing with a "Bones" from the low class London music halls. In vain did he asseverate, affirm and declare that a "Bones" was *not* the thing in London society. With true Jewish tenacity, Lefevre clung to his fixed idea of a "Bones." No "Bones," no concert! So Frank Mori had to reluctantly decline to make such an insulting proposal to Madame Neillsen, and the grand concert fell through. The want of harmony ruined it; but the episode was characteristically instructive, as showing in bold relief the true nature and low train of thought of

*Georges Sand declares the influence of England to be everywhere immoral. That of the Jew is a thousand times more so.

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this Jew brute, with the form of a man and the instincts and appetites of a Mephistophelian gorilla.

As the proprietor of the largest racing stud in the world at Chamant, near Senlis, in the Department of the Oise, where he had built his princely *château,* he had become, by virtue of its ownership, rapidly evolved from a swindler and ex-convict into a *châtelain* or *grand seigneur* of ye olden time, when *le droit du seigneur** existed in beautiful France. No one owned more racehorses or won more trophies and stakes in England than "Mr. Lombard," afterwards "Mr. C. J. Lefevre," as he was successively styled in the newspapers. Jennings was his trainer. Fordham and French, two of the most famous English jockeys, constantly rode for him, and, in order to curry popularity, he subsequently attended the funeral of the latter. His colors were the tricolor of France and at the same time the red, white and blue of old England. This was highly appropriate; for Lefevre was consistent in everything, at any rate, on the race track; and he had wisely selected these national colors in order to advertise the signal services he had rendered to the Honduras bondholders of both countries by coolly putting their investments in his pocket.

He won the "Ascot Gold Cup" at "Royal" Ascot, and also carried off the "Oaks" with a mare called "Reine" after which he appropriately named his daughter and heiress—the granddaughter of the procuress. On one memorable day of the Newmarket Craven meeting in 1873, he actually won five out of the seven events on the card. It was then that the London *Daily Telegraph*—the semitic organ of Fleet street, so famous for its unsuccess-

*By this law, which was in force during the reign of Louis XV, and his predecessors, the *Seigneur,* or Lord of the village, had the right, which he almost invariably exercised, when the bride was young and pretty, of sleeping with her on the night of her wedding day, if she belonged to the lower class called *vilains,* i. e. serfs or slaves.

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ful action for libel against that well known English M. P., Mr. Labouchere—styled him "a princely patron of the English turf," (sic) and even went so far, in a long editorial, as to suggest his election as a member of the aristocratic Jockey Club and to hint that he ought to have been elected long before. In a series of enthusiastic and gushingly flaming articles in the *Daily Telegraph*;* "Hotspur," the impetuous Prince Rupert of turf scribes of Jewish journalism, sang pæans of praise in his honor. He referred to "such spotless sportsmen as Baron Rothschild, Mr. Payne and Mr. Lefevre," and asserted "that some of the greatest ornaments of the modern turf, Lord Falmouth, Lord Zetland, General Peel and Mr. Lefevre (sic) never risked a shilling on the chances of their animals!" In a subsequent rather doleful article, "Hotspur" declared that "the luck of M. Lefevre seemed to have utterly deserted him . . . "The cry of 'Hurrah for the red, white and blue,'" he wrote, "is likely to be hushed for some little time; but so *excellent a sportsman as M. Lefevre* can doubtless afford to wait for the turn in the tide that must, with such materials as he possesses, come at last."

Afterwards he wrote "that Mr. Lefevre, with that *sportsmanlike ardour and persistency* which *so strongly distinguished his policy on the turf,* had declared he would battle against Prince Charlie until he did make the mighty chestnut lower his colors. The *popular* French *sportsman,*" he added, "has proved as good as his word."

And although Lefevre never by any chance kept his word with poor people, or when he deemed it expedient to break it, "Hotspur," who was not choked by veracity, was kind enough to enlighten and edify the British public, by further informing them "that Mr. Lefevre was so

*Of 9th Sept. and 7th Oct. 1872, 6th, 17th and 18th June, and 31st July, 1874, *vide* back files of the Hebrew paper in question in the Reading Room of the Library of the British Museum in London.

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pertinacious that he was never satisfied with a defeat," and that *"everyone was pleased when Fordham carried off the valuable 'Prince of Wales' Stakes for M. Lefevre with 'Mirliflor,'* as the French stable had experienced such detestable luck this season, et cetera."

The foregoing lucubrations were unblushingly published by the leading Hebrew journal in England, which boasts of the largest circulation in that Jew-ridden country, as very interesting reading for Honduras bondholders, although Honduras bonds, when the last of the above instructive effusions were printed, were just about to go down with an ominous rush to 35, after being quoted nearly as high as Consols on the rigged market. The London *Daily Telegraph* for several years devoted columns of its valuable space to laudatory editorials in honor of this felon Jew, whom it held up to public admiration as a model sportsman in every respect; but of course could only find room for a brief and perfunctory notice of the death of an honorable lady and literary celebrity, who had been honored by the Queen's acceptance of the dedication to Her Majesty of one of her works, and who had been further honored by the flags of all the ships in Southwold harbour being at half mast out of respect for her memory. Such is the modern Hebrew journalism, whose mission is to praise and propagate everything that is vile, and ignore or denounce everything that is respectable!

But "Hotspur's" articles tended to inspire confidence in Lefevre's straight running on the English turf, by his assuring the public that this distinguished member of the "Israelitish Alliance" never risked a shilling on his animals. And the British public implicitly believed it; for the British public and British society are still the same as they were painted forty years ago by Charles Dickens in "Martin Chuzzlewit" and by Thackeray in "Vanity Fair."

Had the veracious "Hotspur," who labored under a deplorable obliquity of vision, been better informed or bet-

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ter inspired, he would have known that Lefevre wagered freely and won enormous sums by betting for and against his own horses, *according to circumstances, i. e.* when the result of a race was "fixed" beforehand and a foregone conclusion, and that he was the greatest and most successful crook on the turf, who ought to have been "ruled off" English race tracks by the Stewards of the Jockey Club. He merited that fate far more than the Marquis of Ailesbury—the unhappy victim of the Jew Shylocks and their brethren bookmakers. At the outset of his meteoric career, long before he owned a racehorse, he won a large sum by backing "Hermit" for the Derby.

But of all this "Hotspur" pretended to know nothing, and as little as of the fact that this "spotless sportsman"—the pride of English race tracks—used to divide mankind into two classes, viz., rogues and fools, and it is scarcely necessary to add that he did not place his worthy self in the latter category, which accounted, perhaps, for his openly avowed contempt for journalists as a class and for their venality.

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CHAPTER XIV.

How Mr. Blank discovered the perpetrators of the crime of Lille and commenced his new rôle as an amateur detective.—Some extraordinary experiences at Boulogne-sur-mer, Newmarket and Epsom.

MR. BLANK did not have many other opportunities vouchsafed to him of examining any of the other numerous works in His pious Excellency's library; for he had been scarcely ten months engaged in the conscientious discharge of his onerous duties as private Secretary to the senior member of the diplomatic body at the Court of Her Britannic Majesty, at a munificent salary of $14.50 cents a week, when he caught a cold, which, by an interresting process of morbid evolution, turned to inflammation of the lungs, owing to his excess of zeal in the service of his employer having led him to venture out in the cold in defiance of his doctor's advice. In consequence of this flagrant violation of the maxim of Talleyrand, *"surtout pas trop de zèle,"* he was confined to his bed for three months, during the whole of which time his kindhearted and ultra-religious employer, who had so often dinned into his ears the necessity of being unselfish and of thinking of others, not of ourselves, never once called to see him, nor even sent a note of condescending inquiry as to his health—and this, too, although he well knew that his unfortunate Secretary had had a dangerous illness, which nearly cost him his life, and from the effects of which he did not recover for a long time.

As soon, however, as he felt sufficiently recuperated to resume his secretarial duties, he wrote to Gutierrez, and received, greatly to his astonishment, a cold, unsympa-

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thetic letter in reply from that worthy, benevolent man, informing him that his services were no longer required. The fact was that the virtuous couple were only too glad of the pretext given of "his health incapacitating him from the discharge of his duties," to summarily get rid of him, after they had sufficiently "pumped" him, as they imagined.

Besides this, they were actuated by two other powerful motives: the fear of giving mortal offense to Lefevre, to whom Blank was naturally obnoxious, inasmuch as people always hate those they have injured in proportion to the injury or injustice their victims have suffered at their hands, and the lurking suspicion that Blank knew something about the affair of the diamond necklace, to which of course they had never dared to refer, and to which Blank, for obvious reasons, had never alluded.

Poor Blank's cup of bitterness had long been full, and he had now to drink it to the very dregs. He was still feeble from his recent long illness; and, as fate willed it, in order to recruit his shattered health, he went to spend a few weeks at *Boulogne-sur-mer* of all places in the world, though he little suspected it, the one most likely to furnish him with startling revelations. He had seen an advertisement in the London *Daily Telegraph* of a comfortable little hotel, with moderate charges—a great desideratum for him—at Boulogne. It was the Hôtel Victoria, kept by Madame *Veuve Le Francois;* and to this unpretentious little hostelry of victory he wended his way on landing, and here Voltaire's declaration "that everything depends on chance" now received another startlingly unexpected confirmation.

Mr. Blank was much weaker and had been more pulled down by his recent long illness than he supposed. It was in July, the hottest month of the year, and having imprudently bathed in the sea, remained too long in the water and fatigued and over exerted himself by a long walk in the broiling sun back to his hotel afterwards, he had a most

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dangerous attack of heart spasm, from which he only recovered, thanks to copious libations of cognac. How truly do the French call it *eau de vie,* or "water of life!" How many lives have not been saved by this divine elixir! Alcohol is assuredly one of the most valuable medicines in the pharmacopœia. How poor Blank clung to life and struggled with grim death to live to see again a beloved little daughter! He felt he could part with all the world but her. How brutal is death that suddenly tears loving souls apart forever! What a farce is life, he thought, as he gasped for breath, with an ominous gurgling in his throat, in the arms of Madame Le Francois! She told him years afterwards that she thought he would have died.

Of course the doctor, like nearly all French doctors, arrived too late, *i. e.* too late to alleviate his suffering or do a mortal thing to save his life; for he was out of danger when the French *medico* at last, after hours of delay, put in a tardy, useless appearance; and even, had he come sooner, his attendance would have been of no earthly avail, as French doctors, unlike their British *confrères,* who are more practical in saving life as in most other things, never by any chance supply medicines themselves, but in the most desperate cases, which require immediately the most powerful remedies, coolly watch their patient die while they slowly write out a prescription that has to be taken to a drug store, so that long before the druggist has had time to prepare it, the patient is usually dead or beyond relief. We see the same interesting process in the United States. The statue of Edward Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, at *Boulogne-sur-mer* is no satisfaction to an Englishman for being thus immolated on the bloody altar of French medical etiquette or fetishism.

Blank, however, was fated to recover; and although greatly prostrated by so severe and dangerous an attack, was able in two or three days to go about again as usual, though the doctor particularly cautioned him against any over exertion or fatigue, so that his stay at the Hôtel

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Victoria lasted consequently longer than he had anticipated.

Now Madame Le Francois, as it so happened, had a daughter who was slightly deformed, and resembled most of her sex thus afflicted in being somewhat abnormally prone to gossip and scandal. Blank never dreamed that she, of all persons in the world, would know anything about the two Jews, Lefevre and Bischoffsheim, or their connections or doings; his visit to the Hôtel Victoria having been purely fortuitous, owing to his having accidentally seen the advertisement above mentioned in the *Daily Telegraph* of Levi & Co. But, as he was now on French soil, and Lefevre's marvelous successes on the turf, his building of the palatial *Château* of Chamant, near Senlis in the department of the Oise, as well as his possession of a princely racing stud at Chamant, and his marriage with the daughter of a *soi-disant* Marchioness of the old French nobility, had attracted much attention, not only in Paris, but all over France as well as in England, in the course of conversation one day with Mademoiselle Le Francois he happened to incidentally speak of Lefevre's recent marriage, and also of that of Lefevre's former mistress, Mathilde, and asked her if she had ever heard of these events, and if so, whether she knew who Mathilde's husband was.

"*Mais oui, Monsieur* ("certainly Sir,"), she replied in French; for although she spoke English fluently, the conversation was carried on mainly in French, "I know all about them. You do not know, I suppose, that Mathilde was the daughter of the cook at the *Hotel Christol* here, close by. His name was Cappon, and most people in Boulogne have heard of him. Mathilde was very handsome—*une bien belle femme*—you know. Have you ever seen her?"

"Yes," replied the astonished Blank, who neither knew Mathilde's patronymic nor that she hailed from *Boulogne-sur-mer* of all places in the world, far less that she was

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the daughter of a cook. But, as Murat, the dashing *sabreur* and King of Naples, was a waiter in a restaurant, there was, perhaps, nothing so very surprising in this after all, he reflected (for Blank, it may be parenthetically stated, had read the whole of Voltaire's *Encyclopaedia* or "Philosophical Dictionary," and was somewhat of a philosophical turn of mind), though he had never imagined her to be of such base plebeian stock.

"Yes, I have often seen her at Mr. Lefevre's office as well as at his house in Harewood Square in London. You surprise me greatly. I should never have dreamed her to be the daughter of a cook; for she had such a proud bearing as that of a Duchess, and gave herself such grand airs into the bargain."

"Oh Monsieur! I can assure you what I say is true. She knew how to put them on well enough! She a Duchess! *Oh là là! Ca me fait rire. C'est trop fort réellement!* She had had many lovers in Boulogne before she lived in London with Monsieur Lefevre. Everyone here knows of it," venomously replied Mdlle. Le Francois.

"How then *could* she marry respectably?" queried Blank in amazement; for he well knew that women of the *demi-monde* or *cocottes,* as they are called in *la belle France,* are quite as much under the social matrimonial ban as in England. "Whom did she marry?"

"Ah, Monsieur! It's a long story—*une bien belle histoire,*" replied Mademoiselle Le Francois, who was now on the war path and delighted to have the opportunity of relating the history of this scandalous affair to such a willing listener; "she married young Monsieur Dufour—son of the *Procureur Impérial* of Lille!"

"Is it possible? But how *could* the son of a man in such a high position marry a woman like Mathilde?" asked Blank in unfeigned amazement. "It is almost incredible!"

"Oh! It's perfectly true, I can assure you. Lots of people here know all about it; for it was the talk of Lille

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for months afterwards. It created a great sensation: the newspapers were full of it. She was introduced to the family of the *Procureur* by Monsieur Lefevre and his friends as Mademoiselle Capponi, the orphan daughter of an Italian Admiral, who had left her twelve thousand five hundred francs a year—*de rentes.* They merely added an 'i' to her French name of Cappon to turn it into the Italian name and nationality *du même coup. Vous savez qu'il faut mettre les points sur les 'i,' Monsieur,"* added the witty Frenchwoman with malicious sarcasm.

"But she could not speak Italian, could she?" queried Blank.

"Oh! That did not matter! Such a bagatelle as that did not stop M. Lefevre! As the lawyers say, nothing is easier than to prove that black is white, and one can always make arrangements with heaven, you know, *moyennant finance,* just as the priests grant you absolution. They said she had been brought up and educated in France and had almost forgotten her native language of the *bel paese dov'il si suona,* except a few words they had taught her to repeat like a parrot. She was a clever woman and played her part well. Before the wedding, Madame Dufour, the wife of the *Procureur,* sent her some jewelry, diamonds, etc.—*une parure de diamants*—as a wedding present; but Mathilde returned them with a modest message 'that she was not accustomed to wear such things'—*'qu'elle n'était pas habituée à porter de pareilles choses.'* They thought her a virtuous, honest woman. Why, Monsieur, my brother was one of her lovers."

"Do you know anything more about this affair?" asked Blank in blank amazement at these astounding revelations, as he mentally contrasted Madam Gutierrez's eager acceptance of the diamonds of the Jew of Chamant with Mathilde's modest refusal of those sent her by the wife of the Judge. That a virtuous wife and mother of a family should accept a present of diamonds from a rascally Jew, while a dissolute woman should refuse one from

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the worthy wife of an honorable magistrate seemed anomalous, puzzling, paradoxical. Yet such was the fact!

"Certainly," replied Mademoiselle Le Francois, enchanted at the turn of the conversation. "Monsieur Lefevre, Monsieur Bischoffsheim, Monsieur James Phillips and Monsieur Mori were all present at the wedding and at the wedding breakfast afterwards. When Mathilde received the benediction at the altar from the *curé,* Monsieur Lefevre and Monsieur Phillips *se sont trouvés mal.* They felt unwell. Mathilde looked so beautiful in her bridal dress."

"And was nothing ever suspected by the *Procureur* or his family or friends? Did none of them entertain any suspicions? Were no inquiries made?" asked the astonished Blank.

"No! None whatever! The high social position and wealth of Monsieur Bischoffsheim and Monsieur Lefevre was enough for them. *Ce sont eux qui l'avaient lancée, vous comprenez.* They had brought her out: every one believed the false representations that she was the orphan daughter of an Italian Admiral, who had left her comfortably provided for. And so the marriage was solemnized at one of the chief churches of Lille according to the rites of the Roman Catholic church. But directly afterwards the trick that had been played upon them was found out by the *Procureur* and his wife at the wedding breakfast."

"And how was the discovery made, pray?" queried Blank, more and more amazed and bewildered by Mademoiselle Le Francois's strange recital.

"*Ah! c'est à ne pas y croire vraiment, Monsieur. C'est très drôle!* It's almost incredible. It's very funny! Mathilde, you must know, had the imprudence to invite to her wedding breakfast one of her old acquaintances—a girl of loose character, like herself—who drank too much champagne and got noisy and said shocking things, which I could not repeat, Monsieur. She talked in a loud voice,

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and notwithstanding Mathilde's remonstrances and entreaties, she persisted in her gross improprieties and indecencies; got up and began a drunken speech. Everybody heard what she said. Oh! It was awful, Monsieur! The *Procureur* and his wife heard every word of it. There was a great commotion—oh! such a scene, Monsieur! The *Procureur* was pale as death, and he and Madame Dufour rose from the table and left the room. The wedding breakfast ended suddenly and the guests dispersed in confusion. The next morning the *Procureur* was found dead in his bedroom—dead of despair and shame, Monsieur!"

"How terrible! What an infamy!" indignantly exclaimed her auditor, horrified at this tragic climax to the infamous machinations of the Jew of Chamant and his Hebrew accomplices.

"It created a great sensation in Lille at the time and caused much excitement," continued Mdlle Le Francois. "But the affair was hushed up somehow or other, and gradually became almost forgotten, although there are many people still living there who well remember it. Monsieur Lefevre and Monsieur Bischoffsheim are so rich, you know, and mouths are locks that are closed by golden keys. Besides young Monsieur Dufour, Mathilde's husband, condoned it all. He was so infatuated with Mathilde that he said to her: 'You have basely deceived me: but I love you in spite of everything.' Although she had caused his father's death, broken his mother's heart, and disgraced him and his family forever, he put up with everything. *Telle est la vie, Monsieur,*" she philosophically concluded.

"Some men would have shot her," said Blank impetuously.

"Quite true, Monsieur; but young M. Dufour was not a man of that stamp. *Il n'était pas de cette trempe là.*"

This startling revelation as to the true character of his quondam employer came like a thunderclap on Blank. It

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put him on his mettle; and he forthwith resolved to prosecute energetically further inquiries, as he could now no longer entertain any doubts that Lefevre was a vile scoundrel, capable of any infamy or enormity.

Shortly after the above conversation, therefore, with this object in view, he returned to England; and, as the newspapers were full of Lefevre and his marvelous successes on the British turf, he paid a flying visit to Newmarket, where Lefevre had a large stable.

It was during a race week, when the famous old Cambridgeshire racing town was crowded with trainers, jockeys, bookmakers, touts, backers and *tutti quanti*—a veritable carnival of blacklegs, crooks and blackguards—and the chief street presented a scene of unwonted animation.

Mr. Blank put up at that well known hostelry, "The Waggon and Horses." On the very day after his arrival, an unexpected incident occurred, which tended forcibly to confirm the statements of Mdlle. Le Francois. It was just after the one o'clock luncheon, and Mr. Blank happened to be standing on the steps of the front door near a group of bookmakers, who were engaged in an excited conversation, when suddenly one of the "bookies," interrupting the talk of his companions, shouted in a loud voice:

"I say, look there! There comes Lefevre with all his retinue!"

Blank and the others all turned to look in the direction indicated by the speaker, who was pointing with his finger to the left, towards that part of the High street which is in the opposite direction to the Race course; and there sure enough was to be seen first and foremost of the throng, the portly figure and sinister, bloated face of the Jew of Chamant, who was closely followed by his ignoble retinue of jockeys, valets and sycophantic turf scribes—the latter hired to sing his praises in the press in major and minor keys. They were about a hundred and fifty feet off.

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"Oh!" interjected another bookie, "What a fuss you make about that fellow! Why, no Frenchman on the turf would be seen looking at him! He's an ex-convict."

Mr. Blank pricked up his ears at this startling announcement to listen to the sequel, which so deeply interested him.

"You don't mean it!" incredulously queried a third bookie. "Look what a high position he has on the turf!"

"Oh!" rejoined Number 2, "I'm quite sure about it. He's been convicted and imprisoned several times in France, and had to go to South America to escape serving a long sentence of imprisonment for some forgery or embezzlement in Paris. They say he seduced a banker's daughter, too, over there. He's a bad 'un, you bet."

"Impossible!" interpleaded a fourth bookie. "You don't mean to say that a man so respected and praised, as he is in the newspapers, ain't all right. I can't believe it. You must have mistaken your man."

"Well!"replied the obstinate accuser, "I'll lay three sovereigns to one with anybody that Lord Falmouth and Baron Rothschild will turn their backs on him. You see 'em standing there on the pavement talking together, don't you?" he continued, as he pointed to those two distinguished and well known members of the Jockey Club, who were standing on the sidewalk close by.

Every one, including Blank, turned his eyes in the direction indicated, and sure enough there were these two noble patrons of the turf standing talking together on the side walk to the right, about a dozen yards only from the steps of the "Waggon and Horses" Inn.

The above conversation had been carried on in less time than it has taken to narrate it, having occupied only about half a minute or thereabouts. Nobody accepted the accuser's wager notwithstanding the liberal odds offered, which under the circumstances, were sufficient to tempt the cupidity of most race track frequenters. In fact everyone, except Blank, was too much surprised at the

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nature of the bet and the odds so confidently offered to do so; and, moreover, they had scant time for consideration; for Lefevre and his escort were now close to Lord Falmouth and Baron Rothschild. Curiosity held them spellbound.

When within a dozen feet of them, to the astonishment of all the onlookers, both noblemen, with military precision, wheeled round right about face, and suddenly turned their lordly backs on Lefevre to continue their conversation in that position until he and his retinue had passed them and were some distance off.

"There now! Didn't I tell you so?" shouted the triumphant bookie, who had offered the strange bet.

Everybody was flabbergasted, dumbfounded.

"Well!" said one bookie. "I never! That beats Banagher, and Banagher beats the devil! I couldn't ha' believed it, sure! You're right after all, Mat, and I'm jolly glad I didn't take your bet. How come you to know all this?"

"Oh!" replied the bookie who had offered it, with a smile of self satisfaction, "that's a secret, you know. Least said soonest mended! Come along to the bar, and let's have a drink!"

With these words the group dispersed; the disputants proceeding to "liquor up," leaving the persons who had overheard their conversation and witnessed this little episode, in a mystified condition of hopeless perplexity; for in "merrie" England a man is always estimated by his wealth, not by his worth, and there is hardly ever an exception to this golden rule; and Lefevre had hitherto passed muster among the trainers, jockeys and stablemen of Newmarket as "a perfeck genelman," whatever might be the value to be attached to their critical estimate of the somewhat rare type in question nowadays, and this was indeed a rude awakening of these gentry from their pleasant dream of the "popular sportsman" and "princely patron of the turf," as he was so felicitously styled by the

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London *Daily Telegraph,* and an equally painful shock to their delicate and refined sensibilities.

The unlucky Blank's anger and indignation at the discovery that he had wasted his time and jeopardized or ruined his prospects in life and his health into the bargain, by having been so long in the thankless employ of such a vile Jew scoundrel, may be better imagined than described. He naturally felt furious, as any one else in his shoes would have felt. Here indeed was a speedy confirmation of Mademoiselle Le Francois's startling revelations!

A couple of days afterwards, as he was taking a morning stroll on Newmarket Heath in company with a casual acquaintance, Lefevre, alone and unattended by a groom, but mounted on a splendid hunter, galloped slowly past him. His riding at a gallop, it may be here explained, was compulsory, being a matter of urgent and paramount necessity—not a matter of choice—inasmuch as like most Frenchmen, he was indeed a poor seat on a hunter. He could not ride at a trot, and had he ever even attempted to follow the hounds across country at a gallop, he would have infallibly been spilled and probably killed at the first fence or hurdle. The "popular sportsman" of the *Daily Telegraph* had never even dreamed of such an exploit. Needless to add that he had never ridden either in a fox hunt or a steeple chase in his life: he would have as soon thought of riding a buckjumper.

He scowled fiercely at Blank as he rode by.

"Who can that swell be, I wonder?" exclaimed Blank's companion; but Blank made no reply, deeming it best for the further prosecution of his inquiries, to say nothing.

Not so very long afterwards, Blank had another unexpected rencontre at Epsom, during the Derby week, with the Jew of Chamant. It seemed as though he were predestined to continually knock up against him or cross his path.

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Blank was having luncheon in one of the refreshment tents, and curiously enough he was the solitary customer to be served by the solitary waiter. Suddenly the folds of the tent entrance were pulled aside, and Lefevre made his appearance.

He wore a fashionable yellow duster and Derby hat suitable to the weather and the occasion. Seeing Blank seated at the only table in the tent, he hesitated, and at first turned round in unfeigned confusion and embarrassment as if to go away, apparently not caring to face his former Secretary. *Tableau.*

But his hesitation was only momentary. Mustering up courage, and seemingly determined not to be driven away and humilitated by such a humble person as Blank, he boldly faced the situation, and seated himself at the opposite side of the table almost exactly in front of his former *employé,* whom of course he did not salute or notice in any way. Between the two, although separated only by a table's breadth, there was indeed a wide gulf fixed—an impassable chasm of contumely and mistrust on the one side and aversion and contempt on the other. In his turn, Blank, who at first was startled at the Jew's unexpected apparition as at that of a hideous and appalling specter, preserved a rigid silence, bent on giving a Roland for an Oliver on this auspicious occasion.

The Jew, still smarting under the rebuff of having had to disgorge $250, which he had hoped to cheat Blank out of, *plus* $500 more to Blank's lawyer which that worthy attorney duly pocketed and did cheat Blank out of, was too vain and purseproud to notice the man he had so ill treated. He expected Blank would speak to him, or cringe and try to make friends with him; but he was egregiously mistaken, for that obscure personage had the innate pride of a gentleman, and treated him accordingly with the silence of unutterable contempt, superadded to abhorrence and disgust.

Lefevre was accompanied by one of his own tribe, a

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young Jew—a little, insignificant looking fellow—who seated himself directly opposite Blank, by the side of his portly companion, who ordered Champagne, while his *vis-à-vis* had of course to be contented with that plebeian beverage, bottled stout. But Lefevre seemed ill at ease; his embarrassment being obviously perceptible to his youthful little Hebrew companion, whose black, cunning eyes darted frequent, sidelong, inquisitive glances at Blank, whom he instinctively suspected of being the cause of the sudden, unwonted depression of his fat friend. He was evidently puzzled; for instead of being noisy and talkative, as his wont, or indulging in his customary, coarse and boisterous hilarity, or rather his simulacre of hilarity, Lefevre spoke in a low, subdued tone of voice to his satellite, to whose queries or remarks he made only monosyllabic replies, greatly to the astonishment of the latter.

The prolongation of this agony was too much for Lefevre: he could endure it no longer. Unaccustomed as he was, to restraint this torture was intolerable. He did not wait to finish his lunch, which barely lasted ten minutes, before he called the waiter to pay his scot, and forthwith made his exit with his henchman, leaving his bottle of Champagne only half emptied, to the great satisfaction apparently of that seedy looking, red nosed, white chokered, Stiggins like individual, who lost no time in removing it for his own special and immediate consumption, fearful lest Blank should drink the precious ambrosial nectar, which he would as soon have thought of touching as poison.

After quietly finishing his luncheon, Blank took a stroll on Epsom Heath, where another instructive surprise was in store for him; for there he again saw the Jew of Chamant seated in a splendid barouche and four, smoking a costly Havana, and surrounded by an ignoble crowd of sycophantic turf scribes, who would write anything and everything for money; Jews, and other race course riff-raff. The fellows composing this *racaille* were compla-

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cently smoking cigars of the choicest brands, or quaffing brimming bumpers of Champagne to the health of their worthy patron, in celebration of his recent successes. Baskets full of Champagne bottles had been placed on the grass near the carriage, whose four splendid horses tossed their heads and champed their bits as if in equine acquiescence, by the liveried, white breeched, top booted, spurred lackeys of this Jewish *novus homo factus ad unguem*—monarch of all he surveyed. Everything was appropriate, though the scene was admirably calculated to recall to the onlooker the lines of a fine poem on the Jew, entitled, *"Hier"* (Yesterday), published in that well known and ably edited French newspaper—*L'Anti-Sémitique.*

"HIER"

I.

"Lorsque, sous le bâton, il courbait son échine,
Humble comme le chien couchant,
Qu'il allait secouant sa hideuse vermine
Comme le chien va se léchant;

"Lorsque, suant la peur à l'aspect de sa laisse,
Il embrassait le pied crasseux
Du maître qui lavait cette sale caresse,
Comme le baiser d'un lépreux;

"Lorsque, plus accablé qu'une bête de somme,
Il ne trouvait pas un reduit
Où reposer sa tête, où s'endormir un somme,
Un chenil pour sa triste nuit;

"Lorsque, poussé du pied, la détresse profonde
Hurlait la faim dans son gosier,
Et qu'il allait, gueusant sa nourriture immonde,
Fumier sur un tas de fumier;

"Enfin, quant grelottant la honteuse misère,
Il expirait dans le chemin,
Comme un reptile impur, enfouissant sous terre,
Sa tête plate et son venin;

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"Qu'un ventre de chacal était sa sépulture,
Son unique champ de repos,
Et qu'un affreux vautour, disputant sa pâture,
Aux quatre vents semait ses os;

II.

"Alors, ils n'allaient pas, dandys de bas étage,
Ornés de somptueux haillons,
Faire, aux yeux du public, le honteux étalage
De leurs vols changés en millions;

Ils n'allaient pas alors écraser l'honnête homme,
D'un luxe gras de nos sueurs,
Se traîner en Daumont pour nous faire voir comme
Les vils coquins sont grands seigneurs."

Although Blank had never read the above lines, which were only published about ten years afterwards, it was with a feeling of nauseating disgust that he turned away from the contemplation of the revolting spectacle of these vermin vampires thus revelling and enjoying themselves. Yet, had his philosophy been profound as that of Le Sage, who, in "Gil Blas," presents a universal mirror in which every type of humanity is illustrated, from the beggar to the king, his disgust would have been converted into amusement, as that of the spectator at the varied scenes of a comic opera, in which he himself had been one of the actors and played a minor part. For as Shakespeare says:

"All the world's a stage
And we are but the players."

But Blank resembled Jean Jacques Rousseau in one respect, viz., that he hated oppression and injustice. Instead of being amused, he felt angry, and mentally resolved to fathom to its lowest depths the mystery of the infamous career of the Jew of Chamant and, if possible, expose him to public contempt and execration.

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CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Blank on the scent.

It was a cold, clear Parisian March morning when Blank crossed the *Place du Carrousel* and the wooden *Pont des Arts* on his way to the *Préfecture de Police* to see M. Claude, the dreaded *Chef de la Sûreté.*

The gloomy environs of the *Préfecture* are by no means reassuring—far less attractive. Detectives, or *mouchards,* in disguise hover like birds of evil omen around its forbidding approaches—some in the blue blouse of the *ouvrier,* or common workman; others dressed as *commis,* or storekeeper's clerks; others as farmers, or mechanics or sailors—in fact, in almost every imaginable garb or attire. Involuntary souvenirs of Vidocq and Gaboriau recur to the visitor at every step he takes in the sinister neighborhood of the police headquarters of Paris. How many mysterious crimes have been discovered within its walls! How many hardened criminals and malefactors have been brought to book through its mysterious, silent agency, which has slowly but surely welded the iron links in their long chain of guilt! And how many infamies, the perpetrators of which have escaped detection, have remained unravelled and unpunished!

Close by, the blue Seine, with its daily harvest of corpses and their sombre recipient, that ghastly charnel house, the *Morgue*—in incongruous propinquity to venerable *Notre Dame,* whose lofty towers Blank had climbed in happier days, and from whose giddy height he had formerly looked down on the brilliant panorama of the world's gay capital; its myriad domes, spires, squares,

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boulevards, palaces, gardens and churches at his feet. Near by, too, *St. Etienne* and the *Rue de Seine*, both immortalized by Oliver Wendell Holmes in his charming poem, *"La Grisette."* In the distance, Montmartre, Neuilly, the *Champ de Mars* and the matchless *Arc de Triomphe.*

Moved by an impulse of morbid curiosity, which he was unable to resist, Blank stepped inside the *Morgue.* On three of the marble slabs lay three corpses, side by side. The one to the left, was that of a little woman — a *brunette*—who had evidently been murdered. Two fearful gashes from knife thrusts in her breast mutely testified to her violent death. On the next slab was the corpse of a fine, robust young man of about five and twenty—a veritable Hercules, to judge from his splendid physique—who had just been fished out of the Seine. The froth at his mouth clearly showed he had met his death from drowning; but whether accidentally or by foul play would probably never be known. A few abrasions and discolorations on the neck and arms pointed to the latter conclusion. Two women, evidently *ouvrières,* one elderly, the other young—looked silently at the corpse for a minute or so. Then the younger woman said: *"Pauvre garçon,"* and with these pitying words she and her companion hurriedly left the building.

"One spark of human nature makes us all akin," thought Blank, as he heard the younger woman's compassionate exclamation of sympathy.

On the third slab reposed the body of a poor, old, white bearded man. His pale, thin, wan face was a sufficient index to the sufferings he had endured: he had died of hunger and privation. Who would ever know his history? His finely chiselled features and refined look showed that he had known better days. Possibly wealth, fame and luxury had once been his; yet here he was at the end of the last stage of life's journey in the *Morgue*—amongst the unknown dead of Paris! There the sad trio lay in all

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the calm but solemn majesty of death, which smites all alike—rich and poor indiscriminately. The lines:

> "*Le pauvre, en sa cabane, que le chaume couvre,*
> *Est sujet à ses lois;*
> *Et la garde qui veille à la barrière du Louvre,*
> *N'en défend pas nos rois.*"

recurred to Blank, as he silently gazed on the faces of the dead and the living, but silent, onlookers. The water, that slowly trickled from taps at the head of each corpse over the marble slabs, added to the ghastliness of the scene. Little did he dream that but for Lefevre's ignorance of his mission, his own lifeless body might have figured on the slabs of the *Morgue* alongside the two corpses he was now regarding—victims of the mysterious crimes of Paris. Suddenly remembering that he had no more time for reflection either on the horrors of the *Morgue,* or on past or more pleasing recollections of *Parigi o cara,* he hurriedly left the somber dead house to pursue his errand at the *Préfecture* of Police.

Boldly entering the gloomy building, he presented his card to one of the officials and asked if he could see M. Claude. He was shown into a meanly furnished office, where he was told to wait until that high functionary intimated whether he could see him or not.

The interior of the *Préfecture,* at the time of which we write, was no more inviting than its immediate surroundings. The wooden chairs and tables; the white-washed walls and ceiling presented the same uninviting appearance of police offices all over the world.

He had not long to wait, however, before word was brought him to come upstairs. Mounting a rickety, narrow staircase, flanked by walls, whose mouldy, crumbling, whitewash seemed to threaten to fall piecemeal at every step, he was ushered into a better furnished and carpeted room, the *sanctum sanctorum* of Monsieur Claude, where he found himself in presence of the much dreaded *Chef de*

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la Sûreté—the terror of malefactors and evil doers of every category and nationality.

The appearance of the Chief of the French police certainly belied his reputation. To his surprise, Mr. Blank found M. Claude a ruddy, grey haired, benign looking, elderly man. Affable and courteous in manner, he seemed to combine admirably the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re.*

He politely asked Blank to be seated and to explain the purport of his visit.

"I have ventured to call on you, Monsieur, partly in the interest of English investors in Honduras bonds, and partly for my own personal satisfaction, to ask for some information respecting the antecedents of M. Lefevre, the well known owner of race horses and the princely racing stud at Chamant, near Senlis. Rumours are current in England that he is a convicted criminal, and has been often in trouble with the French police; but nothing has been publicly authenticated so far to that effect. Could you inform me whether or not these reports are true, and, if so, furnish me with a list of his various condemnations?" said Blank.

"It is contrary to the rules of the Administration and of this Department to furnish any such information as that you desire to private individuals; but if an 'official' application were made to me, it would be given," replied M. Claude.

"In what manner should such official examination be made?" asked Blank.

"If the English Ambassador, Lord Lyons, wrote to the Minister for Foreign Affairs to ask for it, full information would be supplied to him," answered the *Chef de la Sûreté,* who, in his turn, began to adroitly pump Blank as to his own personal knowledge of the doings of the Jew of Chamant.

"Il a mené grand train, n'est-ce pas?" ("He has lived in grand style, has he not?") queried M. Claude.

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"Oh dear yes!" replied Blank, who then proceeded to give the Chief of Police certain details of Lefevre's numerous infamies, with which the reader is already familiar, but to which M. Claude listened attentively, appearing to be curiously interested in these surprising revelations.

The interview had been of considerable duration, when Mr. Blank took his leave, feeling well satisfied with the result of his visit to the *Préfecture.* He then returned to his hotel—the *Hôtel de Tunis* in the *rue Saint Honoré*—an unpretentious little hostelry kept by M. Jules Bellier, on the opposite side of the street to the historical Church of *St. Roch,* where Buonaparte suppressed the revolt of the sections. Well, indeed, was it for Blank that he had given his correct name and address, and had not concealed anything from the Chief of the Police; for unknown to himself, he was "shadowed" by a "gentleman in black" all the way back from the *Préfecture* to his hotel. On his arrival thither he at once wrote a letter to the chairman of the Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry into the management of foreign loans of the British House of Commons, informing him that it was currently reported that Charles Joachim Lefevre, the colleague and agent of Bischoffsheim, and contractor for the Honduras loan, was an ex-convict, and had been several times arrested and imprisoned, and that if the Committee desired official proof of these facts, it would be merely necessary for the British Ambassador in Paris to write in his official capacity, to the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Duc Decazes, when full information would be at once furnished him. Mr. Blank then sallied forth to purchase at a *papéterie* a seal and sealing wax, which, according to the Draconian rules of red tape of the French post-office, were indispensably necessary for the despatch of a registered letter; for Mr. Blank was a bit of a fatalist and did not intend to take any chances of loss or robbery of an ordinary letter.

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On his return to his hôtel, he lighted a candle, carefully affixed the *five* seals necessary at that time to a registered letter in France, and proceeded with his precious epistle to the *Bureau de poste* under the théâtre Francais in the *Palais Royal* near the *Avenue de l'Opéra.* But it unfortunately happened that the impression on one of the seals on the envelope was indistinct; and, moreover, the seal was broken, the sealing wax being of inferior quality, so that the clerk refused to accept the letter on these grounds. Poor Blank had then to purchase a stick of better sealing wax and a fresh seal. Armed with these implements of torture, he reopened his letter, addressed a fresh envelope, and again affixed the sacramental five seals to it. But it again unluckily happened that, in his hurry, he stamped four of the seals with the new seal he had just bought, but inadvertently took up the other seal he had previously purchased to stamp the fifth seal. On presenting the letter for the second time, the argus-eyed clerk of petty French bureaucracy, called his attention to the damnable fact that the impressions of the five seals were not identical; one of them bearing a different stamp to the others, and on this ground, again declined to accept the letter. The unhappy Blank had therefore to return once more for the third time to his hotel, heaping maledictions on things French in general and French post-office clerks in particular, address another envelope and affix five seals for the third time. This time he took precious good care to use only one seal; and finally, wonderful to relate, for *perseverantia omnia vincit,* his letter was accepted, and a registration receipt duly given for it. The Chinese worship a god of thieves; and it certainly seemed to Blank's obfuscated mental perception as if there must also be a Gallic god of thieves, who was Lefevre's tutelar deity. Mr. Blank also gave other information to the worthy Chairman of the Committee which no doubt disturbed the calm placidity of that high functionary, in his investigations into British gullibility and Hebrew rascality, inas-

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much as Mr. Blank received a few days afterwards a letter from him summoning him (Blank) to appear as a witness before the Committee.

No offer or promise of remuneration, or recompense, to cover his necessarily heavy traveling and hotel expenses, was made to Mr. Blank; the noble Chairman evidently supposing him to have a soul above all pecuniary or mundane considerations. English oligarchs usually entertain such notions with regard to poor people. Curiously enough, in this respect, the Chairman strikingly resembled the Jew of Chamant, who cherished the same strange delusion to his cost.

Before crossing the Rubicon, Mr. Blank determined to pay a visit to Monsieur Jean Victor Herran, the Honduras Minister in Paris, to ascertain his views on the matter, and ask his advice. He knew that Gutierrez was Herran's enemy; but he was not aware that Herran entertained any animosity towards the Jew of Chamant; and he foolishly thought it possible that Herran did not know of Gutierrez's hostility towards himself.

Poor Mr. Blank! Little did he dream of the estimation in which this distinguished diplomatist, who had Captain Bedford Pim, an honorable officer of the British Royal Navy, whom Blank had met and conversed with on one occasion in Gutierrez's library, arrested and flung into prison like a common malefactor, was held by the French secret police. Had he only been cognizant of the following brief abridged extract from a *rapport* of the Paris police, copied from the archives of the *Préfecture,* and subsequently published in the Paris *Journal de la Bourse,* he would assuredly never have thought of consulting Monsieur Herran. This interesting document reads as follows:

"Monsieur, the Doctor Herran (Jean Victor) officer of the Legion of Honor, and his son-in-law, Monsieur E. Pelletier, chocolate manufacturer and chevalier of the Legion of Honor, living at Passy. Dr. Herran was formerly

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garçon de laboratoire (druggists' assistant) in a drug store in Bordeaux. He had saved a little money, which he partly invested in the purchase of pictures, which he insured heavily in an insurance office. Some time afterwards a fire occurred, in which his pictures were burnt under somewhat suspicious circumstances; but the Insurance Company paid him a considerable sum in compensation. Soon afterwards he left Bordeaux and went to South America, where he married and obtained an American diploma of "Doctor," subsequently returning to Paris as "Dr." Herran, Minister of the Central American Republic of Honduras. Dr. Herran and his son-in-law are not popular in Passy and the neighborhood, being nicknamed 'Mandrin and Cartouche.' "

Mandrin and Cartouche, it should be parenthetically explained, were two well known *charlatans* or itinerant vendors of quack medicines and other nostrums, to be seen constantly in the streets of Paris a quarter of a century ago. Although all is not gold that glitters, their brass or gilt helmets, which glittered like gold in the sunshine, and their quaint oriental costume attracted the crowd that eagerly purchased their rubbish.

Such was the opinion formed of these worthies by the good people of Passy! But poor Mr. Blank was as ignorant of all this as a child unborn; for he then, unluckily labored under the fond delusion or hallucination that Mr. Herran was the only person concerned in the issue of Honduras loans, who could show a clean pair of hands. He remembered how Gutierrez had more than once referred to him as a very rich man; and he naively supposed him to be above the sordid motives that actuated and influenced so many of the other actors in the Honduras drama—in a word to have a soul above sublunary considerations, notwithstanding the fifty thousand dollar clause in his favor in one of the contracts to which reference has been made in a preceding chapter. Poor Mr. Blank! How little he knew of the world or of the

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ways of diplomatists, whose business it is to lie. How completely he had forgotten one of Gutierrez's letters to a Honduras Government official in which he wrote in Spanish the words: *"En cuanto à lo que dice el Senor Herran, todo es mentira."* (With regard to what Mr. Herran says, it is all lies.)

He nervously rang the bell of the front door of M. Herran's grand house at Passy, and being informed that His Excellency was at home—a very unusual circumstance for Blank, who had wasted nearly half his life in calling on people and finding them out—handed the servant his card and was shown into a splendidly furnished *salon.* Presently M. Herran entered the room in his *robe de chambre,* or dressing gown. He was an elderly man, bald and gray haired and rather below the midle height, somewhat vain, like most Frenchmen; and he also resembled the vast majority of his countrymen in being polite but insincere. One can seldom rely on the word of a Frenchman, even though it be his *parole d'honneur,* or word of honor; for he is the greatest humbug in the wide world. M. Herran was scrupulously, yet condescendingly polite, and when Blank had explained to him how matters stood, and the expense he would have to incur in going to London, he said:

"Oh! don't let such a trifle as that prevent you from giving your valuable evidence. Pray accept this small sum for your expenses," saying which he slipped a hundred franc note into Mr. Blank's hand, which, by the way, was barely sufficient to defray his second class travelling expenses of only twenty dollars. Noticing his hesitation to accept the Greek gift, he said: *"Voyons! C'est à prendre ou à laisser,"* and then adroitly turned the conversation in a friendly tone, to some reminiscences of his own diplomatic career calculated to inspire his auditor with a due sense of admiration and respect for so distinguished a diplomatist, who had known intimately Lord Palmerston and God knows whom besides. Mr. Blank, like most simpletons of his caliber, *was* duly impressed, and listened

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with eager interest to His Excellency's recital; his admiration increasing as he proceeded.

Poor Blank was far from well. Illness and anxiety had left their imprint on his worn, thin visage, and he looked ill, as any other poor devil in his shoes would have looked; in fact most poor devils, if they had had to undergo an ordeal like that suffered by him, would have given up the ghost long before. Unfortunately for Blank his mental perspicacity, or insight into character and the motives of those with whom he had to deal, was immeasurably inferior to his physical endurance.

The astute doctor diplomatist or diplomatic "M. D." saw all this: he noticed how ill and anxious Blank looked, and at the same time guessed that he had to deal with a simple minded person, easily to be influenced or imposed upon, who might be a useful instrument for the furtherance of his own Machiavellian designs; so, with Jesuitical cunning, he determined to profit by the opportunity thus unexpectedly offered him of exposing his detested rival Gutierrez, through the medium of Blank, and subsequently injuring Captain Pim; and, at the same time, airing his own immaculate purity and stainless honor and probity in public, and through the press, by giving false evidence before the English Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry, and contradicting flatly the truthful testimony of that gallant British naval officer.

"You look unwell," he said, in a sympathetic tone of voice.

Blank did not observe the sinister gleam in His Excellency's eye; and he, Blank, felt touched by the interest thus evinced in the health of an unfortunate person like himself. He was indeed little accustomed to expressions of sympathy, or inquiries after his health, which, for him, had long been rare as angels' visits. And although his experiences of the world and of mankind in general, ought to have taught him only too well that devils and their visits were as plentiful as leaves in Vallombrosa, he felt

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that, at any rate, this time he had had the fortune to meet an honorable, kind hearted man; so he proceeded to pour out his tale of woe in the kind Doctor's sympathetic ear, and expatiate at considerable length on the various ailments from which he suffered.

"Yes, Your Excellency, I have long been a martyr to bronchitis, and have had inflammation of the lungs, from which I hardly expected to recover. I was for three months in bed. The cold, damp, foggy climate of London has nearly killed me. The doctors have ordered me to go to a warm climate like the south of France; but I cannot afford to do so. Were I only able to obtain some modest situation or employment there, of course I would go there and it would save my life."

His doleances resembled the lamentations of the prophet Jeremiah; but, as he ultimately found out to his cost, he only met with a Job's comforter in the worthy Dr. Herran.

"Je vous ferai avoir cela." ("I will get you that"), rejoined His Excellency. Have no anxiety on that score! But have you fully decided on giving your evidence? I would not urge you to do so if it be in the least against your inclination."

This Jesuitical speech was a veritable *coup de Maître;* for all the time His hypocritical Excellency had not the slightest idea or intention of fulfilling his formal promise. Life is dear to all of us; and poor Blank felt that it was his duty to himself to preserve his and regain his health, so sadly shattered by a concatenation of misfortunes—the embezzlement by a dishonest Solicitor of the greater portion of his own savings and his wife's little fortune, and losses in some mining shares. He even indulged in the silly fancy that this was a miraculous intervention of Providence in his behalf, and that M. Herran was its mysterious agent; for doth not the poet tell us:

> "God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform?"

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in direct contradiction of the scientists, who propose the theory of "Law not God," as if Providence would interfere to prolong the existence of a poor devil like himself, or of anybody else for the matter of that on this cosmic mote of ours. He never dreamed that His Excellency's sympathetic inquiry as to his health resembled that in "the Wandering Jew" of the Jesuit Cardinal at the bedside of his dying rival—whom he had poisoned.

So he eagerly swallowed the tempting bait, as a drowning man clutches at a straw. Besides, he indulged in the fond illusion that he would be rendering the public and Honduras bondholders especially, a signal service, by giving his truthful testimony as to what he knew of the scandalous transactions and *agiotage,* by which the latter had been swindled out of millions, and that some of them would, perhaps, testify their recognition of his services by presenting him with a handsome testimonial, or otherwise compensating him for all his trouble on their behalf, and in the interests of justice and right. But hope once more told a flattering tale, as will be seen by the record of subsequent events as related in the next chapter. For Mr. Blank was one of those hopeless cases that are never to be cured by the stern lessons of experience. It is the fate of the Jesuits, as well as of the Jews, to commit great crimes and to be seldom punished.

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CHAPTER XVI.

A surprise in a Leicester Square Restaurant.—Napoleon III. and the Jew of Chamant at Chiselhurst.

Not long after the events recorded in our last chapter, Blank had two other surprising adventures, the first of which, and a most extraordinary one, happened in this wise.

Mr. Blank, who had the pardonable weakness to prefer French to English cookery, happened to be dining one evening at the *Hôtel Cavour* in Leicester Square—a restaurant sufficiently well known to Londoners and the frequenters of the "Empire" and "Alhambra" theaters, directly opposite the barren grant made to the Cockneys by that honorable and benevolent Hebrew nobleman, Baron Grant (otherwise Gottheimer),—who has since failed and gone through the Bankruptcy Court, like so many other rich sons of Judah.

At the next table to that of which Blank was the solitary occupant were seated two Frenchmen opposite each other, talking together in French.

Now the average Gaul is noisy and garrulous; and these Messieurs formed no exception to the general rule of their nation. One of them was excitably, and with much shrugging of shoulders and gesticulation, telling his friend of an apparently interesting and unusual episode, of which he had been an eye witness recently at Chiselhurst.

There were but few people in the room at the time, whose presence the speaker did not seem to heed; nor did he even attempt at concealment or lower his voice, but rather the reverse, as it appeared to Blank. Probably the

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Frenchman's vanity was flattered at his being the self-proclaimed hero of the strange adventure; or this Gallic couple thought that Blank, who overheard every word of their dialogue, did not understand French; very few Englishmen understanding or speaking that language, or indeed any other but their own harsh, guttural, insular tongue.

At first, Blank did not pay any more attention to their loquacity than to the conversation thus, so to speak, forced upon him; for he was accustomed to regard most Frenchmen, at any rate, those in the vicinity of Leicester Square, and their chatter, with the same feeling of languid contempt that a Texas cowboy entertains for a Mexican "greaser," or with the placid indifference with which a Hereford bull contemplates the playful antics of a kitten. But when the words—"the Emperor and Monsieur Lefevre," in startlingly incongruous juxtaposition, suddenly caught his ear, they had an electrical effect upon him, and his attention became at once riveted to the conversation.

It was at the time when "*Badinguet*," as the fickle Parisians nicknamed Napoleon III. at whose feet they had formerly grovelled, after his downfall at Sedan and his ignominious imprisonment in Germany, had taken refuge in dear old England—that country ever so fatal to the Buonapartes—at Chiselhurst, a small town not far from London, in Kent, which is called the garden of England, as beautiful Touraine is the garden of France. For notwithstanding the stern lessons of history and experience, Napoleon the Little had had the almost incredible folly to trust perfidious Albion, which had so basely betrayed Napoleon the Great, and afterwards sent Napoleon the Little's son, the unfortunate young Prince Imperial, to be done to death by the assegais of savage Zulus in far away South Africa, out of gratitude to France for saving her army from destruction in the Crimea.

It was also at the time when the Jew of Chamant was at the apogee of his infamous career. The Emperor, who

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died soon afterwards,* at Chiselhurst, had long been smitten with a fatal malady due to his excesses, and his fortunes were at their lowest ebb when those of Lefevre were at their zenith. The downfall of the conspirator of Ham was as complete as his success in the abominable *coup d'Etat* twenty years before, which consigned so many patriotic Frenchmen to a prison and death, and showered honors and riches on lewd and infamous women, and on the scoundrels who were his accomplices in the spoliation, degradation and ruin of fair France. His ruin was as complete as the marvelous good fortune of the Jew of Chamant.

"Do you know," said the speaker, raising his voice, "I had an extraordinary adventure at Chiselhurst the other day?"

"*Quoi donc! Dites nous cela!* what was it?" eagerly queried his companion.

"Well! As you know, I have an old friend in the Imperial household at Chiselhurst whom I occasionally visit. I called to see him lately. As you also know, I am a Buonapartist, and, as such, am always *persona grata,* and well received, and I had permission to walk through the grounds and the park adjoining the *château.*

Before leaving, I took a solitary stroll through the grounds. It was a hot day, and I was seated alone on a bench near the corner of one of the walks, under the shade of the trees and bushes, listening to the singing of the birds in this sequestered nook, when suddenly my attention was attracted by the sound of footsteps on the gravel of one of the walks near by. There was a curve at the corner, and the denseness of the foliage of the shrubbery prevented me from seeing the persons approaching. I could only hear their footsteps, which were slow and irregular, and seemed to be those of an invalid supported by another person; and at intervals they halted, so that, as

*In January, 1873.

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they drew near, I could distinctly overhear their conversation. The seat, on which I happened to be located, was a shady recess, so that I was entirely concealed from view by the overhanging leaves and branches of the trees and the thicket, and unless they turned down the pathway of this solitary alley, they could not see me.

At first I thought it was only two of the guests or visitors, or, perhaps, only a servant of the Imperial household escorting one of them—probably an invalid. But when the words—"Your Majesty," struck my ear, I knew it was the Emperor.

I did not like being an eavesdropper, though an involuntary one, and hesitated at first whether I should emerge from my retreat to salute him in a foreign land. But respect for both him and his companion deterred me from obtruding my doubtless unwelcome presence upon them, and interrupting the conversation to which I was an unwilling listener; so preferring not to intrude on their privacy, I remained ensconced in my corner.

"Yes, Your Majesty," said the person with the Emperor, who was leaning upon his companion's arm, "there is no more respectful and sincere sympathizer with the misfortunes of Your Majesty and the Imperial family than myself; and if Your Majesty will graciously deign to accept the trifling sum of two hundred thousand francs as a slight token of my humble devotion and respect, I shall indeed esteem it a high honor."

"I feel deeply touched by this proof of your devotion to myself and my family in our terrible misfortunes, and in exile," replied Napoleon, "and you may rely on the Empress and the Prince Imperial not to forget it. It is a great consolation to us all to know that we have such faithful adherents in the hour of adversity."

"Ah, Sire!" rejoined his companion, "I feel only too highly honored and far beyond my deserts* by Your

*And so indeed he was!

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Majesty's gracious acceptance of this small sum and the complimentary words he has just uttered. It is the proudest moment of my life to feel that I have been able to render so slight a service to Your Majesty and the Imperial Family, so sadly smitten by fate."

I did not hear nor try to hear any more of the conversation, as they were soon out of hearing, although they walked very slowly; but I saw them both distinctly, as they passed the entrance to the path of the alley where I was seated."

"And who was the Emperor's companion, pray—this faithful adherent and patriotic Frenchman?" eagerly inquired the speaker's *vis-à-vis*.

"Monsieur Lefevre, of Chamant—the princely patron of the turf and famous owner of race horses; *de vrais chevaux de prix*," replied the narrator of this extraordinary adventure. "I had often seen him before, and knew him well by sight as well as the Emperor. He is indeed a noble gentleman."

Blank fairly bounded on his seat with astonishment at hearing this altogether unexpected conclusion of the story. He did not care to hear any more eulogy of Lefevre: he had heard and read enough of it already written to order; and as he had nearly finished his dessert to his modest three shilling and sixpenny dinner, he paid his bill, put on his hat, and went forth into the impure atmosphere of Leicester Square, which was thoroughly in keeping with its surroundings and with the foregoing recital.

"What!" he said to himself aloud! "This scoundrel, forger, convicted thief, criminal and impostor, walking arm in arm with an Emperor and lending him money? It seems impossible, outrageous, incredible. And yet it must be true! This really beats anything: Lefevre has surpassed himself."

As he reflected that Lefevre was indeed one of the Kings of the Jews of the enlightened nineteenth century, and further pondered over the matter, it suddenly flashed

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on his memory that the astute Mr. Dennie lived at Chiselhurst, from which place he daily journeyed by train to Lefevre's office in London and back at night with a third class season ticket. He also recollected how Lefevre, in his correspondence, used invariably to refer to the Emperor in terms of sycophantic eulogy as "*notre grand chef*." Of course he lost nothing by this; and prior to the downfall of the Empire it was, no doubt, useful to him or his Hebrew friends in Paris, who, notwithstanding their professed devotion to the Empire, took precious good care to get out of that pleasant city before the commencement of its long siege by the Germans.

Another visit to Epsom shortly after his Leicester Square adventure, reserved another surprise for Blank. He got into conversation one afternoon with a well dressed turfite on the subject of backing Lefevre's horses.

"Oh! I should never think of backing any of his horses. He don't run straight," said the turfite.

"You think so, do you?" queried Blank.

"Oh! I don't think so. I'm quite sure of it," replied the former. "I had a lucky escape from losing several hundred pounds in those rotten Honduras bonds of his. I had foolishly bought some, and sent my subscriptions to the scoundrel to his office in Lombard street."

"How did that happen?" asked Blank.

"Why, only the day before they fell and went down with a rush from 70 to 40 on the Stock Exchange, I fortunately happened to be standing close to Lefevre and Waring, the contractor for the Honduras Railway, in the Grand Stand, and I luckily overheard the two rogues talking together. Waring said to Lefevre:

'Well! the game is up now, Lefevre! The stock is sure to go down with a rush to-morrow.'

"I didn't wait to hear any more," continued the turfite; "but I rushed off to the nearest telegraph station, and wired at once to my broker to sell immediately all my Honduras bonds at almost any price he could get for

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them. This he did just in the very nick of time; for the crash came sure enough next day, just as Waring told Lefevre it would. I had a narrow escape."

"You were indeed lucky! What do you think of Waring?" queried Blank.

"What I think of him! Why, he's just as big a rogue and thief as Lefevre. That's what I think of him," replied the stranger.

This was quite enough for the present, at any rate, for Blank, who was beginning to suffer from a surfeit of revelations; so, wishing his informant good bye, he started off home with the intention of making further and more searching investigations as soon as time and opportunity permitted.

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CHAPTER XVII.

"The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil?"—
Merchant of Venice.

SHORTLY after the conclusion of the solemn and imposing Parliamentary Inquiry into the management of Foreign Loans, a pamphlet, entitled "The Vampires," was published in London, in which many of the members of the Committee of Inquiry were satirized or lampooned under suggestive nicknames, such as "Mr. Heavy Potshot," "Mr. Knockem Off," "Mr. Long Bowls," etc. By these the public could easily recognize the real Simon Pures of this extraordinary investigation; for in "merrie" England the law of libel then was, as it still is, too severe to permit of the real names of these Committeemen being given in any printed publication; "The greater the truth the greater the libel" being an old and well established axiom of the unjust English feudal laws, which still survive, and are based more or less on the iniquitous old Roman law.

This axiom is one of the fundamental principles of English law and chicanery; the *"rem"* theory being still preponderant in law and practice. This will serve to explain why and how the chief actors in the Honduras drama, by which scores of families were utterly ruined, and hundreds of individuals reduced from affluence to penury, beggary or suicide, were not only never punished, but also were allowed by the "good old laws" of "merrie" England to retain the whole of the monies they had stolen,

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The three chief actors in this Honduras drama or "Comedy of Errors," in England were Lefevre, Gutierrez and Henry Bischoffsheim; and it is curiously instructive to note the leading characteristics of the administration of English justice.

By this parody or travesty of justice, the unhappy bondholders were led like sheep to the slaughter; while all the *magna caterva* of swindlers, who had robbed and ruined them, were allowed to escape with impunity, enjoy their ill-gotten gains to the last cent, and spend the remainder of their lives in honorable retirement, wealth and luxury, as an appropriate reward for their impudent embezzlements.

Lefevre, Gutierrez and Bischoffsheim—the Brahma, Vishnu and Siva of Hondurean finance—were of course summoned to appear before this Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry of the British House of Commons, in person, to give an account of their stewardship of the monies of the bondholders, and the way in which they had handled these vast sums. The methods, by which they evaded exposure and punishment, defy the power of descriptive eulogy.

Lefevre merely crossed the channel to France, where, as a French subject, he was out of British jurisdiction and consequently not amenable to British law. Gutierrez simply availed himself of his diplomatic immunities, which permitted him to altogether disregard or ignore the Summons of the Committee, and to subsequently shoot the moon, by going to San Sebastian in sunny Spain, to tranquilly enjoy in luxurious ease and retirement his well earned "share of the plunder," as Lefevre so euphoniously but frankly termed it in his *lingua franca* of the bold bandit—where both English and French bondholders had built so many aerial *châteaux* or castles in the air, whilst Lefevre built a real, solid, good one in France with their good money.

His Excellency Don Carlos Gutierrez, Minister Pleni-

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potentiary of the Government of the Republic of Honduras to that of her Britannic Majesty, etc., etc., it should here be parenthetically explained, did not dare to return to the ever verdant plains of his beloved native land, for the excellent reason that, had he ventured to do so, he would have infallibly shared the lamentable fate of his esteemed but unfortunate President, Don José Maria Medina, *i. e.* he would have been shot; so he very naturally preferred to live and die out of Hondurean jurisdiction at San Sebastian.

As to the third person of this immaculate Honduras trinity, H. Bischoffsheim, the *facile princeps* and prime mover of the colossal swindle, he also found the gods propitious. He excused himself for disobeying the summons of the Committee, and for not appearing before it, or giving a single word of evidence, by the simple process of sending its worthy and illustrious chairman a letter enclosing a medical certificate from an eminent physician—Sir James Paget—certifying "that he was suffering from rheumatism in the shoulder" (sic).

On this ground he was fully absolved from all responsibility, and excused not only from appearing then before the Committee to give evidence, but also from ever appearing before it at any future time; and this, too, in face of the well known fact that he was the most important witness of all, and also that the sittings and deliberations of the Committee lasted for months after the presentation of this miraculous medical certificate, which effected a perfect cure, and marvelously resembled an indulgence of the Pope of Rome, inasmuch as it cured all financial as well as physical ailments of this recreant Jew at one and the same time. The miracles of the famous shrine of Marie de Lourdes sink into utter insignificance before it.

Of this interesting trio—Lefevre, Gutierrez and Bischoffsheim—it might truly be said without exaggeration: "Of such are the kingdom of heaven in 'merrie' England!" For the English law only favors those who are able to pur-

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chase its decisions, and in the struggle for existence in that foggy land of befogged people, might and vice always triumph, and weakness and virtue are trodden under foot.*

Only the small fry, the docile creatures or agents of the vampires, appeared as witnesses before this truly wonderful Committee. Amongst these figured conspicuously the greasy little Jew, Davids, Bischoffsheim's clerk and one of the Trustees of the loan, the vulger little "runner," Evans; the accountant Ford, and a few brokers, whose evidence was worthless, but was useful as a sop to outraged public opinion and the loud clamor of the luckless bondholders for justice, which they had about as much chance of getting as a shark has of swallowing His Imperial Majesty the Czar of all the Russias. It was not a promising outlook for these modern Jonahs!

One of the members of the Committee, a great legal luminary, Sir Henry James, had previously acted professionally as Lefevre's counsel, after Lord Chief Baron Pollock had ordered Lefevre's arrest. After felicitously describing his client of so many *aliases* and condemnations as a "gentleman" (sic), this brilliant beacon light of English law appropriately figured on the Committee of Inquiry of the British House of Commons to investigate the amount of his embezzlements—a fact which elicited many sarcastic comments in the Parisian press on the mock austerity of celebrated English rhætors with their long, mediæval wigs, which did not for a moment impose upon Frenchmen.

Mr. Blank had only arrived in London at six o'clock in the morning of the day he had left Paris, after a long and fatiguing railway journey and rough sea passage, which together had occupied about fifteen hours' incessant

*The Crawford-Dilke and Colin-Campbell divorce cases, and the recent revelations of the rottenness of London financiering and English society, as represented by so many noblemen, and the attempt made to bribe Mr. E. Hooley, to perjure himself, are quite sufficient evidence of the truth of this assertion.

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traveling. After an interval of barely four hours, without having had sufficient time for sleep or refreshment, he then had to appear at ten o'clock before this model Committee, when he was most severely cross-examined by several of these legal Solons, who were fresh from a comfortable bath and breakfast. But all the efforts of these legal luminaries, to shake his evidence against the vampires signally failed; and he was afterwards warmly congratulated by the Mayor of Chesterfield and others on "having unearthed a pretty nest of rascals."

It need scarcely be added that the creatures of the swindlers, and especially the little "runner," Evans, who ought to have been prosecuted for perjury, either flatly contradicted his truthful testimony, or professed the most complete and blissful ignorance of the damning facts he testified to; but poor Blank's stupefaction and bewilderment may be better imagined than described, when he saw Mr. Charles Waring, the tall and portly contractor for the impossible Honduras Inter-oceanic Railroad, the boon companion and bosom friend, or *alter ego*, of the Jew of Chamant, step boldly forward to give *his* evidence, and afterwards actually heard him *congratulated* by the worthy Chairman of the Committee on *"the straightforward manner in which he had given it."* His hair literally stood on end with astonishment.

It is almost equally unnecessary to add that the astute Dennie and the unspeakable Jew, Mori, did not appear before the Committee as witnesses, for the sufficient reason that they were wisely kept in the background; whereas Blank, who had so often previously had to take a back seat, occupied a front one on this momentous occasion, as it was so ordained by fate. Dennie, however, at the instigation of his veracious employer, wrote a letter to the London *Times,* which was published in the "Thunderer," flatly and impudently denying the truth of Blank's evidence anent the afiair of the diamond necklace, and affirming that these jewels were sent to Madame Lefevre—not

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to Madame Gutierrez—thus establishing his valid claim to be one of the champion liars of the universe. Of course His veracious and voracious Excellency Don Carlos Gutierrez also wrote a similar letter of denial, which was also published in the "Thunderer;" although he did not dare to deny the present of $50,000 to President Medina, of which Evans had professed the most complete and blissful ignorance in his sworn evidence before the Committee.

But as these denials were merely by letters addressed to a newspaper, and not sworn evidence, they had no weight whatever either with the committee or the public, although the Jew of Chamant paid Dennie the substantial *douceur* of four thousand pounds, or twenty thousand dollars, for writing this pack of lies to order at his own dictation. These denials had no more weight with the public than those of the noblemen in the recent Hooley case, who denied Hooley's sworn evidence that he had paid them enormous sums for the use of their names on Prospectuses of Companies, and who tried to bribe him to secrecy.

Then, to crown all, Lefevre had the almost inconceivable audacity to write also himself a third letter to the *Times,* which was published in that paper, superciliously and insolently making light of, or contradicting Blank's testimony.

About two months afterwards the *Times* published *in extenso* the official Report of the Committee, containing the damning letter of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs—the late Duc Decazes—to Lord Lyons, the British Ambassador in Paris, which informed the latter "that Lefevre had been condemned by default at Paris in 1856 by the Correctional Tribunal of the Seine to two years' imprisonment for breach of trust *(abus de confiance),* thus proving him on undeniable official testimony to be a convicted felon (see Appendix). This fatal letter—the *damnosa hereditas* of the Jew of Chamant—was also published *urbi et orbi* in the London *Daily Telegraph, Daily*

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News, Standard, Morning Post and the other leading London "dailies." The editor of the *Daily Telegraph* —the Semitic organ of Fleet street—who had only two years before sung pæans of praise in Lefevre's honor; described him as "A princely patron of the English turf," and in a long editorial actually advocated his election as a member of the aristocratic Jockey Club, whose members, are like unto Cæsar's wife in being held above suspicion, no doubt felt rather uncomfortable on this unhappy occasion.

Thus, thanks to the efforts of Mr. Blank, Lefevre got an excellent advertisement free of expense for the edification and enlightenment of Honduras bondholders, who now, when alas! too late, knew what kind of a man had so graciously and benevolently appropriated their monies, and thanks to the marvelous bookkeeping of the honest accountant, Ford, had placed them to his own private account in the safe keeping of the London and County Bank, whose blythe Manager, who bore the highly appropriate name of Blythe, used to occasionally interview Lefevre in his "holiest of holies."

It is, perhaps, superfluous to say that neither Lefevre, nor Dennie nor Gutierrez ever afterwards wrote any letters to the *Times* or any other paper on this distressing subject, or to explain that Lefevre would never have given Dennie a red cent—far less the twenty thousand dollars which he paid to that astute but unprincipled young man, had he foreseen or even suspected the publication of this damning letter, which, like a dynamite gun, effectually silenced both him and his henchman forever. He sadly underrated Blank's abilities as an amateur detective; nor did he entertain the faintest suspicion of his interview with M. Claude and its dire results for himself.

As an apt commentary on the righteous administration of justice in dear old England, it is merely necessary to put on immortal record, for the benefit of posterity, the sworn evidence of the accountant Ford, who hailed from

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the glorious county of Dotheboys Hall and Wackford Squeers, and kept the books of the Honduras Loans.

This worthy admitted, under cross-examination, having credited Lefevre in *a single entry* in these wonderful books with the colossal sum of £750,000, or three millions seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

When asked for what Lefevre was credited with this gigantic sum, and to explain what Lefevre had done or what services he had rendered to deserve this enormous credit, Ford was unable to give any reason or explanation of the entry.

One member of the Committee (the member for Bristol, the late Mr. Kirkman Hodgson) then asked him ironically "if it was merely the art of bookkeeping," and the witness impudently replied:

"It *is* the art of bookkeeping!"

Incredible but true!

This explanation was deemed perfectly satisfactory by the Committee, and Ford was allowed to go scot free. It remains to be added, as a fitting corollary, that most of these wonderful books and their marvelous entries, that introduced so novel and instructive a system of bookkeeping, instead of being kept by the two trustees, were destroyed, in order to prevent their inspection or examination; all of which clearly shows it to be merely necessary to steal millions to escape with perfect impunity in England, where a starving tramp, who purloins a turnip or a few potatoes to assuage the pangs of his gnawing hunger, appropriately receives a sentence of three months' imprisonment with hard labor by the "Great Unpaid"—the rural magistrates who administer justice (?) in that happy country, for endeavoring to prolong his miserable existence, and thus offending the stern majesty of the law.

A poor baronet—an ex-officer in the British army—who had fought and bled for his beloved country, but had the misfortune to be on the Advisory Board of an "Authors' Society" guilty of certain petty embezzlements, only

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amounting in the aggregate to some odd hundreds of dollars, was sent to prison for the sufficient reason that he had not stolen enough.

Had he coolly embezzled millions, or had he been a wealthy Hebrew, he would not only have been acquitted of all participation in such a colossal swindle, but he would also have been honored and respected, and had the *entrée* into the *élite* of English or French society as well as the two Jews, Bischoffsheim and Lefevre. A red Indian would be puzzled at the unevenness of English justice, as administered on the banks of the muddy, foul smelling Thames and in the green fields of unhappy, depopulated Ireland.

The Jews rule England with a rod of iron. They absolutely control the money market, and also, to a great extent, the press. The fiat of the Rothschilds is law on the Stock Exchange; and it is therefore no wonder that they now occupy seats in the House of Lords along with the far nobler representatives of the British "Beerage;" or that they mix in the *élite* of English society, and constantly intermarry with the aristocracy, in direct opposition, not only to the law of Moses and the doctrines of the sacred *Talmud,* but also to the traditions of blue blood in England, or of *sangre azul* in democratic Spain, which forbids marriages of members of the Spanish *noblesse* with persons of Jewish or Moorish descent even more rigorously than used to be the rule in more aristocratic, but somewhat less priest ridden, countries.

In marked contrast with the behaviour of Gutierrez, Lefevre and Bischoffsheim, His virtuous Excellency, Monsieur le Docteur Herran, officer of the Legion of Honor, etcetera, etcetera, soon afterwards came over to London from Paris to give *his* voluntary evidence before the Committee. His object in so doing was to convince the Honduras Government and French and English Honduras bondholders of his thorough honesty, integrity and disinterestedness; and at the same time, and above all to

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show that he, in emphatic contrast with his diplomatic colleague in London—Gutierrez—did not seek for a moment to avail himself of his diplomatic immunities to avoid giving evidence and being subjected to a searching cross-examination.

He shrewdly calculated that this apparently open and straightforward course of action on his part would be compared strikingly in his favor with that of his detested rival, who had so ignominiously shirked appearing before the Committee, and who, he well knew, would never dare to appear before it.

This forecast on his part was fully justified in the subsequent public censure of Gutierrez by the Committee, in its official Report in the Blue Book, which stated "that he had signed contracts which no Minister ought to have signed." And besides this, Herran was anxious to exculpate or vindicate himself from the serious charge made against him by Captain Bedford Pim, R. N., of having virtually endeavored to extort blackmail to the tune of $50,000 apiece for himself and his son-in-law—a certain chocolate manufacturer named Pelletier—as a *sine quâ non* condition of his consenting to the emission of another and a fourth Honduras loan, in Paris.

With these laudable objects in view, he therefore flatly contradicted or denied the truthful evidence of that gallant naval officer in almost every particular; and, by the aid of brazen mendacity and Jesuitical casuistry, of which he was a passed master, succeeded in throwing serious doubts upon it. With mock indignation, he denied having ever had any dealings with the firm of Dreyfus *frères*, quoted by mistake by Captain Pim instead of Dreyfus & Scheyer, and by a series of similar contemptible quibbles or prevarications, attempted to throw an unmerited slur on that officer's veracity as well as on his testimony.

Blank, however, was still credulous enough to believe in the word of honor of Monsieur Jean Victor Herran. For after all, was he not an "officer" of the "Legion of Honor"

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and a Frenchman of "The land where honor reigns," according to Goldsmith's "Sentimental Traveler," which work most nineteenth century readers will consider to denote as phenomenal a simplicity on the part of the Hibernian poet as that displayed by Blank in the course of this remarkable story. Blank felt sure that he would keep his promise; every true Frenchman being bound by his *parole.* But he unfortunately forgot that Herran was a diplomatist, and that diplomacy is merely the art of concealing one's thoughts and telling lies on a system, marvelously resembling the accountant Ford's system of bookkeeping; so, in the guileless innocence of his heart, he soon afterwards wrote a letter to Dr. Herran to remind him of his kind promise, as a condition of his giving evidence before the Committee in the interest of Honduras bondholders, to obtain him a modest position in the South of France, which he so much desired on account of his health.

To his indescribable amazement, he received a glacial letter in reply from this *Mandrin* of the French Police Report, of which the following is a translation:

"Monsieur,

In answer to your letter, I have only to say that I remember your telling me that the climate of England did not suit your temperament; but you are completely in error in supposing that I promised to obtain for you any position in the South of France at Bordeaux or elsewhere. I never made any such promise.

Accept the assurances, etc.

(Signed) HERRAN."

And still the words of this model diplomatist: *"Je vous ferai avoir cela,"* rang in Blank's ears.

How true is the declaration of that German writer who affirms "that one cannot rely on the word of a Frenchman!" On reading the above infamous epistle, poor Blank's

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heart sank within him, as he now fully realized for the first time the truth of David's declaration "that all men are liars," and recalled the well known adage—"only children and fools speak the truth;" which corresponds with the French proverb—*"La vérité tue celui qui l'annonce;"* or that of diplomacy—"Language is only given us to disguise our thoughts."*

He—poor credulous fool that he was—had placed implicit faith in the promises of the Jew—Lefevre; then in those of the Jesuit—Gutierrez, and lastly in the word of honor of the Jesuit—Herran; only to be deceived by all three in succession, in regular chronological order. He now at last perceived indeed that truth lies at the bottom of a well, as well as that justice is not of this world, and is also ever blind. Small wonder that Herran should have sworn that Captain Pim's evidence was untrue, when lying was a part of Herran's stock in trade and Jesuitical creed, or article of faith, that the end justifies the means. He lied on a system, in his unctuous diplomatic way, just as Gutierrez did. Lefevre, as a Jew, was justified in lying on a system, as he was authorized by the *Talmud* to lie, when necessary to do so, in order to deceive a Christian. As devout Jesuits, Gutierrez and Herran could always pay for and obtain absolution for their systematic lying and trickery; for does not Ignatius Loyola teach "that the end justifies the means," and were they not both his faithful disciples marching by different roads to the same destination on the *"tout chemin mène à Rome"* principle?

**The langage ne nous est donné que pour déguiser nos pensées.*

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CHAPTER XVIII.

"The frequency of executions is always a sign of the weakness or indolence of government. In a well governed state there are but few executions; not because there are many pardoned, but because there are few criminals; whereas when a state is on the decline, the multiplicity of crimes occasions their impunity."—
Rousseau, "Contrat Social."

On a bright morning at the latter end of the summer of 1875, the Jew of Chamant was seated in a luxuriously furnished room of his palatial *Château.* Attired in a gaudy, parti-colored *robe de chambre,* he was leisurely sipping his customary matutinal cup of chocolate, when the rural postman from Senlis brought the mail from Paris viâ Chantilly, which was respectfully placed on the table before him by his valet; for his evolution into the *grand seigneur* of rascaldom was now complete.

A small pile of letters and newspapers lay before him; and, after he had first digested the contents of the former apparently to his satisfaction, he selected from the latter the previous day's issue of the London *Times;* for he knew from reliable information furnished him from London, that the long expected official Report of the Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry into Foreign Loans would soon be published in the "Thunderer," and he felt a morbid curiosity to read it, and to know how he and Gutierrez, and the other members of his gang of gold brick men, or forty modern thieves, figured therein.

He had already, three months before, read Blank's sworn evidence *in extenso* in that journal, which had greatly astonished as well as mortified and vexed him, be-

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cause he had not thought Blank capable of so much energy and determination as such a bold step demanded; nor did he suppose him to possess the sinews of war, *i. e.* the funds requisite to carry out such an undertaking as a complete exposure of his own rascalities, even if he had ever contemplated it.

He had always looked on Blank with supreme contempt and indifference, as a weak minded simpleton; and as he despised all poor people as helpless and innocuous, and naturally imagined him to be utterly ruined in pocket as well as in health, as the logical and inevitable sequence of his folly in having wasted half a dozen of the best years of his life and energies in his own thankless employ, he had never given the poor devil a thought beyond consigning him to an improved *Sheol,* in accordance with his pet phrase—"Let im go to blazes!" applied indiscriminately to anyone and everyone who was either personally obnoxious or useless to him, or to those unfortunate persons whom he had thoroughly utilized and then cast off, as one throws away the peel of an orange after having sucked its juice. In the same way was this Jewish vampire accustomed to suck the blood of his hapless victims to the last drop, as *Shylock* exacted his pound of flesh.

A word now about the lordly *château of Chamant-le-Plessis*—its exterior, interior and surroundings will here not be out of place.

Situated near the small town of Senlis, with its famous Cathedral Church, in the department of the Oise, this noble pile rears its mushroom roof in extensive, park like grounds covering an area of several hundred acres. Built of gray granite in the old French or Norman gabled Gothic style, with numerous pyramidal shaped spires, broad at their base and tapering to a point at their summit on its slated roof, it presents, seen from a distance, which ever lends enchantment to the view, notwithstanding its recent construction, a somewhat venerable appearance, and might well be mistaken for an ancient *château* of some famous

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châtelain of the old French *noblesse,* whose motto used to be *"noblesse oblige."*

But this short lived illusion of antiquity vanishes like a mirage in the desert on a nearer approach, as her meretricious paint and adornments reveal the harlot. A short distance to the right of its would be imposing *façade* were the vast stables or *écuries* of the new *châtelain:* in this, as in several other respects, it strikingly resembled many old English Halls or Castles of the Elizabethan era in England, as well as old French *châteaux* of the *renaissance.* But its park did not by any means correspond with *Théophile Gautier's* description of that of the *"Château de la misère"*—of *"le parc qui s'étendait au loin—vaste, ombrageux, seigneurial,"* inasmuch as notwithstanding its extensive area, the old trees of a growth of centuries and the seigneurial element were sadly wanting, and, on a nearer approach, the *Château* itself is found to be deplorably lacking the hall-marks of venerable antiquity.

It was, in fact, the mushroom *château* of a mushroom millionaire—a Jew parvenu or *novus homo.* There were no time worn mullions or transoms; no ruined moat or draw bridge; no creneled battlements, or narrow casements or windows to dimly light the rooms within. As to the interior, it sufficiently indicated the vulgar, semitic tastes of its owner, and also a supreme lack of good taste in everything. The most costly furniture—carpets, mirrors, sofas, tables, etc.—from the first *tapissiers* or upholsterers of Paris were there, it is true; but no portraits of *aieux,* or ancestors, who had fought in the Crusades *et qui avoient occis moult infidèles,* in the quaint old French of Froissart and his contemporaries, or of mail clad Knights of Henri IV., the *Béarnais,* or of proud *chevaliers* of the *grand monarque,* or of their "ladies fayre" of high degree adorned the walls. In lieu of these—a sorry substitute—were to be seen paintings by some of the great masters of the modern French school, such as Jerome's "Moorish Girl at the Well" (which had formerly been ex-

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hibited in the Lombard Street Bucket-shop), in incongruous juxta-position with landscapes and *tableaux de genre,* jumbled together without order, method or arrangement; all conspicuously denoting the coarse tastes and the utter want of refinement and discrimination of their owner, the Jew *bourgeois,* who had here "planted his cabbages," to use his own felicitously favorite expression to signify his retirement from business, far from the madding crowd. Infinitely less difficult is it for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a Jew to become a gentleman! The thing is impossible! Oh! That a Norman Baron of the time of William the Conqueror could have been resurrected and had an interview with the Jew of Chamant in his mock ancestral Hall! Such a degradation in eight short centuries!

But in spite of his luxurious surroundings, the Jew of Chamant, on this eventful morning, seemed ill at ease. His face, unlike that of old *Giaffir,*

> " . . . Well skilled to hide,
> All but unconquerable pride,"

resembled in one respect that of the aged and respected Mussulman, in the sense that it wore a clouded and thoughtful expression. His thick, coarse fingers trembled nervously, as he laid down the costly meerschaum pipe of Turkish tobacco he was smoking, to unfold the "Thunderer," rightly so named on this occasion for him.

His eye at once caught the large type heading—"Report of the Committee of Inquiry of the House of Commons Into the Management of Foreign Loans," and he immediately began to carefully scrutinize the voluminous document.

He had read it only for a couple of minutes when he suddenly started and turned pale. As he rose from his chair, in his agitation, a sharp twinge of gout added physical torture to his mental anguish, causing him to involuntarily sweep from the table on to the floor with the sleeve

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of his dressing gown his beautiful meerschaum pipe, which was broken to fragments—a symbol of his own shattered and for ever ruined reputation.

For there, before him, was the infernal disclosure of his condemnation—the fatal, irrefutable, official revelation of his crime! There it was, legibly printed in black and white—the damning proof of his infamy in the columns of the first journal in the world! There it was—the public, gratuitous advertisement of his shame and disgrace, to be read by scores of thousands of people and the dupes whom he had ruined, that all who run may read!

The mischief was irreparable. Who could have caused this terrible disclosure? That he had enemies he knew only too well; but he had thought to have conciliated or silenced them all with gold; for in his black Jewish heart he could not conceive of any other heart being influenced by any other more powerful passion than the love of money. He judged all men by his own low standard of thought and living, and there was his great and fatal mistake!

It was not Hugelmann, the Prince of blackmailers and *chevaliers d'industrie* in Paris; for had he not paid him $40,000 five years before in London, to suppress the publication of the pamphlet on his criminal career and judicial antecedents, before Davies & Co. of Finch Lane, Cornhill, had sold many copies. It could not be Mori, whom he had paid $30,000 to keep quiet. It could not be any other of the shady crowd of his former disreputable acquaintances or accomplices, for he had squared them all.

Then it suddenly flashed upon him that it could only be that accursed Blank who had paid him out in his own coin and done him this terrible injury. Yes! That was it! This despised simpleton had followed his trail with the cat-like tread of the Red Indian, and had caught him at last and secured his scalp, when it would have been so easy for him to have had him shot, or stabbed and flung into the Seine, and thus silenced for once and forever,

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for dead men tell no tales. How bitterly he now regretted not having had him thus put out of the way!

"*Nom de Dieu! Mille tonnerres!*" he screamed, as he poured out the vials of his wrath in every foul epithet of abuse in the French vocabulary on the devoted head of the avenging Blank.

Alternate rage and despair struggled for the mastery in his agitated mind, as he paced up and down the room like a caged tiger, clutching his big bullet shaped head with both hands as one demented.

"Vat," he shrieked, regardless at first of any listening servant who might overhear his ravings, "Vat! I have paid millions of francs to prevent zis terrible disclosure—two undred zousand francs in London to Hugelmann, to suppress ze publication of 'is pamphlet containing ze record of all my condemnations from ze Reports of ze French police; two zousand five undred francs to ze blackmailer who called at my office in Lombard street and larjare sums afterwards; one undred and fifty zousand francs to Mori, who as seence betrayed me in several vays; one undred zousand francs more to Dennie to make im old 'is tongue, and write to ze *Times* to deny Blank's evidence about ze diamonds, not to menshun vat I 'ave paid to ozare blackmailers; and zen aftare all, zis imbecile—zis idiot, Blank, goes and lets ze cat out of ze bag and ruins everyzing, and all zis goot money vat I 'ave paid ees vasted and lost. It ees terrible! Vat a terrible fool ees Blank! I would 'ave given him fifty zousand francs to hold is tongue. I vould 'ave had im stabbed and zrown into ze Seine for ten zousand francs, 'ad I suspected zis!"

Thus he ravingly soliloquized, half in French and half in broken English, so that his French servants might not understand his incoherencies, if any of them were eavesdroppers or happened accidentally to overhear him; for there was method even in his madness, and caution ever predominated along with the racial commercial instinct in this true son of Israel.

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In his present condition and frame of mind, he would have afforded a curious study to a psychologist; for wonderful to relate, by a strange hallucination, or mental aberration, or lapse of memory, he quite forgot that he had meanly withheld, on his favorite sweating system, the payment of a wretched sum of only two hundred and fifty francs to the unfortunate Blank, to have whom murdered he would gladly have paid ten times that amount, and that Blank had been actually compelled to employ and pay a lawyer to recover it from him, and also that Blank, simpleton as he was, could be his Nemesis. His selfishness and meanness were only on a par with his monstrous avarice, rapacity and satyrlike lust—the leading characteristics of the Jew in all countries on the face of the earth.

He would have torn his hair, if he had had any left to tear on his close cropped pate. As it was, there was only his beard left to tear, in accordance with the time honored code of Hebrew lamentations; and just as he was about to resort to this patent oriental remedy, or that of rending his garments, for the relief of his pent up feelings, his temporary fit of madness was suddenly interrupted by the unexpected and inopportune appearance on the scene of his pretty young wife and his revered mother-in-law—the ever watchful Marchioness and *ci-devant* brothel keeper, who both entered the room together.

"Mais qu'est-ce que-vous avez-ce matin, mon ami?" ("But what's the matter with you this morning, my dear?") anxiously queried his better half in every sense of the word. *"Vous paraissez tout boulversé. Que vous est-il donc arrivé?"* ("You seem quite upset. What has happened?") she asked in obvious surprise at his pallor and excited looks.

Oh! It ees nozing! A sharp twinge of gout zis morning! It vil soon be ovare, I 'ope," he testily replied, as he hastily crumpled up the damnable Report of the *Times*, and thrust it into the wide pocket of his dressing gown, for fear the vigilant eyes of the Marchioness might light

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on the terrible revelations which covered two whole pages of the paper.

After a brief conversation, the two ladies of high degree, seeing he was in an angry mood, left him alone in a frame of mind that can be better imagined than described, to continue his unpleasant cogitations.

"Ah! It's only one of his old attacks of gout that makes him so irritable, *ma chérie,*" said the noble Marchioness to her dear daughter: "he'll soon get over it."

"But these attacks are becoming unpleasantly frequent," replied the latter pettishly. He gets peevish beyond endurance at times. *Il devient si maussade, et je commence réellement à en avoir assez, vouz savez,*" added the handsome young wife of the ugly old Jew of Chamant. As a matter of brutal fact, he had already entered on the sick phase of Louis XIV., when Madame de Maintenon petulantly asked a friend, alluding to the King, "how she could amuse a man who was no longer amusable."

"Patience, *ma chère belle,*" said her virtuous mother to console her. "You are young still, and it may not last long. *Cela pourra ne pas durer longtemps,*" she added with a smile of one of the witches of the cauldron of Macbeth on her wrinkled face, as she uttered this significant *double entendre,* which might be interpreted to mean either the speedy demise of her too antiquated husband, or his "removal;" or, at any rate, to put the most innocent construction on her words, that her dear Marie might easily find an ardent young lover to console her for her temporary self-immolation on the altar of gold, and her adoration of the golden calf personified by her unattractive, *blasé,* and elderly husband, in strict accordance with time honored Parisian and Hebrew custom.

But the Marchioness was mistaken in her calculations; for Lefevre resembled a Russian soldier, in being *dur à cuire;* and twenty-two long years were destined to glide away before he could be induced to give up the ghost. In

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the meantime, his young wife sought consolation, and found it in the gay social life of Paris.

Providence, however, which ever moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform, had blessed the union of this strangely ill assorted couple with a daughter—the only legitimate child of the Jew of Chamant, who had left his illegitimate daughter, called by her mother *sa petite Adèle,* —to penury or worse.

About two years after the social execution, or public exposure of Lefevre above related, a thrilling and harrowing scene was witnessed by awe-struck onlookers, in the town of Santa Rosa in Honduras on the 8th February, 1878.

It was the public execution for treason of the unhappy ex-President Medina, the victim of the Jew of Chamant, the Bischoffsheims, and the other Jews, who issued the various swindling Honduras loans in London and Paris, and of his own faithless Minister Gutierrez.

Deposed, in consequence of the revelations of wholesale peculation in the Report of the English Parliamentary Committee, and the exposure by Herran of Gutierrez's share in the embezzlement of the funds of the loans, he had been succeeded in the Presidency by Leiva. He had then attempted to revolt, was arrested and condemned to be shot.

On a bright tropical February morning, he was led out to execution by a platoon of soldiers to die the death of the ill starred Maximilian. All the efforts, tears and entreaties of his wife and children proved unavailing to avert his doom. The three usual brief words of military command were heard, and the unhappy Medina fell dead—another victim of the Jew of Chamant.

Curiously enough, and yet appropriately, as if by the irony of fate, Medina was executed at Santa Rosa—the very place after which he had named the order or decoration of the *"Santa Rosa,"* or Blessed Rose, of Honduras, instituted by him ten years before. As Gutierrez would have put it, this was in accordance with the inscrutable de-

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crees and the mysterious workings of Divine Providence, which ordereth all things for our good—for the good alike of Honduras Presidents and Honduras bondholders.

Soon after the execution of Medina, the French Honduras bondholders, who had been swindled out of over sixty-two million francs in the Paris Honduras loan of 1869, issued by the German Jews Dreyfus & Scheyer, under the auspices of Raphael Bischoffsheim, with the co-operation of Henry Bischoffsheim, and the Jew of Chamant, followed the example of the English bondholders and began to agitate their grievances. They formed a committee, which held regular meetings in the *Salle Lemardelay* in the *Rue Richelieu,* Paris, and commenced a lawsuit against the Jews aforesaid for the recovery of the monies of which they had been so impudently defrauded.

Notwithstanding the teachings of history and the lessons of experience, as shown by the derisive result of the efforts of the British Honduras bondholders across the channel to obtain justice a few years before; notwithstanding their knowledge of the enormous wealth and mighty power in France of the "Israelitish Alliance," which dominates the Law Courts and influences their decisions, these poor, benighted people, fondly imagined they would get justice!

Vain indeed were their hopes! The suit, of course, lasted a long time; but only one of the defendants—Raphael Bischoffsheim—appeared in Court to answer the charges, and he was not troubled to answer any questions. He was represented by *Maître* Allou— one of the best Counsel, who, of course, showed him to be perfectly innocent. Lefevre was also represented by Counsel, and altogether dispensed from putting in an appearance at the *Palais de Justice,* thanks to his gold; whilst Dreyfus & Scheyer had mysteriously disappeared.

Notwithstanding the eloquent pleading of *Maîtres* Couteau and Lenté—two of the ablest and most brilliant Counsel at the French bar—who represented the plaintiffs, and

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the former of whom was warmly congratulated by many eminent French barristers on the marked ability of his *plaidorie;* notwithstanding all the forensic eloquence of his colleague—*Maître* Lenté, who, in a voice of thunder and one long, uninterrupted flow of declamatory oratory, denounced the defendant Jews and the "frightful squanderings," or *gaspillage effroyable* of the monies of the bondholders by the Jew of Chamant, the Judges remained as impassible as the Sphinx. All the Jews got off scot free and were acquitted.

Not one of them ever disgorged a cent, and the only consolation for the bondholders—their hapless victims—was the sweet satisfaction of having to pay the whole of the enormous costs of the big lawsuit. *"Exoriare aliquis ex nostris ossibus ultor"* would indeed have been an appropriate motto for these luckless investors. As *Maître* Couteau truly said: "The summing up of the *Procureur de la République,* M. d'Herbelot, more resembled the pleading of a Counsel for the defendants than the impartial summing up of a Judge.

Maître Allou, one of the luminaries of the French bar, forcibly urged the great wealth of his client, Raphael Bischoffsheim, as a valid reason for his acquittal; and the plea was accepted as perfectly satisfactory by the Court. To make matters worse, *Procureur d'Herbelot,* in his impassioned summing up, whilst he fully admitted the present of the twenty thousand dollars worth of diamonds to Madam Gutierrez by Lefevre, falsely declared Blank, instead of Dennie, to have been the bearer of them.

Such is justice on the banks of the Seine! And such will probably continue to be the travesty of justice in *la belle France* until the massacre of the Jews—the Hebrew "St. Bartholomew"—threatened by Major Esterhazy at the Zola trial, has drenched the streets of Paris with the blood of that accursed race!

Despite the prognostication of the noble Marchioness, Lefevre did not give up the ghost until he had nearly com-

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pleted four score years, or ten years more than the Biblical span of human life. For he had a naturally robust constitution, with all the tenacity of life of the animal, or the shark, or the Jew, and had the best medical advice. Like most of his wealthy co-religionists, he did not believe in a future state, or immortality. Believing firmly that one only lives once, and that when he died there was an end of him, he clung to life with incredible tenacity. Although he occasionally paid a stealthy visit to London, where he put up at Keyser's Hotel, he was socially ostracized on the English side of the channel, and he no longer rode splendid hunters in Hyde Park to the admiration of the cockneys and of the *élite* of Rotten Row—admiration for the horses, rather than for their rider *bien entendu.* But he still continued to give wild boar hunts from time to time, which of course he was unable to follow, near his ancestral *château.* These and the grand dinners, balls, *fêtes,* and entertainments, given by him at his splendid mansion in Paris, continued for years to form one of the leading topics of the fashionable Jewish press, in their sycophantic columns, devoted to the eulogy of every parvenu and of every turpitude.

As years rolled on, and he became aged and crippled by gout, which is still as implacable and relentless at the end of the nineteenth century as in the days of the *"tarda podagra"* of that good old Roman *bon vivant,* Horace, and he had drifted into the "slippered pantaloon," and was no longer capable of enjoyment or interest in anything, he sagely determined on abandoning his *Lares* and *Penates,* by leaving the *Château de Chamant* and selling his racing stud; for his health had long been failing, and he was getting very old. His excesses in a long life of unbridled libertinage, coupled with a Vitellian over indulgence in the pleasures of the table, had induced kidney disease, which he vainly endeavored to cure *aux eaux*—at the fashionable watering places of Contrexeville and Vichy. But the mineral waters proved as useless as the miraculous

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shrine of Marie de Lourdes, where wooden legged and wooden armed patients vainly implore the Holy Virgin to replace their wooden limbs with new ones of flesh and blood.

His Herculean frame had been unable to withstand the insidious ravages of disease; for he had led the life of a beast, and he was now paying the long deferred penalty for his vicious sensuality. He had seduced and ruined poor girls innumerable, not sparing even his own domestics, and left them to starve. In London, he had openly and shamelessly kept three mistresses of the *demi-monde,* who lived in the most extravagant style at his expense, while he remained deaf to the appeals of the despairing mother of his illegitimate daughter, Adèle, who pathetically pleaded for help to this monster in human form. He had abandoned successively his partner, Hay; his staunch friend and companion, James Phillips, whom he coolly left to starve, and to whose appeals for aid he was deaf.

But now, at last, this old Jew satyr, satiated with orgies and the gratification of his brutal lust, was rapidly nearing that bourne from which no traveler returns, and he knew it only too well. So he sold his racing stud, or haras, to a well known French nobleman for an enormous sum. As to his ancestral *château* with all its aristocratic traditions, hallowed by the presence of the noble Marchioness de Sourdis, he appropriately sold it to that well known Parisian millionaire, Monsieur Ménier, "the best chocolate, etcetera," and settled the greater portion of his vast wealth on his daughter, the aforesaid "Mary Jane Reine Lefevre, or Queen Smith" (anglicised), who subsequently married the son of a member of one of the best Orleanist families in France—the Colonel de ——. In June, 1897, in the bosom of his noble family, and surrounded by hosts of friends, full of years and honors, he breathed his last, and died the death of the just. *Finis coronat opus!*

To point a moral and adorn a tale, the career of the Jew

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of Chamant unfortunately shows honesty to be by no means always the best policy to follow in the complicated affairs of this world; and, at the same time, serves to justify, to a certain limited extent, the sarcastic quotation from the good Lafontaine of a well known French atheistical journalist:

> "Dieu prodigue tous ses biens
> A ceux qui font vœu d' être siens."

in direct opposition to the generally accepted Biblical theory "that those whom he chasteneth God loveth." But the paradoxes of the Bible are satisfactorily explained by Francis Bacon, who believed that religion should be taught in a symbolical and mystical language, that the initiated and learned few may understand, and the great multitude believe; and that its true meaning should be veiled and hidden in paradoxes and parables, that seeing they may see and not perceive, and hearing they may hear and not understand. It is thus that the Jews save their bacon and interpret to their profit the "good old laws" of "merrie" (?) England and also of *la belle France*. And it is thus that British and French investors are robbed, ruined and butchered to make a Jewish holyday, and that so many Israelites, in whom there is no guile, are ennobled and enriched, and respected and honored.

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CONCLUSION.

IT ONLY remains to be added that all the members of the Honduras gang, with one or two notable exceptions, made fortunes out of the swindle. Gutierrez, though exiled and disgraced, retired to end his days in wealth and luxury at San Sebastian, where he died universally esteemed and respected, in the bosom of his family; his last words being: "Providence has manifestly watched over us and favored our great undertaking of the Inter-oceanic Railway."

Bischoffsheim and Waring, greatly enriched, continued to mix with the rank and fashion of London, and to astonish the *élite* of the British metropolis by the magnificence of their social receptions, although they could never obtain the *entrée* into the more exclusive circles of English County society.

Mathilde, now Madame Dufour, became a very pious woman; her spare time being largely devoted to charities and religion. She mixed in good French society, and was spoken of everywhere with admiration and respect as a model well worthy of imitation, and a pattern of every virtue.

Dennie turned his twenty thousand dollars of hush money to good account; became a rich lumber dealer in the city, and was everywhere spoken of as an upright, honest and generous man—the type of honor and integrity and the *beau idéal* of an English merchant.

Mori was not so fortunate. Having spent a large portion of the thirty thousand dollars which constituted his share of the Honduras plunder, he had to live on the interest of the remainder. His income being thus greatly

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reduced, he had to draw in his horns and supplement it by acting as a hireling or decoy at one of the many swell *cagnottes,* or disreputable card gambling establishments, of Paris, where dupes with money to burn are speedily relieved of it.

As to the two worthy Trustees, Mr. Leonard Davids and Mr. Lawrence Lord Barnes, the former became a rich man, while the latter died comfortably off, which is more than can be said of most honest men.

Mr. Richard Evans, the former "runner," retired on a handsome fortune; lived at the West End, kept his butler, etc., and also a small stud of race horses, and died universally esteemed and respected in the bosom of his family, the death of the just, surrounded by hosts of friends. Raphael Bischoffsheim, the famous astronomer and gastronomer, who presented the French Government with an observatory at Nice, still continued to drive in an open carriage drawn by a magnificent black horse through the streets and Boulevards of Paris as insolently as ever. The unfortunate Jew, James Phillips, formed the notable exception to the golden rule. He lost all his money in various speculative investments, and became ultimately reduced to poverty. In his distress, he naturally appealed to his former bosom friend and boon companion, the Jew of Chamant, whom he had befriended in years gone by. But Lefevre turned a deaf ear to his appeals, and never answered his letters, nor sent him a cent. He, of course, could get no assistance from his former mistress, Mathilde, now evolved into the virtuous Madam Dufour, and he died virtually a pauper. Mr. Blank still continued to plod on in his honest, simple way, on the sure road to the poorhouse, ever ignoring the teachings of Rousseau, "that to tell the truth is not the way to make a fortune."

The tragic fate of Medina has been recorded in our last chapter.

Thus doth rascaldom earn an apotheosis in this our enlightened nineteenth century; and thus do we see that

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honesty is not always the best policy, and that vice and infamy are splendidly rewarded, while virtue and innocence are appropriately punished. But those whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.

THE END.

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APPENDIX.

MANY readers of the foregoing story will probably doubt its authenticity or the veracity of the author. Its main facts are as true as the stars in heaven. But truth is ever stranger than fiction; and in order to prove the aphorism by incontrovertible evidence, it is merely necessary to quote the following official documents and records, viz., extracts from the official *Moniteur* of the French Empire and from the "Blue Book" published by the Parliamentary "Committee of Inquiry Into the Management of Foreign Loans" of the British House of Commons.

OFFICIAL DOCUMENT NO. 1.

Extract from the "*Moniteur Universel,*" official Journal of the French Empire, of the 31st May, 1857 (2nd column, on page 595).

(Translation.)

"The *Jornal do Comercio* ("Journal of Commerce") of Rio Janeiro, of the 31st March, announces as follows an important arrest:

'Justice rendered yesterday a signal service to the public, and to commerce, by arresting in the morning, at the *Hôtel d'Angleterre,* a man named Ch. J. Lefevre, who arrived lately from Rio-de-la Plata by the Brazilian packet, the *Tocantins.* This individual was arrested on two different charges:

Firstly.—On that of having robbed the bank of Mauá & Co., at Montevideo;

Secondly.—For having come from that country to Rio,

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under a false name; his passport bearing the name of J. de Tracy, instead of Ch. J. Lefevre.

The facts are as follows:

Lefevre presented himself at Baron de Mauá's bank at Montevideo, and produced two letters of credit from bankers in Paris for 871,000 francs ($174,200), and succeeded in inducing the firm to advance him this sum on drafts or bills, which Lefevre gave on a Paris banking house.

A few days after this transaction, Lefevre requested to be entrusted with the letters of credit, which he had handed to the authorities of the bank, and induced them to accede to his request; and on the morning of the day the *Tocantins* left Montevideo for Rio, he wrote a letter to the Manager to inform him that he returned him the letters of credit in a sealed parcel along with his letter.

As until then no suspicions had been entertained, the Manager did not take the precaution to verify the return of the letters of credit; but having learned three or four days afterwards that Lefevre had sailed in a clandestine manner, and under an assumed name, by the *Tocantins,* fears were thereby aroused that some fraud had been perpetrated on the bank. The Manager of Mauá & Co.'s bank therefore requested several respectable persons to be kind enough to be present at the opening of the parcel forwarded by Lefevre, said to contain the letters of credit and other documents. Proceeding then, in presence of these gentlemen, to an examination of its contents, he found them to consist merely of old accounts and papers of no value whatever—mere rubbish.

Inquiries having been subsequently made in Montevideo, it was ascertained that Lefevre, immediately after receiving the $174,200 from Mauá's bank, had drawn for about $140,000 worth of drafts, on French and English banks.

We have already stated that Lefevre had sailed by the *Tocantins;* but have yet to give an account of what happened on board that steamer. Lefevre was personally

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known to several of the passengers, and went on board just before the steamer sailed, with a passport made out in the name of J. de Tracy. The Captain, however, hesitated to take him; so consulted one of the passengers as to what he ought to do under the circumstances, who advised him to insist at least on Lefevre's giving some explanations.

Lefevre then declared that if he had taken a passport under the assumed name of J. de Tracy, it was solely in order to avoid a marriage with a certain lady which he feared he would be constrained to. This explanation was accepted, as it was known that he had, in reality, made an offer of marriage to a young lady of Montevideo.

Lefevre has therefore been here ever since the 18th of last month: he hoped to have sailed by the *Medway*, which left here on the 17th; but as the *Tocantins* was delayed at Rio Grande, he just missed that steamer.

In the meantime, Messrs. Mauá's agents here received the news of the robbery by the Sardinian mail packet *Italia*—which entered this port on the 30th of last month, and they immediately informed the Rio police of it, in consequence of which Lefevre was arrested and brought before the Chief of Police.

At first he made evasive replies and denials of the charges against him; but when he at length became convinced of the futility of this system of defence, he confessed to having changed his name, but for private reasons only.

From this confession to that of the robbery of Mauá's bank was only a step, and Lefevre was at last obliged to confess everything. He then declared that he felt certain the bills, or drafts, he had drawn would be paid, but that he was prepared, under the circumstances, to give at once as a guarantee of payment, a portion of the drafts he had obtained at Montevideo to the amount of 446,000 francs ($89,200). After this, one of Maua & Co.'s Managers and the French Consul at Rio had an interview with Le-

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fevre, who, in fact, did hand over to them the first drafts which he had offered as a partial guarantee; the others having been forwarded by him by mail to Europe by the *Medway*. In all probability the letters of credit presented by Lefevre at Montevideo were forgeries.

However that may be, Lefevre is locked up in the House of Correction at Rio, and the French Consul has placed seals on his trunks and baggage.' "

OFFICIAL DOCUMENT NO. 2.

Extract from the Official Report, in the "Blue Book," of the "Committee of Inquiry of the British House of Commons into the Management of Foreign Loans."

"It is probable that there was a reason for concealing the fact that Mr. Lefevre was the Contractor for the Honduras loan. In all the contracts relating to the loans in which M. Lefevre has figured, he is named and signs as Charles Lefevre. In two letters addressed by him to the Chairman of your Committee, he signs as 'C. J. Lefevre,' and he is thus designated by Don Carlos Gutierrez in a letter to the Manager of the London and County Bank as well as in the books kept by the Trustees of the Loans. In a Contract submitted to your Committee as documentary evidence, he is designated as 'Charles Joachim Lefevre;' and in a statutory declaration made before the British vice-Consul in Paris, he gives his name in full as Charles Joachim Lefevre. The following communication addressed by the French Minister of Foreign Affairs to the British Ambassador in Paris was forwarded by the Foreign Office to your Committee:

(Translation).

'Paris, 1st June, 1875.

'Monsieur The Ambassador,

'In the letter which you did me the honor to address

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me on the 1st of April last, you expressed a desire to be made acquainted with the judicial antecedents of a Mr. Lefevre, owner of race horses. The Minister of the Interior has just enabled me to inform you that a Mr. Lefevre, bearing the prefix of Joachim, and who appears to be the individual in question, was sentenced by default at Paris, on the 22nd May, 1856, to two years' imprisonment for breach of trust (*abus de confiance*).

'Accept the assurances of respect, etc.

(Signed) DECAZES.'

To the Right Hon. Lord Lyons, etc., etc., etc.:"

The foregoing extract from the Report of the "Committee of Inquiry Into the Management of Foreign Loans" to the British House of Commons, was also published in the *Times, Daily News, Morning Post, Standard,* and other leading London newspapers, including even the Jewish *Daily Telegraph* which, only a few years before, had dubbed Lefevre "a princely patron of the English turf," and suggested his election to the Jockey Club.

By assuming the prefix of "Charles," Lefevre hoped to conceal his identity and divert attention from his real personality. Had the foregoing revelations been made prior to the emissions of the Honduras Loans of 1867, 1869, and 1870, instead of five years after the latter date, Lefevre would never have owned a single race horse, nor made a fortune.

That a strong anti-Semitic feeling is growing in America cannot be denied. On this head even the *Jewish Chronicle,* the leading Hebrew organ in England, said it desires to speak plainly: "A feeling against the Jews," it declares, "has found its way into the freest country in the world by the ostentatious bearing of some of that race. The aggressive behaviour of some Jews with more money

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than refinement, reflects upon the whole Jewish community, and is working untold harm." It adds "that Germany's harsh treatment of Louis Stern of New York, whose bail of 80,000 marks was forfeited at Munich on account of his failure to surrender himself to serve the sentence of 14 days' imprisonment imposed upon him for insulting the Deputy Commissioner of the Spa at Kissingen was thought in non-Jewish circles in America to have been due to Stern's unwise conduct, and the instance ought to serve as a warning for other American Jews to take to heart."

It was not to be expected in an aristocratic country like Germany, where the old feudal spirit and feudal institutions still survive, that Jewish insolence would be tolerated, especially when such a strong anti-Semitic feeling exists in the German Empire and the *Reichstag*. Court Chaplain Adolph Stöcker, one of the most prominent members of the Conservative faction of the German Parliament, is so thoroughly anti-Jewish in aims and ideas as to honestly believe from the bottom of his heart that the presence of the Jews in Germany is the hand of God laid upon his countrymen, and counsels them to get the curse removed by prayer and fasting. He calls the Jew the "very adversary" (*böser Feind*), and asserts that he is ruining the German people by his roguery. But the Jews can well afford to laugh at him; for they are far too wealthy and powerful to be perturbed by the denunciations of a half crazy ecclesiastic. They rule England, France and Austria with a rod of iron, the only power they need really fear being Holy Russia with her unpleasantly drastic methods. The anti-Jewish feeling in Austria and Hungary is evidenced by the ratification not long ago by the Emperor Francis Joseph of the election as burgomaster of Vienna of an anti-Semite, Herr Strobach, who had been elected in place of Dr. Lueger, who had tendered his resignation at the direct request of the Emperor, and by the popularity in Hungary of the anti-Semitic Deputy,

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M. Istoczy, who was everywhere greeted by the people with cries of *"Eljen Istoczy!"* or *"Long Live Istoczy!"* as well as by the frequent anti-Jewish riots in that country and the adjacent Danubian kingdoms and principalities. The Jews, however, cause incalculable mischief everywhere by their arrogance and insolence, founded on the consciousness of their possession of enormous wealth. America forms no exception to the general rule, and that this is true as far as the United States are concerned, is strikingly illustrated by the acrimonious official correspondence exchanged in the autumn of 1895 between Secretary of State Olney and Baron Von Thielmann, German Ambassador to the United States, regarding the case of the above named Louis Stern, of New York, who was sentenced to 14 days' imprisonment for insulting Baron von Thuengen, Deputy Commissioner of the Spa, at Kissingen. This official correspondence was published at Berlin on the 21st May, 1896. Stern's sentence was revoked by a proclamation of amnesty promulgated by the Prince Regent of Bavaria, whereupon Stern, who had forfeited his bail of 80,000 marks by his failure to appear and serve his sentence, lodged a claim for the return of the bail money, which claim was not allowed. Mr. Olney then denounced the forfeiture of the bail and the arbitrary sentence of imprisonment as unnecessary and unjust. *"Such incidents,"* he said, *"must produce an estrangement between the two countries."*

Baron von Thielmann replied sharply, denying Mr. Olney's right to criticize the action of the Kissingen Court, or to "otherwise discuss the administration of justice in Germany," and directed Mr. Olney to address any further communication to the German Government through the American Embassy at Berlin. Mr. Olney replied, upholding the right of every state to criticize the action of foreign tribunals when its own subjects were concerned, and maintained his freedom to choose how he should make his communications to the German Government. In reply the

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German Ambassador demurred to the grounds taken by Mr. Olney, and nothing further on the matter has yet been published.

With regard to the offer of $10,000,000 for public instruction made by the late Baron M. de Hirsch to Russia, with the express provision that no distinction should be made in the application of the funds as to race or religion, the Russian Government would not condescend to accept such a gift from any Jew, and of course declined the offer, in view also of the well known fact that this self-same Baron de Hirsch was associated with the banking house of Bischoffsheim & Goldschmidt, and that he married a Miss Bischoffsheim, daughter of the head of the firm, when Henry Louis Bischoffsheim was the intimate friend and coadjutor of the Jew of Chamant, an ex-convict—in the notorious Honduras Loan Swindle, by which British and French investors were defrauded of no less than $30,000,000.

To imagine that all the gigantic fortunes so suddenly acquired by Jews, as if by a stroke of the oriental magician's wand have been acquired honestly and above board, implies abnormal credulity. A very brief retrospective glance at financial history will suffice to dispel this illusion. In fact the *modus operandi* of the Jews, by which they are enabled to make colossal fortunes on the Stock Exchanges or *Bourses* of Europe, is simplicity itself. It consists simply in alternately bulling and bearing stocks and speculating (on a certainty) for the rise or fall; the only thing necessary to insure success being a very large capital at their immediate disposal, which the Jews always possess, but which other speculators do not. The financial policy of the Rothschilds in Austria, for instance, will explain the attitude of the Emperor of Austria towards the Jews. The chief cause of the financial decline of Austria and Hungary, as of the anti-Semitic agitation in those countries, arises from the fact that in Austria for several past decades, a kind of secret, occult financial govern-

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ment, similar to that now existing in England and France —in fact it may be said nearly all over Europe—has existed, which either profits by the different measures adopted by the Government or else benefits itself by successfully opposing those measures. The public weal is a thing of no consequence whatever for a certain league of capitalists supported by the omnipotent Rothschilds, and besides who ever heard of a patriotic Jew?

On every occasion when any other banking firm wanted to tender its services to the Austrian Government, its advances were rejected by every possible means, inasmuch as it was absolutely necessary that Austro-Hungary should be prevented from shaking off the yoke and guardianship of *la haute banque juive*—the great Hebrew bankers. A venal and corrupt press, as in other countries, was subservient to it, and the most exaggerated pessimism was maintained with the same care as that with which the vestal virgins used to keep alight the fire of the goddess. The bears were omnipotent. The time came, however, when the preponderance of the Rothschilds appeared so dangerous to the Austrian Minister of France, the energetic Herr de Bruck, that he determined to combat it by the foundation of the *Crédit Mobilier*. No sooner, however, was this accomplished than the Rothschilds bought up the greater part of its shares, and erelong organized through its agents the vast jobberies, somewhat, though in a more legal manner, similar to those of the more recent Panama affair. These operations resulted in profits of *thousands of millions* of francs to the gang, and gave it the complete command and control of the *Bourse*. Rothschild had his own creatures nominated on the Board of Directors of the *Credit Mobilier*, in precisely the same way as Bischoffsheim & Goldschmidt, and Lefevre, who issued and contracted for the notorious Honduras Inter-oceanic Railroad Loan of 1870 in London, had their creatures nominated as Trustees of the Loan; one being a Jew named Davids—a clerk of Bischoffsheim's—and the other

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a man of straw named Barnes—a clerk of Waring Bros.—the contractors for this marvelous Honduras railroad, which of course was never constructed. Jews always follow the same simple system—the royal road to fortune. The Rothschilds then succeeded, thanks to the complicity of their creatures, in inducing that establishment of credit (the *Crédit Mobilier*) to undertake all kinds of doubtful ventures. After 1860, many new banks were founded, but Rothschild took good care not to hamper them in any way, as he rightly considered every competitor weaker than himself as a kind of savings bank to be drained to the last dollar several times a year. Thus the Rothschilds and their agents, supported by the men of straw on the Board of Directors of the *Crédit Mobilier,* participated in no less than 57 share companies, of which 46 were Austrian. According to reliable statistics, up to 1874, the Rothschilds had contrived to place a large number of their best trained creatures in 219 other companies as "Censors!"

Thanks to these maneuvers and the concourse of the Jewish press, they were thus enabled to dispose of 60 nominations of Deputies. In 1871, a few independent newspapers drew the attention of the public to the fact that Austria was enveloped by Rothschild as in the folds of a boa-constrictor. A single shock from this gang was all that was needed to annihilate any competition and throw the country back into its former position, when it thought itself lucky to be able to borrow money of the Rothschilds at a *hundred per cent.* (sic). It was also demonstrated at the same time by (a+b) that an offensive attack on the Vienna Stock Exchange would result in a profit of *thousands of millions* for the Rothschilds, and that in view of their increasing audacity, this attack was imminent.

In April, 1872, Rothschild had a general rehearsal made of the campaign he was preparing against the *Bourse,* or, to speak more correctly, against private capital. Towards

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the end of March, after having made all his arrangements for the rise, and having gradually passed over to the bears, he instructed his creatures on the Board of Directors and other influential persons connected with the *Crédit Mobilier* to speculate for the fall.

A panic that caused many disasters was thus created on the *Bourse;* but the Rothschilds were contented, for they had measured their strength and gained their point. In February, 1873, they perceived that the Berlin *Bourse* was in a plethoric condition, and that things were looking up there as well as at Vienna; so about the end of that month they settled all their engagements, countermined the enormous deposits of their customers, and gave orders to all their branches to operate for the fall, informing them that at the end of April, or the beginning of May at the latest, a fearful storm would burst over the Vienna Stock Exchange. These arrangements were as precise and methodical as the orders of a general who organizes a grand sham fight, giving instructions beforehand as to what divisions are to be defeated and retreat.

Towards the end of April several hundred thousand florins' worth of shares were brought daily to the *Bourse,* where it was already found difficult to place new shares. But the great majority of speculators still blindly refused to believe in the trap foreseen by more knowing ones, for they placed implicit confidence in the articles in the newspapers which represented Rothschild as the protector and patron of the *Bourse,* and daily repeated in all tunes that Rothschild more than anyone was interested in preserving it from a panic. But on the 8th May there were fresh withdrawals of deposits by Rothschild and the *Crédit Mobilier;* for the storm was to burst next day, according to the programme. On the 9th May, Rothschild's agent, the "Chevalier de Goldschmidt (whose name has a Lothbury ring about it), came to the *Bourse* in the morning, contrary to his usual custom. No sooner there, he was besieged by brokers who offered him 500,000 florins'

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worth of Scrip on deposit, but Goldschmidt, with unwonted arrogance, said to them: "Don't bother me! All the banks of Vienna together are not worth 100,000 florins!"

This reply produced the same effect as the pistol shot in 1848, with this difference: that the pistol shot was the signal for the Revolution, whilst Goldschmidt's sententious declaration was the signal for the *Krach.* An indescribable tumult ensued, and savage yells were heard under the vault of the temple. Men cried: "Treason, thieves, *canaille,* to the gibbet!" Goldschmidt was jostled and kicked out, whilst the crowd scattered on the Place of the Bourse, vociferating: "Let's be off; don't let us allow ourselves to be stripped by these banditti, these swindlers, these scoundrels!" But these bandits and swindlers had made their *razzia.* The colossal swindle had completely succeeded. The disaster was awful. In a few days the total differences exceeded *a thousand million florins* (! !). The most reliable houses were shaken to their very foundations, and crumbled away, one by one, whilst the Rothschilds remained firm and upright, more arrogant than ever now that they had no competitors or rivals. Over a quarter of a century has passed since the Vienna *Krach;* but Austria has not even yet fully recovered from this terrible disaster, and probably never will recover from it. Such has been the work of the Rothschilds in Austria.*

In France, they have exercised also their baneful influence. There, Rothschild was Baron by title and Prince by position. The first Baron obtained his title during the Restoration, thanks to pecuniary advances to the *entourage* of Louis XVIII. Simple Baron Rothschild the First became Baron *de* Rothschild; the name itself signifying "Red-Buckler." The Rothschilds, who are German Jews from the *Juden-Gasse* or "Jews' Alley" at Frankfort, have never done any good to France. On his return from Elba,

*Extract from a pamphlet, entitled "*Rothschild in Austria.*"

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the great Napoleon was unable to borrow any cash from James Rothschild, who, foreseeing the ultimate downfall of the great Corsican, had sent all his gold to London, and could only show paper money. In this connection it is important to note how the European Jews are ceaselessly draining the United States Treasury of its gold, which passes into Jewish coffers. It was then that Napoleon sarcastically observed "that there were two Emperors in France—the greatest of whom was Rothschild." Rothschild, however, made more money out of the Republican Government than out of the Bourbon. After Waterloo he monopolized all great loans, which he subscribed himself at 10 per cent. commission, 3 or 4 per cent. exchange, 10 or 12 per cent. general expenses and 20 or 25 per cent. premium—in other words one million produced two millions in three months or four millions a year. Here indeed is an explanation of the suggestive title of Proudhon's famous work, "Property Is Robbery," (*"La Propriété c'est le vol"*).

Not satisfied with having governments at their beck and call, the Rothschilds succeeded in getting control over the great French Railroad Companies by the following very simple but strictly legal procedure:

One fine morning, alarming rumours were industriously circulated about a certain big Railroad Company—accidents, bad management, too heavy general expenses, new lines that would have to be opened at the risk of losing all profits, etc., etc. Meanwhile the Baron got his unknown agents to sell at the *Bourse* "at a dead loss" (!) all the shares of this company he had been able previously to buy. Small shareholders were frightened out of their wits, and hastened to sell for fear of losing more, and besides next day the shares went down even lower. But notwithstanding this heavy fall, mysterious agents were buying up these depreciated shares, and the lower they were quoted the more they bought.

A few days afterwards, the false reports that had been

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so industriously circulated, were denied, and the shares of this company went up as if by magic, simply because Baron Rothschild had found out a way of *tripling the number of his shares in the Company without disbursing a cent;* for as the shares, which he had sold at a loss by his agents, were bought back again by other agents, he lost nothing, inasmuch as his agents bought up all the shares they could get at the fall during the temporary panic, and a few days afterwards resold a portion of them at the rise, so that the profit realized covered the purchase of fresh shares.

Here is the beautiful process in all its sweet simplicity by which the Jews have made, are still making and will continue to make, fortunes on the Stock Exchange. The same identical system was carried out in London and Paris with Central and South American Bonds, and in every other important financial operation of the century.

The enormous profits realized by exchange and commission on the great War Loans by Jewish houses are sufficiently notorious. The profits realized on exchange in Germany, after the payment by France of five thousand millions of francs, by the great Hebrew bankers, were immense. By a new gold coinage in Berlin they made about three hundred and fifty millions of francs, for all gold bought at 16 carats and struck in the mint at 15.5 was withdrawn from circulation and converted into bars to be offered anew to the Imperial mint.

And yet, strange to say, there is not and never has been any necessity for Governments of countries like France, England or Germany (especially of France) to have recourse to the Jews at all for the issue of national loans. By simply advertising such loans *with a national guarantee,* this colossal tribute to the Jews would be avoided. And if British and French investors would only adopt the golden rule of never subscribing to foreign loans issued by Jewish houses, they would not only save their

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money, but also preserve their peace of mind at the same time.

The collapse of the Second Empire in the fatal war of 1870 was certain in view of the well known fact that its main pillars and props were a spawn of Jews and courtesans—the jubilee of cosmopolitan blackleggism, of orgies and the methodical plunder of the French people. The places of eight hundred thousand functionaries in France were sold, and the money went into the pockets of courtiers and Jews. Over two-thirds of the eighty-six *Préfectures* were occupied by Jews, and the proportion of Hebrew *Sous-Préfets* was actually even greater, and Jews had—aye and still have—the best places in the Treasury. Every French Minister of Finance is a Jew, witness Goudchanx, (whose brother the author personally knew), Magne, Fould, Léon Say and *tutti quanti.* According to the Paris *Figaro*, Léon Say only escaped bankruptcy and disgrace and the Correctional Police Court through the intervention of the wealthy Jewish bankers, who constitute the financial feudality of France; and strange to relate, whenever a Jew on the Paris *Bourse* becomes bankrupt, none of his co-religionists figure amongst his creditors. In the disastrous Franco-German war of 1870, the frauds perpetrated by Jewish contractors in the shape of rotten paper boots, worthless uniforms and adulterated provisions at the expense of the helpless, suffering soldiers are notorious; but the Jews made immense fortunes while the unhappy soldiers were simply martyrs to the prescription of the *Talmud*—that sacred code of the Jews—which positively teaches "that hypocrisy, perjury, deceit, hatred, robbery and murder are not only permissible, but *ordained to all Jews with regard to non-Jews, and that the latter must only be considered and treated by them like animals.*" In fact Jews, and especially German Jews, have been the main cause of the political and financial disasters of France during the present century. During the Franco-German war of 1870, General de Cissey, who was

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so lavish of 'War office Contracts to the Baroness de Kaulla, gave her a commission of 20 francs apiece on the *Kropatshuk* rifles which she furnished to the French army, and, like a true, Jewess, she netted some $25,000 by the swindle, while the poor French soldier was reduced to starvation rations and shoddy clothing.

In England, the Jew reigns supreme. There, his title is much higher than that of "Baron," accorded him in France and Austria. Rothschild and Beaconsfield were not satisfied with the title of Baron granted to the multi-millionaire German Jew, Gottheimer, who was known as "Baron Grant,"—who made the barren grant of the garden in Leicester Square to the Londoners, and was unseated for Kidderminster, as member of the British House of Commons, for bribery. They aspired higher, and each obtained the title of a belted Earl—the highest in the British peerage except those of Duke and Marquis. In England, the Jew controls and rigs the money market, rules the most influential organs of the press, and mixes in the very highest society of the land. Lord Rosebery married a Jewess—the daughter of Rothschild, who is said to have bought him for a million, and the Jews are also the kings of the turf and the race track. As a result of Jewish financing, the Bank of England was compelled a few years ago to borrow 15 millions of dollars in gold of the Bank of France, in order to save the Barings of Argentine loan notoriety and thus avert a great impending panic on the London Stock Exchange. Nearly all the Central and South American loans issued in London and Paris—the Costa Rica, San Domingo, Honduras, Argentine, Venezuela loans, etc.,—by Jewish bankers or their agents, have been rank frauds, and have resulted in the ruin of thousands. I once met in Paris an old woman, a *concierge,* who had invested $3,000—the savings of a lifetime—in San Domingo bonds, and lost every cent of her money, (!) and this is by no means an isolated case, for thousands of families have been reduced from affluence and comfort to

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poverty or ruin by placing faith in the lying and fraudulent prospectuses issued by Jewish firms. In principle, the amount of which a person is cheated is of little or no consequence; but in law, at any rate, in English law, which is founded on the costly, iniquitous, documentary old Roman law, the amount is everything. Not long ago a hard-working American family in New York was swindled out of $13,000, representing the savings of a lifetime of the mother and children by some foreign Jews, who induced these poor folks to pay them that amount for some sacks of so-called gold dust, which, upon examination, turned out, of course, to be only brass filings, and of course the Jews escaped with their plunder. The poor woman, on finding out how she had been cheated, dropped down dead. But what I am trying to impress on my readers is this—that these Jews, who committed this swindle, were most excellent Jews from the Hebrew point of view, according to the prescriptions of the *Talmud.* They would have been bad Jews, had they neglected this opportunity of appropriating the money of Christians; and, moreover, a very similar fraud, though on a much larger scale, was committed by the Jew of Chamant. In order to establish this beyond cavil and to convince the American public that the system pursued by rich and poor Jews is the same, it is merely necessary to quote a few textual extracts from the *Talmud.* It is an absolutely incontrovertible fact that the present Jewish nation, scattered all over the world, is directly descended from those Pharisees and other Jews, who, by continually revolting against the Romans, brought about the ruin and downfall of their nation. The actual Synagogue is merely a continuation of Pharisaism, and historical documents show what they were morally speaking, these Pharisees—the ruling class of the Jews—proud, envious, avaricious, hypocritical, vindictive men, implacable persecutors and full of hatred for other nations. From the first to the sixth century they did not change, and numerous documents establish this. In the sixth century

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their doctors condensed in that immense compilation called the *Talmud,* the quintessence of their teachings against other peoples and their savage hatred of Christians. Now it is necessary to understand that the Babylonian *Talmud* was finished in the early commencement of the sixth century, and was accepted by all Israel. At present one Jewish sect alone recognizes only the law of Moses and rejects the *Talmud;* but this sect only counts some fifteen hundred or two thousand adherents, who are to be found chiefly at Cairo, Constantinople and its environs, and in the Crimea and Poland. Since the sixth century the *Talmud* has become the sacred book *par excellence,* and superior even to the books of Moses for the Jewish nation, its doctors and leaders. It is studied, read and regarded by all as the supreme and indiscutable code of religious, moral, political and social law, and one of the most celebrated Jewish doctors, Moses Maimonides, a Rabbi of the twelfth century, speaks of the *Talmud* as follows:

"Everything contained in the *Ghemara* of Babylon is binding on all Israel. Every town and country is bound to conform to the customs established by the doctors of the *Ghemara,* to obey their decrees and conduct itself accordto their institutions. For the whole of the *Ghemara* has been approved by all Israel. And the wise men who have given us these institutions and decrees, established these customs, pronounced these decisions, and taught their doctrines, formed at times the universality of the doctors of Israel, at other times the majority. It is they who had received by tradition the foundations of the whole law, from generation to generation, going back to Moses.

Now the authority of this Babylonian *Talmud* is so great, that according to this same doctor, whoever violates its precepts must be put to death without even a trial. "Those," says he, "who violate the precepts of the Scribes, must be punished more severely than those who violate the law of Moses. Whoever breaks the law of Moses may be absolved; but he, who violates the precepts of the *Rab-*

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bins, must be put to death. The first comer of the faithful must put to death the Jew who denies the tradition of the Rabbi. Neither witnesses, nor warnings, nor judges are necessary."

The following passages from the *Talmud* are from a Latin MS. of the thirteenth century to be found in the Paris National Library, the exactitude of which is guaranteed by "*La Revue des Etudes Juives*" ("Review of Jewish Studies").

Article X. Amongst the Scribes, whose words must be obeyed more than the words of the law, some have said: "Kill the best Christian!" Rabbi Simeon says this; "Kill the best of Christians, the best of serpents, crush his head!"

The best Christian therefore may be killed like a murderer with perfect impunity.

Article XII. A Christian may be deceived by ruse or artifice without sin; *"for God has delivered over to the Jews all the property of other nations."*

Rabbi Israel says: "If a Christian and an Israelite come before thee in a dispute, and thou canst not decide in favor of the Jew legally, have recourse to trickery and fraud against the Christian."

Article XIII. "Whoever desires not to be bound to keep his oaths has only to declare at the beginning of the year that the vows or oaths he may make during the year are null and void."

This sufficiently explains the straightforward, honorable dealings of the Jews in business! Ignatius Loyola is literally nowhere.

And here are some other equally instructive texts from the *Talmud,* analyzed and resumed by Sextus of Sienna, a Jew of the sixteenth century:

"God has commanded the Jews to appropriate, no matter by what means, either by ruse, violence, usury or theft, the property of Christians. All Jews are commanded to

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look upon Christians as brutes, and not to treat them otherwise than as brute beasts."

"Let the Jew endeavor by every possible means to deprive the Christian of life!"

"If a Jew sees a Christian on the brink of a precipice, he is bound to push him over immediately."

"The *Talmud* expressly forbids you to save the life of any man who is not a Jew, to restore to him his lost goods, or to have pity on him."

"The affirmative precept 198 commands usury with non-Jews.

Lastly, we read in the *Talmud:*

"Descendants of Abraham! The Lord has designated you by the voice of Ezekiel. You are my flock, that is to say, 'you are men, whilst the other peoples of the world are not men but beasts. The Lord has said to Israel: 'You are the sheep of my pasturage; you have the qualities of men, whilst the other nations of the world have merely the qualities of brutes. The possessions of Christians must be considered as a desert or the sand of the sea: the first occupier will be their true owner."

The above textual extracts will be sufficient to give a precise and clear idea of the spirit and prescriptions of the *Talmud*, that sacred code of the Jews, which positively teaches that hypocrisy, perjury, deceit, hatred, robbery and murder are not only permissible but absolutely ordained to all Jews with regard to non-Jews, and that the latter must only be considered and treated by them like animals. The Jews are advised to become lawyers, and in England many of the greatest Counsel and Judges are Jews, witness the names of Sir George Jessel, the late Master of the Rolls, Lewis, Abrahams, the late Lord Chancellor, Herschel, etc. The first Lord of the Admiralty Goschen is also a Jew.

It is important to bear in mind that a Jew who robs, cheats or defrauds a Christian, whether on a petty or a colossal scale, and who thereby renders himself guilty of

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fraud in the eye of the law, is not considered in the least culpable by his brother Jews who occupy the highest social positions, and are looked up to with the deepest respect in England and other European countries, except in Holy Russia, Austria and the recently liberated Turkish principalities or new kingdoms bordering the Danube—Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria, etc., where the Jews are chronically persecuted. On the contrary, the larger the sum he embezzles, the more he is admired as a true son of Israel, and secretly encouraged and supported by the wealthiest and most influential Jews in all countries. The late Jew Baron M. de Hirsch, married the daughter of the Jew banker, Bischoffsheim, of the firm of Bischoffsheim & Goldschmidt, and Henry Louis Bischoffsheim was the coadjutor or partner as well as the intimate friend of the ex-convict Jew of Chamant—Joachim Lefevre—in the notorious Honduras loan swindle, by which thousands of confiding British investors were utterly ruined, owing to their credulous belief in the prospectuses issued by the firm of Bischoffsheim & Goldschmidt for the bogus Honduras Inter-oceanic Railroad loan—an impossible railroad, which of course was never constructed, and one of the greatest—perhaps the greatest of fakes of the century.

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